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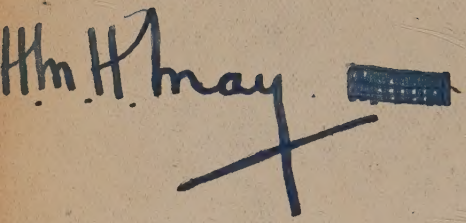

1952

HYMNS

FOR USE IN

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PRAYERS.

ALMIGHTY GOD, Who dost turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and of those that teach to those that learn, keep us, we beseech Thee, kindly affectioned the one to the other, and bring us, this life ended, to the life immortal, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

WE give Thee humble and hearty thanks, O most merciful Father, for all our Benefactors, and for the lives and examples of all who have served Thee here. Pour down Thy blessing, we pray Thee, upon this School. Prosper our labours as Thou in Thy wisdom seest to be most convenient for us. Protect us, we beseech Thee, from all things hurtful both to soul and body. Preserve us by Thy Holy Spirit from sin and selfishness; and make us generous and brave, pure and true, in all our studies and in all our recreations, that, our tasks being sanctified by Thy love, our days here may be attended by Thy blessing; and that, when our day's work on earth is over, Thou mayest send us rest from our labours under the shadow of Thy wings, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

PREFACE.

THE first Hymn-Book for the use of Marlborough College was compiled in 1856, and contained 100 Hymns. The fifth edition, printed in 1899, contained 396. About a third of these have been omitted from the present edition, and about forty Hymns new to the collection have been added. For copyright Hymns retained from the last edition the Editors heartily repeat the thanks and acknowledgments expressed by their predecessors. In the case of the additional Hymns, which have been drawn from a variety of sources, new and old, they gratefully acknowledge the help and kindness of authors, compilers, and owners of copyright.

Special thanks are due:

To Miss E. S. Ainger for No. 94, by her late brother A. C. Ainger, Esq.;

To Mrs. Thring for No. 165, by her late husband, Rev. Canon Thring;

To Rev. R. R. Chope for No. 189;

To Rev. W. H. Draper, The Master of the Temple, for permission to print Nos. 186 and 187, being Nos. 1 and 2 from his selection of "Seven of Campion's Spiritual Songs," published in 1919 by the Cambridge University Press;

To Rudyard Kipling, Esq., and to Messrs. Macmillan & Co., for No. 5, "The Children's Song," from "Puck of Pook's Hill";

To the Association for Promoting Christian Knowledge (Dublin) for No. 111, "A Hymn of Trust," and for No. 141, "St. Patrick's Breastplate."

To the Editor of the Yattendon Hymnal for No. 298, and for the special version of No. 39;

To the Proprietors of Hymns Ancient and Modern for No. 106;

To Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for permission to print Lord Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" (No. 305), and also some stanzas from "In Memoriam" (No. 161).

Owing to their close personal association with Marlborough the authors of Nos. 8, 72, 85, and 302, or their representatives, would hardly wish for special thanks, but the inclusion of their Hymns will be welcomed, it is hoped, by all Marlburians.

With regard to tunes the Editors have received ready help from many quarters. Where possible personal thanks have been given, but on behalf of the whole College it is their pleasant duty to express their thanks and acknowledge their obligations to many composers, editors, publishers, and lovers of hymnody, whose work has helped them. With tunes and words alike care has been taken to avoid infringement of copyright, but if there has been oversight the Editors ask pardon for such unintentional breach of courtesy. They thank the following most sincerely for their generous permission to use their copyright tunes or harmonies:—Miss Lucy E. Broadwood, No. 238; Victoria Lady Carbery, Nos. 18, 156, 196; Messrs. W. Gwenlyn Evans & Son (Carnarvon), No. 88; Charles T. Gatty, Esq., Nos. 31, 42, 68, 71, 134, 175, 217, from "Arundel Hymns"; E. W. Goldsmith, Esq., Harmonies of Nos. 17 and 107; Dr. Basil Harwood, Harmonies of No. 192; John Ireland, Esq., No. 220; Frank Lambert, Esq., No. 68; Eric Maclagan, Esq., No. 80; Messrs. James Nisbet & Co., Nos. 176, 179, 258; Messrs. Novello & Co., Ltd., Nos. 37, 41, 63, 122, 138, 155, 214, 234, 305; E. M. Oakeley, Esq., Nos. 25, 157, 279; Sir Walter Parratt, No. 100; Rev. W. L. Richards, No. 85; Athelstan Riley, Esq., for the Committee of the English Hymnal, the settings of Nos. 161 and 245; Cecil J. Sharp, Esq., No. 92; Sir Charles V. Stanford, No. 141 (St. Patrick); Messrs.

Weekes & Co., for the Exors. of the late Dr. E. J. Hopkins, Nos. 97 and 259; Mrs. Whinfield, No. 95; Dr. Vaughan Williams, Nos. 70, 78, 172, 227, 270.

To the Proprietors of Hymns Ancient and Modern the Editors are indebted for free permission to use seventeen of their copyright tunes, Nos. 2, 13, 19, 21, 32, 43, 89, 110, 114, 151, 154, 158, 168, 241, 264, 272, 285. To grateful acknowledgment of this kindness are added personal thanks to Rev. Dr. W. H. Frere.

Permission to use tunes on payment of fees was granted by the following composers or owners of copyright:—A. H. Brown, Esq., No. 290; Rev. W. Boyd, No. 213; Messrs. J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd., for the Exors. of the late Sir C. Hubert H. Parry, No. 182; Rev. W. Garrett Horder, No. 129; Messrs. Hughes & Son (Wrexham), No. 239; Athelstan Riley, Esq., for the Committee of the English Hymnal, Nos. 36 and 291; J. Sibelius, the composer of "Finlandia," No. 140; Messrs. Weekes & Co., for the Exors. of the late Dr. E. J. Hopkins, No. 197; the late Rev. F. G. Wesley, six tunes and seven harmonizations by his father, Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley, from "The European Psalmist." Thanks are due to all the above for their courtesy and help, and in some cases for generous reduction of fees.

In the case of tunes, as with words, of Marlburian origin, it is felt that individual acknowledgment would in general be out of place. Perhaps however an exception may be made in the case of Mr. W. S. Bambridge, Organist of Marlborough College for forty-seven years (1864-1911), and still keenly interested in everything Marlburian. Besides allowing the free use of his tunes, many of them loved by many generations, he kindly put at the service of the Committee of Editors the sheets of music which he prepared some years ago with the idea of perhaps anticipating the present book. Those whose privilege it has been to complete his work gratefully acknowledge his help and offer him their hearty thanks.

A list of tunes, carefully compiled by Rev. W. H. David in collaboration with Mr. Bambridge's successor, Mr. G. Dyson, has

also been of great value and interest. The present collection includes tunes by each of the six successive Organists, of whom Mr. James Whitehead Smith was the first (1848-1864).

It is hoped that this, the first edition of our Hymn-Book with words and tunes together, will be welcomed and will stand the test of time. The Editors jointly responsible undertook the task entrusted to them with a full sense of its importance. While recognizing the force of established tradition they felt that its claims might be pushed too far. They have aimed at sincerity, and, in the words of Thomas Campion, have tried "to couple words and notes lovingly together." They offer the results of their happy and harmonious labours to the verdict of Marlburians of all generations, to whose service they dedicate them.

Messrs. Novello & Co., Ltd., have helped the Editors, musical and general, in every way possible, and, besides their generosity in the matter of their copyright tunes, most cordial thanks are due to them for their care, interest, and co-operation.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE HYMNS.

In the arrangement of the Hymn-Book the aim has been to combine the requirements of the Church's Year with those of the School Year, the latter determining the order. The Hymns are grouped mainly under special headings, but these for the most part apply to seasons rather than days, and many of the Hymns placed under them are suitable for general use. Those grouped together under the heading "General" are in alphabetical order; in the other sections the Hymns are arranged so as to follow what seemed a natural sequence of thought.

	NO.		NO.
Beginning of Term ...	1-9	Whitsuntide	130-140
Morning	10-23	Trinity	141-145
Sunday	24-29	Commemoration ...	146-149
Friday	30	Holy Communion ...	150-157
Michaelmas	31-35	Funeral	158, 159
Saints	36-51	In Memoriam ...	160-162
Advent	52-60	Missions	163-168
Christmas	61-65	Almsgiving	169
Epiphany	66-68	Summer	170-176
The Presentation ...	69	Harvest	177-179
Confirmation Time ...	70-80	For those at Sea ...	180
Septuagesima ...	81-86	National	181-187
Sexagesima	87, 88	Praise	188-199
Quinquagesima ...	89-92	Pilgrimage	200-218
Lent and Passiontide	93-111	General	219-271
Palm Sunday ...	112, 113	Evening	272-301
Easter	114-120	End of Term ...	302-305
Ascensiontide ...	121-129	Armistice Day ...	306

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	NO.
A tower of strength our God doth stand	188
A voice by Jordan's shore	219
Abide with me; fast falls the eventide	278
Adeste, fideles	61
Again, as evening's shadow falls	282
All glory, laud, and honour	113
All people that on earth do dwell	191
All praise to Him Who dwells in bliss	283
Alleluia! Alleluia! hearts and voices heavenward raise	116
Alleluia! sing to Jesus	123
Alone with none but Thee, my God	111
And did those feet in ancient time	182
And now, O Father, mindful of the love	154
Angel voices ever singing	29
Angels, from the realms of glory	65
Arm, soldiers of the Lord!	74
Around the throne of God a band	32
Art thou weary, art thou languid	220
As pants the hart for cooling streams	221
As with gladness men of old	67
'Ask, and ye surely shall receive'	222
At even, ere the sun was set	280
At the Lamb's high feast we sing	115
At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay	13
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	12
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve	76
Be still, my soul, the Lord is on thy side	140
Be Thou my guardian and my guide	223
Be with me, Lord, where'er I go	224
Before Jehovah's awful throne	192
Before the day draws near its ending	293
Before the ending of the day	273
Blest are the pure in heart	225
Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed	153
Brief life is here our portion	162
Bright the vision that delighted	33
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	66
Britons, now with one accord	187
Children of the heavenly King	204
Christ, Whose glory fills the skies	14
Christian, seek not yet repose	210
City of God, how broad and far	215
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove	137
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	133
Come, Holy Spirit, come	226
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	129
Come, my soul, thou must be waking	15
Come, O Saviour long expected	69

	NO.
Come, O Thou Traveller unknown	103
Come, sons of God, awake	24
Come, Thou bright and morning Star	16
Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come	135
'Come to a desert place apart'	281
'Come unto Me, ye weary'	227
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain	114
Come, ye thankful people, come	178
Courage, brother! do not stumble	7
Crown Him with many crowns	126
Earth has many a noble city	68
Eternal Father, strong to save	180
Fair waved the golden corn	179
Father, before Thy throne of light	34
Father, hear the prayer we offer	228
Father, hear the thankful praises	148
Father in heaven, Who lovest all	5
Father, let me dedicate	2
Father of heaven, Whose love profound	143
Father of mercies, let our praise	229
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	230
Father, Who gav'st Thine only Son	231
Fight the good fight with all thy might	213
For all the saints who from their labours rest	36
For the beauty of the earth	174
Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go	17
From all that dwell below the skies	193
From the eastern mountains	165
Glorious things of thee are spoken	216
Glory to Thee, my God, this night	275
Go forth to life, O child of earth	4
God and Father, great and holy	145
God be in my head, and in my understanding	3
God moves in a mysterious way	233
God of mercy, God of grace	232
God of the living, in Whose eyes	160
God save our gracious King	181
God, that madest earth and heaven	284
Golden harps are sounding	127
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	89
Great Shepherd of Thy people, hear	234
Guide us, O Thou great Jehovah	200
Hail, gladdening light, of His pure glory poured	272
Hail the day that sees Him rise	121
Hail to the Lord's Anointed	59
Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding	55
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord	235
Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes	54
Hark! the herald angels sing	63
Hark! the sound of holy voices	37
He is gone: a cloud of light	122
He leads us on by paths we do not know	207

	NO.
He who would valiant be	70
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face	155
Holy Father, cheer our way	285
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!	142
Holy Spirit, Truth divine	139
How beauteous are their feet	167
How bright these glorious spirits shine	38
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds	236
I am not worthy, Lord, that Thou	72
I bind unto myself this day	141
I bring my sins to Thee	237
'I gave My life for thee'	104
I heard the voice of Jesus say	238
I praised the earth, in beauty seen	171
Jam lucis orto sidere	10
Jerusalem the golden	48
Jesu, guide our way	6
Jesu, lover of my soul	239
Jesu, meek and gentle	240
Jesu, my Lord, my God, my All	241
Jesu, Sun of righteousness	18
Jesus calls us—o'er the tumult	43
Jesus Christ is risen to-day	117
Jesus lives; thy terrors now	119
Jesus, Lord, we kneel before Thee	97
Jesus, Lord, we look to Thee	242
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	168
Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts	157
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet	243
Just as I am, without one plea	151
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom	244
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us	206
Let saints on earth in concert sing	44
Let us with a gladsome mind	86
Lo! He comes with clouds descending	53
Lo! round the throne, at God's right hand	39
Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee	98
Lord, behold us with Thy blessing	1
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	304
Lord, it belongs not to my care	102
Lord Jesus, think on me	110
Lord of mercy and of might	100
Lord of my life, whose tender care	286
Lord of our life and God of our salvation	245
Lord of the worlds above	27
Lord, Thou hast brought us to our journey's end	302
Lord, Thy word abideth	246
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne	247
Love Divine, all love excelling	88
May the grace of Christ our Saviour	301
My Father, for another night	19

	NO.
My God, accept my heart this day	248
My God, I love Thee, not because	92
My God, my Father, while I stray	249
Nearer, my God, to Thee	300
New every morning is the love	20
Not ours to mourn and weep	94
Now all the woods are sleeping	297
Now at the night's return we raise	287
Now thank we all our God	149
Now that the daylight fills the sky	11
Now the labourer's task is o'er	158
Now the morn new light is pouring	21
Now, when the dusky shades of night, retreating	22
O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother	90
O come, all ye faithful	62
O come and mourn with me awhile	107
O come, O come, Emmanuel	56
O Father, Who didst all things make	288
O for a heart to praise my God	250
O gentes omnes undique	190
O give to God immortal praise	83
O God all-loving, God of Justice dread	306
O God of Bethel, by Whose hand	201
O God, our help in ages past	303
O God, unseen, yet ever near	152
O happy band of pilgrims	203
O help us, Lord; each hour of need	96
O holy Lord, content to live	251
O Jesu, crucified for man	30
O Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace	23
O Jesu, strong and pure and true	147
O Jesu, Thou art standing	105
O Jesus, I have promised	78
O Jesus, Lord, the Way, the Truth	46
O King of kings, before Whose throne	252
O Lord, how happy should we be	175
O Lord of heaven and earth and sea	169
O Love, how deep, how broad, how high	91
O Power, that shapest ends we cannot see	8
O Thou, great Lord of many a name	85
O Thou not made with hands	218
O Thou Who camest from above	253
O Word of pity, for our pardon pleading	106
O worship the King all-glorious above	194
Oft in danger, oft in woe	212
On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry	52
Onward, Christian soldiers	214
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	131
Pour down Thy Spirit, gracious Lord	254
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven	196
Praise the Lord; ye heavens, adore Him	195

	No.
Praise to God, immortal praise	176
Praise to our God, Whose bounteous hand	184
Praise to the Holiest in the height	87
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	255
Put thou thy trust in God	256
Rejoice, the Lord is King	128
Rejoice to-day with one accord	185
Ride on, ride on in majesty	112
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	101
Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise	276
Saviour, blessèd Saviour	50
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	295
Saviour, when temptations try us	95
Say not "The struggle nought availeth"	77
Sing a song of joy	186
Sing to the Lord a joyful song	197
Sleep thy last sleep	159
Soldiers of Christ, arise	73
Soldiers, who are Christ's below	211
Songs of praise the angels sang	84
Souls of men! why will ye scatter	163
Spirit of God, that moved of old	138
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love	136
Stand up, and bless the Lord	198
Star of morn and even	289
Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright	35
Strive aright when God doth call thee	75
Strong Son of God, immortal Love	161
Summer suns are glowing	170
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear	279
Sunset and evening star	305
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go	277
'Take up the cross,' the Saviour said	93
Te lucis ante terminum	274
Te splendor et virtus Patris	31
Teach me, my God and King	257
Ten thousand times ten thousand	47
The Church's one foundation	45
The day is past and over	290
The day of Resurrection!	120
The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended	291
The duteous day now closeth	298
The eternal gates lift up their heads	125
The God of Abraham praise	199
The Head that once was crowned with thorns	124
The heavenly Child in stature grows	258
The King of Love my Shepherd is	79
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	209
The Lord will come and not be slow	60
The night is come, wherein at last we rest	299
The people that in darkness sat	57
The radiant morn hath passed away	292

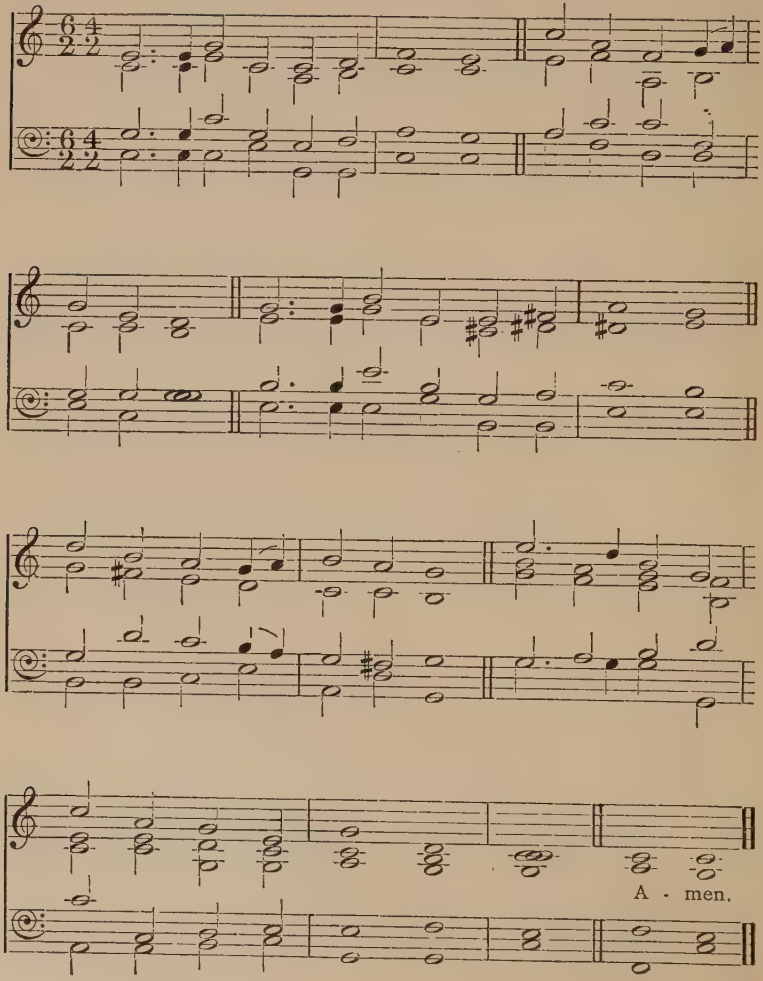
	NO.
The saints of God, their conflict past	41
The Son of God goes forth to war	42
The spacious firmament on high	82
The strife is o'er, the battle done	118
The sun is sinking fast	296
Thee we adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee	156
There is a blessèd home	205
There is a book, who runs may read	81
There is a green hill far away	109
There is a land of pure delight	217
There is no sorrow, Lord, too light	259
Thine for ever! God of Love	80
This day, at Thy creating word	26
This is the day of light	25
Thou art the Way—by Thee alone	260
Thou Judge of quick and dead	58
Thou, whose Almighty word	164
Though lowly here our lot may be	261
Though we long in sin-wrought blindness	208
Three in One, and One in Three	144
Through all the changing scenes of life	262
Through good report and evil, Lord	263
Through the day Thy love hath spared us	294
Through the night of doubt and sorrow	202
Thus far the Hand that loves to guide	146
Thy kingdom come, O God	166
Thy way, not mine, O Lord	264
To Thee, O loving Saviour, our spirits turn for rest	265
Try us, O God, and search the ground	99
Veni, Creator spiritus	132
Veni, Sancte spiritus	134
View me, Lord, a work of Thine	150
We have not known Thee as we ought	266
We love the place, O Lord	28
We may not climb the heavenly steeps	267
We plough the fields and scatter	177
We scatter seeds with careless hand	9
We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth	173
We wait beneath the furnace-blast	183
We walk by faith and not by sight	268
When God of old came down from heaven	130
When I survey the wondrous Cross	108
Where high the heavenly temple stands	269
While shepherds watched their flocks by night	64
Who are these, like stars appearing	40
Who shall ascend to the holy place	49
With trembling awe the chosen three	51
Wondrous was Thy path on earth	270
Ye fair green hills of Galilee	71
Ye holy angels bright	189
Ye servants of the Lord	271
Yes, God is good; in earth and sky	172

HYMNS

Beginning of Term.

1

DYSON. *G. Dyson.*



LORD, behold us with Thy blessing,
Once again assembled here;
Onward be our footsteps pressing,
In Thy love, and faith, and fear;
Still protect us
By Thy presence ever near.

For Thy mercy we adore Thee,
For this rest upon our way;
Lord, again we bow before Thee,
Speed our labours day by day;
Mind and spirit
With Thy choicest gifts array.

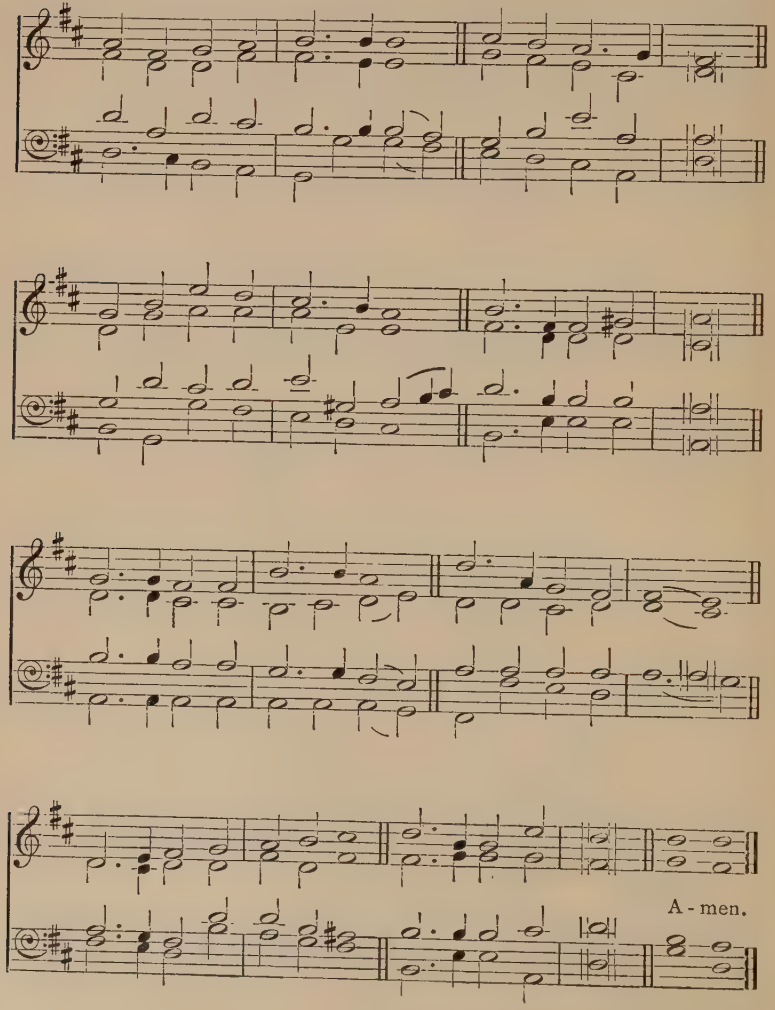
Keep the spell of home affection
Still alive in every heart;
May its power with mild direction
Draw our love from self apart,
Till Thy children
Feel that Thou their Father art.

Break temptation's fatal power,
Shielding all with guardian care,
Keep us in each careless hour
Safe from all that would ensnare;
Thou, our Saviour,
Still our failing strength repair.

Varied from Henry James Buckoll (1803—1871), 1850.

2

FATHER, LET ME DEDICATE. *G. A. Macfarren* (1813—1887).



BEGINNING OF TERM.

FATHER, let me dedicate
All my days to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be:
Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
Freedom dare I claim;
This alone shall be my prayer,
'Glorify Thy Name.'

Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy Name.

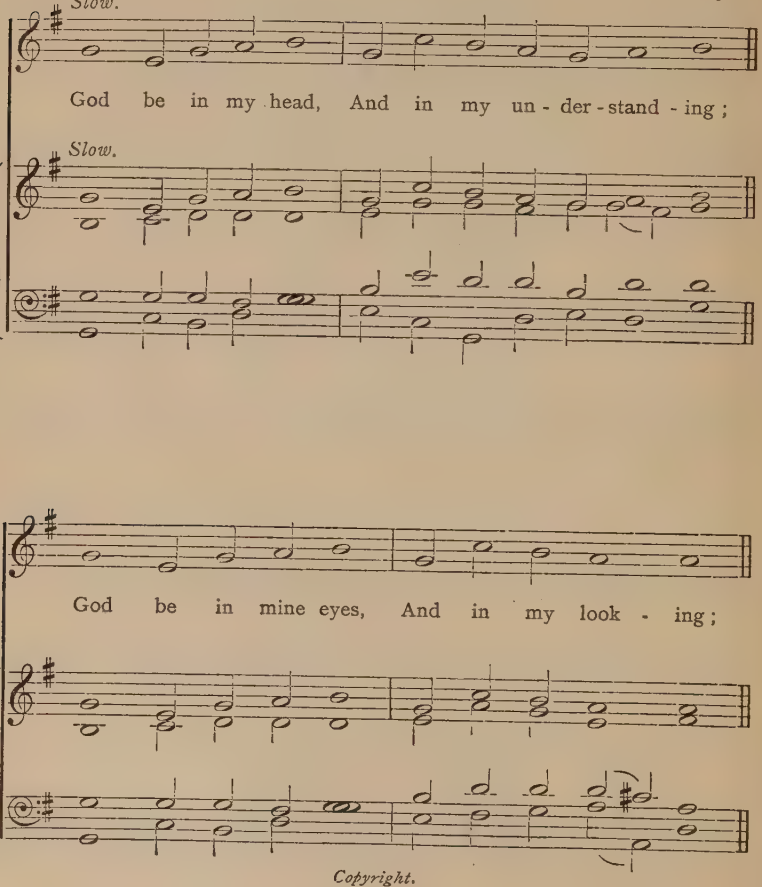
If Thou callest to the cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home,
Let me think how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
'Glorify Thy Name.'

If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine,
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine,
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy Name.

Varied from Laurence Tuttiett (1825—1898), 1864.

3

GOD BE IN MY HEAD. *Noel Ponsonby.*



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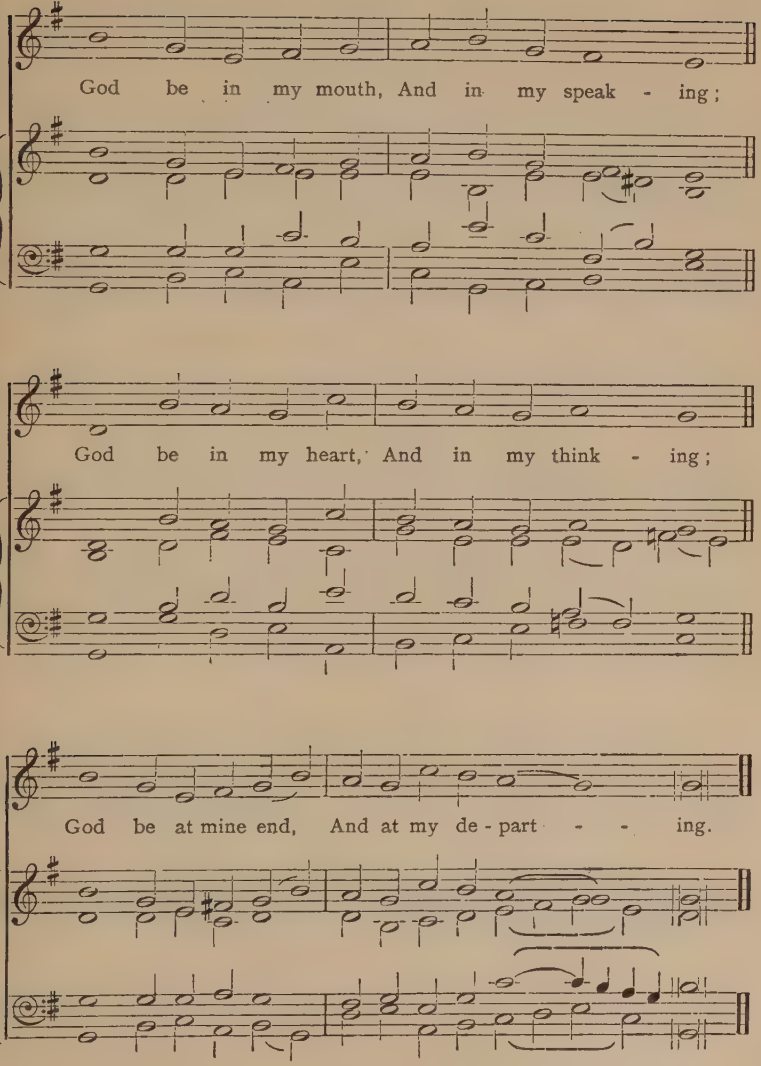
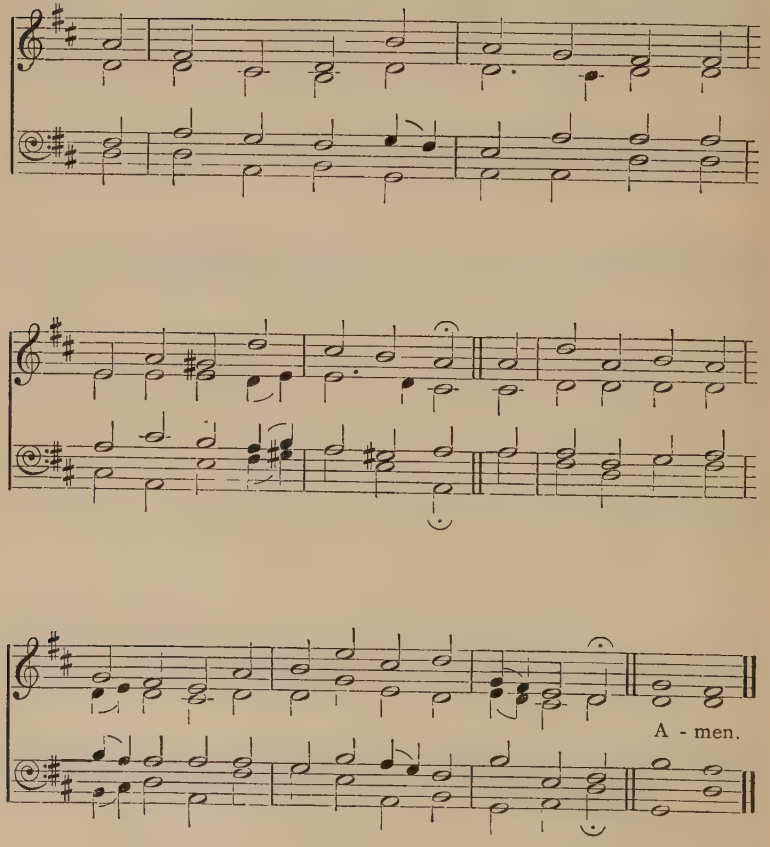
Words from a Sarum Primer of 1558.


God be in my mouth, And in my speak - ing;
God be in my heart, And in my think - ing;
God be at mine end, And at my de - part - - ing.

4

KENT. *Ascribed to Dr. M. Greene.*



Go forth to life, O child of earth,
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth;
Thou art not here for ease or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.

Though passion fires are in thy soul,
Through Christ thou canst their flames control;
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Through Christ thou art more strong than they.

Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth:
God's angels still are near to save,
And God Himself doth help the brave.

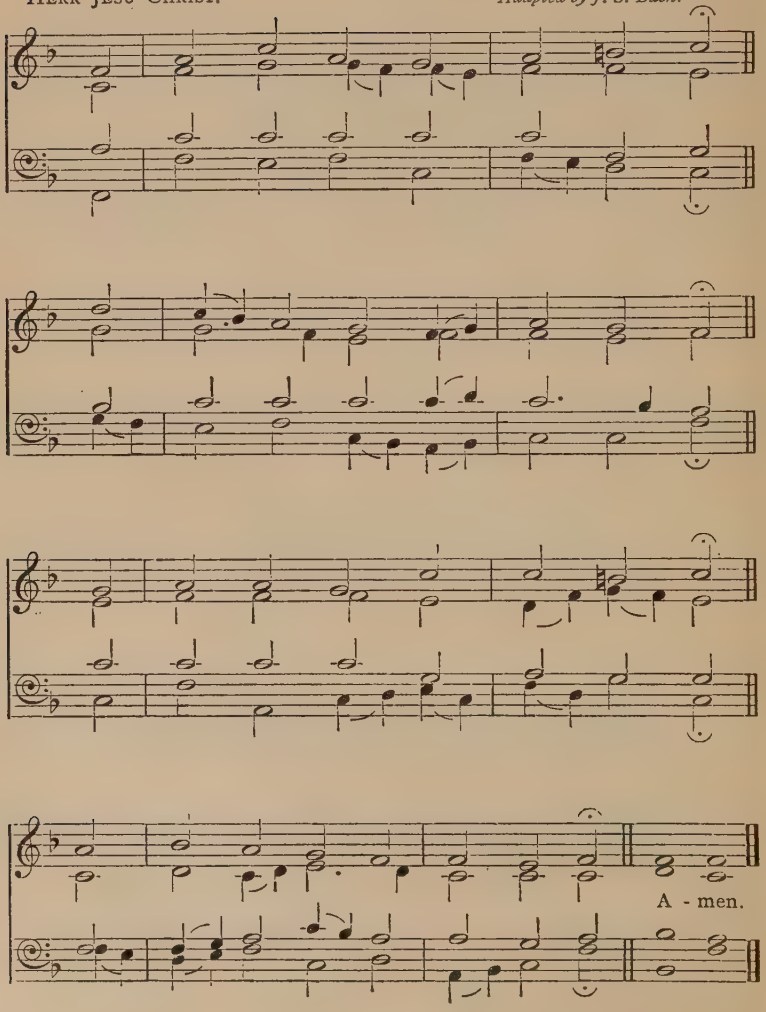
Then forth to life, O child of earth;
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth:
For noble service thou art here;
Thy neighbour help, thy God revere.

Varied from Samuel Longfellow (1819—1892), 1864.

5

HERR JESU CHRIST.

Melody from "Pensum Sacrum."
Adapted by J. S. Bach.



BEGINNING OF TERM.

THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

FATHER in Heaven Who lovest all,
O help Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age
An undefilèd heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends,
On Thee for judge, and not our friends;
That we with Thee may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

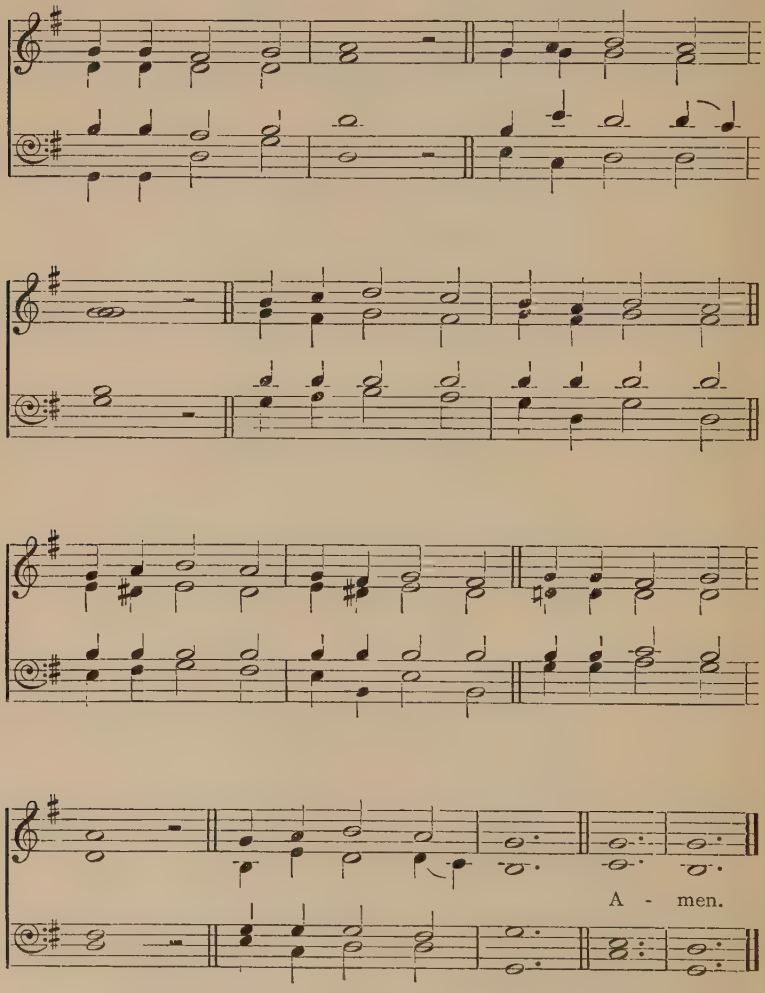
Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

Rudyard Kipling.

6

ROCHELLE.

Adam Drese (1620—1701).
Harm. by S. S. Wesley.



JESU, guide our way
To eternal day:
So shall we, no more delaying,
Follow Thee, Thy voice obeying:
Lead us by the hand
To our Father's land.

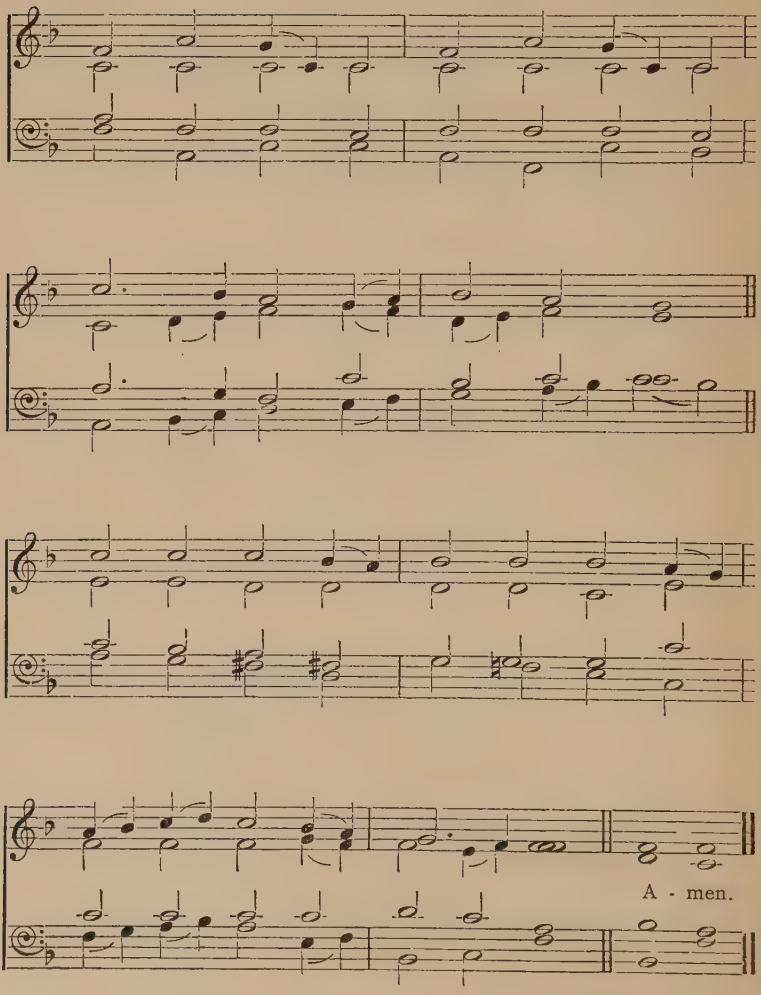
When we danger meet,
Steadfast make our feet:
Lord, preserve us uncomplaining
'Mid the darkness round us reigning:
Through adversity
Lies our way to Thee.

Order all our way
Through the mortal day:
In our toil, with aid be near us;
In our need, with succour cheer us:
When life's course is o'er,
Open Thou the door.

Nicolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf (1700—1760),
tr. Arthur Tozer Russell (1806—1874).

7

COURAGE. *J. L. Steiner* (1688—1761).



Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble:
Trust in God, and do the right.

Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely, strong or weary;
Trust in God, and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee:
Trust in God, and do the right.

Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace, and inward might;
Star upon our path abiding—
Trust in God, and do the right.

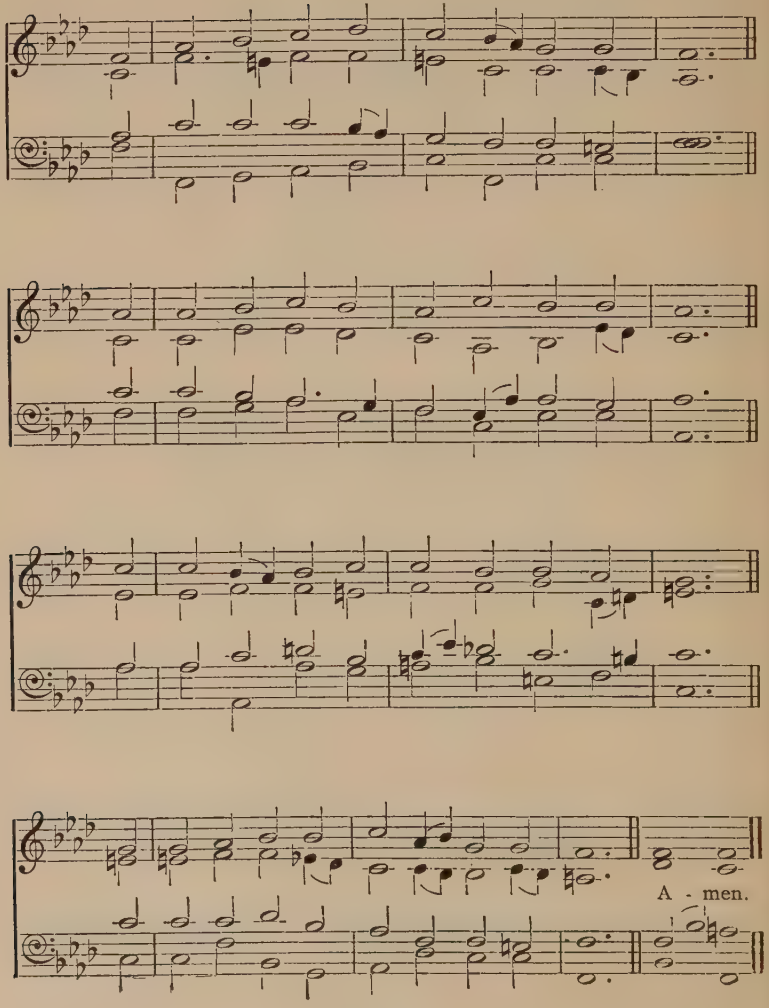
Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble:
Trust in God, and do the right.

Abbreviated from Dr. Norman Macleod (1812—1872), 1857.

8

RELIANCE.

S. S. Wesley (1810—1876).



A PRAYER.

O Power, that shapest ends we cannot see,
That giv'st the courage high, the spirit frail,
Know'st what we are, and what we strive to be,
Be with us when we triumph or we fail.

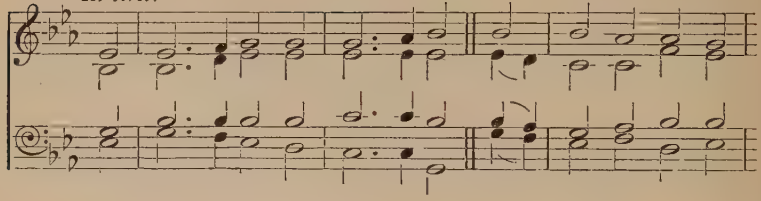
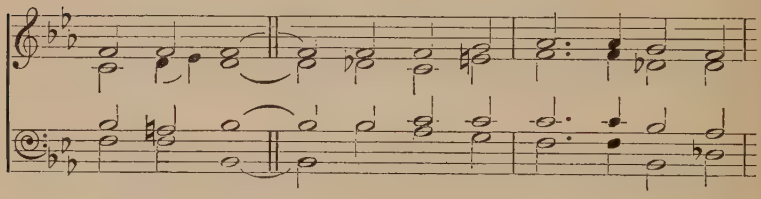
Direct our ardour, since in Thee we rest;
Pardon our weakness, when we are dismayed;
If vanquished, may we plead we tried our best;
Victorious, may we own we had Thine aid.

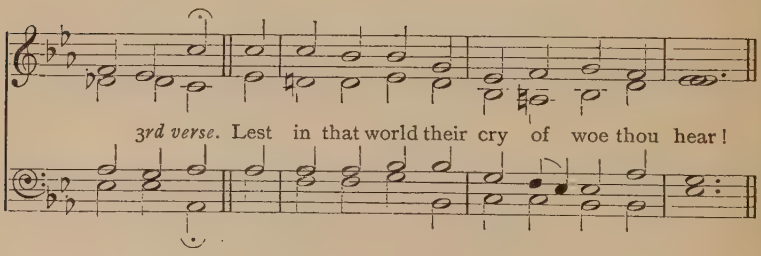
So shall defeat alike and victory be
Greeted as equal by our latest breath;
And we shall win, through utter trust in Thee,
The last and greatest triumph, over death.

L. E. Upcott,
Asst. Master, 1875—1911, 1916—1919

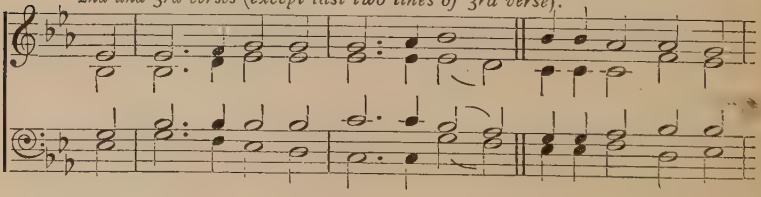
9

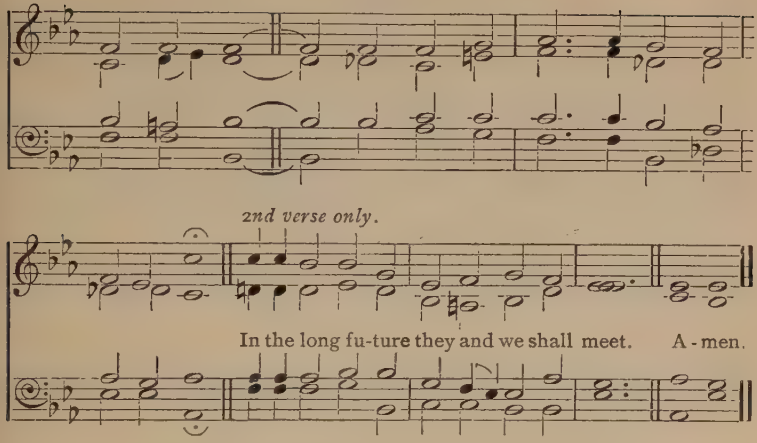
QUEEN ETHELDREDA. *John W. Ivimey.*

1st verse.





2nd and 3rd verses (except last two lines of 3rd verse).





We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

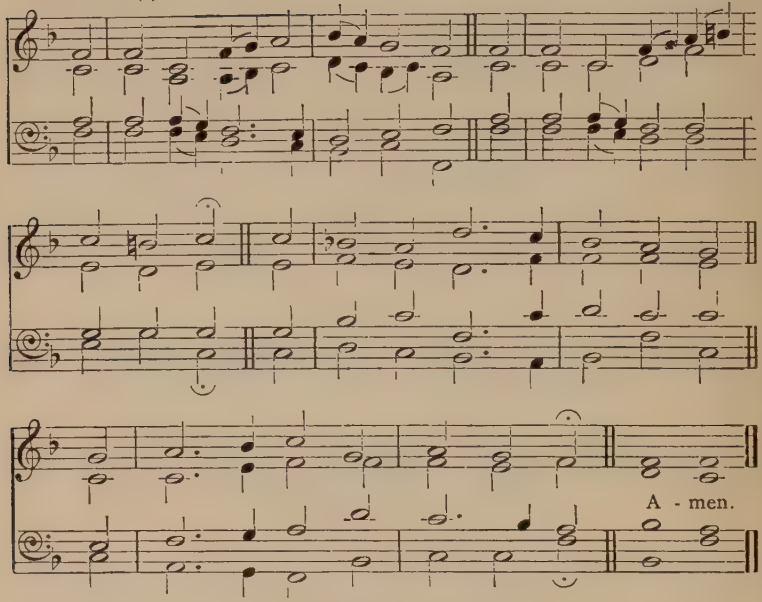
The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past;
But they shall last,
In the long future they
And we shall meet.

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear!

John Keble (1792—1866), 1846.

10

IAM LUCIS (1). *John Bishop* (1665—1737).



IAM lucis orto sidere
Deum precemur supplices,
Ut in diurnis actibus
Nos servet a nocentibus.

Linguam refrenans temperet,
Ne litis horror insonet;
Visum fovendo contegat,
Ne vanitates hauriat.

Sint pura cordis intima,
Absistat et vecordia;
Carnis terat superbiam
Potus cibique parcitas:

Ut, cum dies abscesserit,
Noctemque sors reduxerit,
Mundi per abstinentiam
Ipsi canamus gloriam.

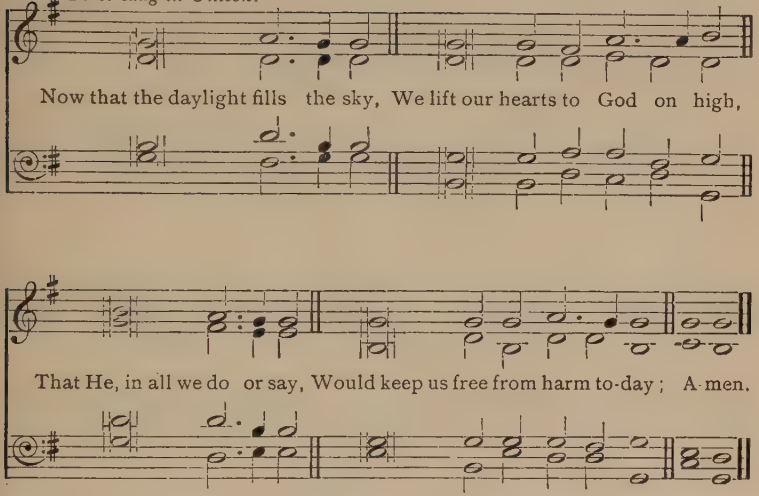
Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Nunc et per omne saeculum.

Author unknown; possibly of the fifth century.

11

IAM LUCIS (2). Ancient Plain Song.

To be sung in Unison.


Now that the daylight fills the sky, We lift our hearts to God on high,
That He, in all we do or say, Would keep us free from harm to-day; A-men.

Now that the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to God on high,
That He, in all we do or say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day;

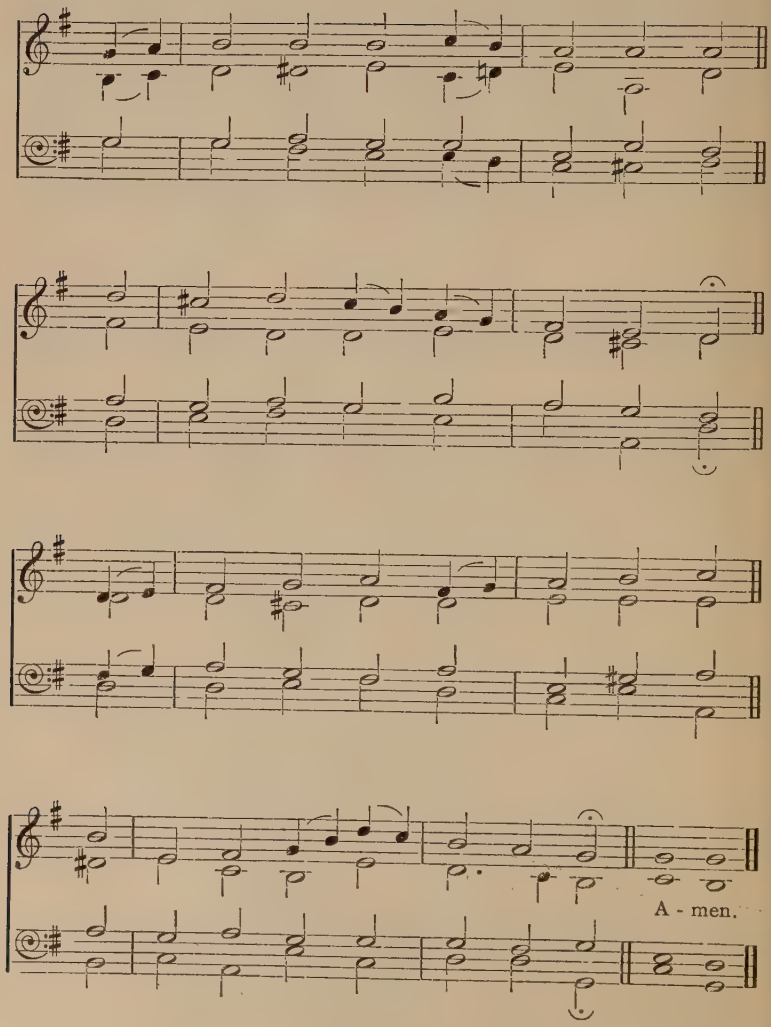
Would guard our hearts and tongues from strife;
Would shield from anger's din our life;
From all ill sights would turn our eyes,
And close our ears from vanities.

So we, when this new day is gone,
And shades of night are drawing on,
With conscience of the world unstained
Shall praise His name for victory gained.

Varied from John Mason Neale (1818—1866), 1852.

12

MORNING HYMN. *F. H. Barthélémon* (1741—1808).



Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time mis-spent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept!
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

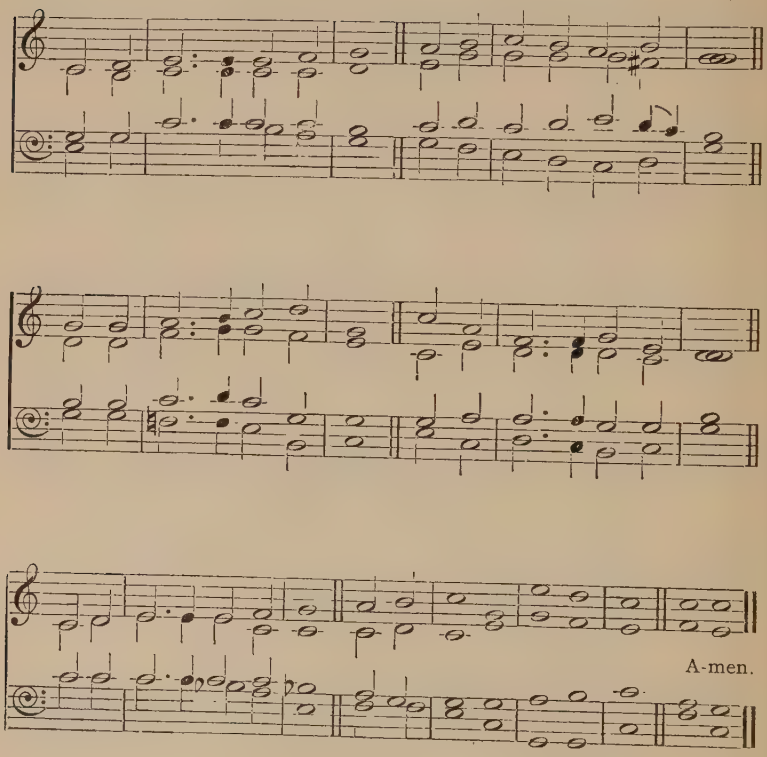
Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers with all their might
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Ken (1637–1711), 1695.

13

BARMOUTH. *W. Macfarren* (1826—1905).



At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day;
Doubt of what it holds in store
Makes us crave Thine aid the more;
Lest it prove a time of loss,
Mark it, Saviour, with Thy cross.

If it flow on calm and bright,
Be Thyself our chief delight;
If it bring unknown distress,
Good is all that Thou canst bless;
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe;
Well for us, before Thine eyes
All our danger open lies;
Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

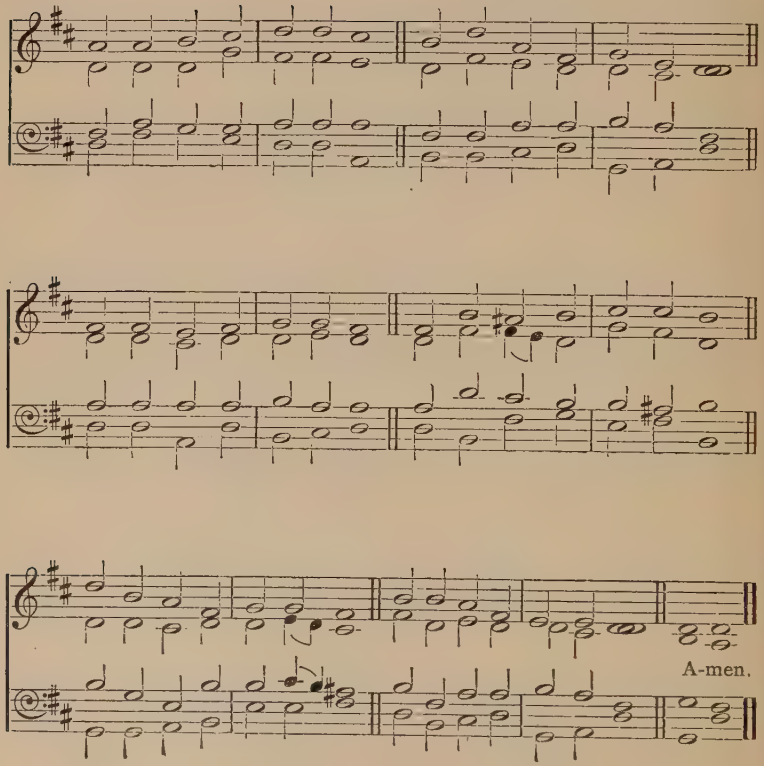
Fain would we Thy word embrace,
Live each moment in Thy grace,
All ourselves to Thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in Thine;
Think, and speak, and do, and be
Simply that which pleases Thee.

Hear us, Lord, and that right soon;
Hear, and grant the choicest boon
That Thy love can e'er impart,
Loyal singleness of heart;
So shall this and all our days,
Christ our God, shew forth Thy praise.

William Bright (1824—1901), 1861.

14

RATISBON. *Werner's Choralbuch* (1815).



CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in our hearts appear.

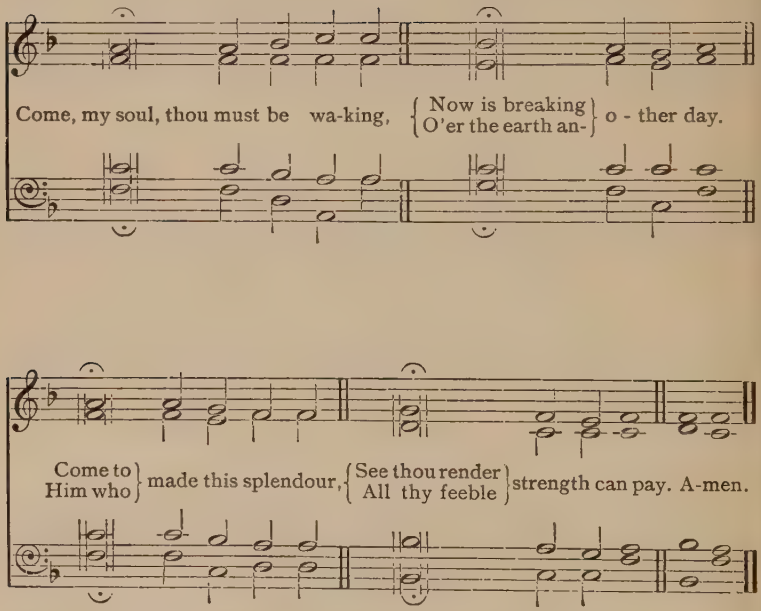
Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams we see:
Till they pour their gladdening light
Through the darkness of our night.

Visit then these souls of Thine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Fill us, O Thou Light divine,
Scatter all our unbelief:
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Varied from Charles Wesley (1707—1788), 1740.

15

TROYTE'S CHANT, No. 1. *A. H. D. Troyte* (1811—1857).


Come, my soul, thou must be wa-king, { Now is breaking / O'er the earth an- } o - ther day.
Come to Him who } made this splendour, { See thou render / All thy feeble } strength can pay. A-men.

MORNING.

Come, my soul, thou must be waking;
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day;
Come to Him who made this splendour,
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

Gladly hail the light returning;
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers;
For the night is safely ended—
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.

Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavour,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
Every stain of shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

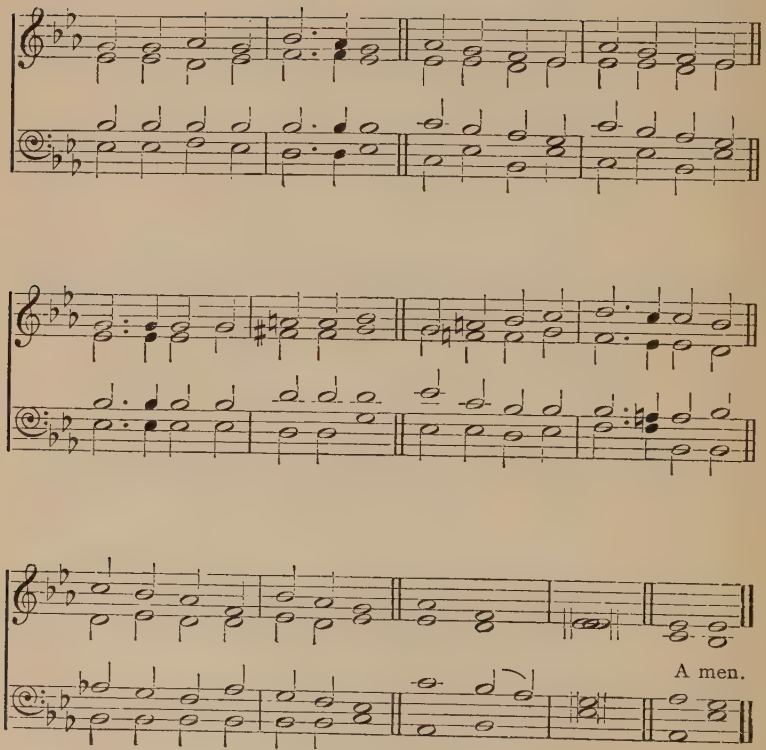
Fettered to the fleeting hours
All our powers
Vain and brief are borne away;
Time, my soul, thy ship is bearing,
Onward faring,
To the gulf of death a prey.

Mayest thou then on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

Henry James Buckoll (1803—1871), 1841.
From the German of Baron von Camitz, + 1699.

16

WHEATLEY. *W. S. Bambridge.*



Come, Thou bright and morning Star,
Light of Light, without beginning,
Shine upon us from afar,
That we may be kept from sinning;
Drive away by Thy clear light
Our dark night.

May Thy fervent love destroy
Our cold works, in us awaking
Ardent zeal and holy joy
At the purple morn's first breaking;
Let us truly rise, ere yet
Life has set.

Ah, Thou Day-star from on high,
Grant that at Thy next appearing,
We who in the grave do lie,
May arise, Thy summons hearing,
And rejoice in our new life,
Far from strife.

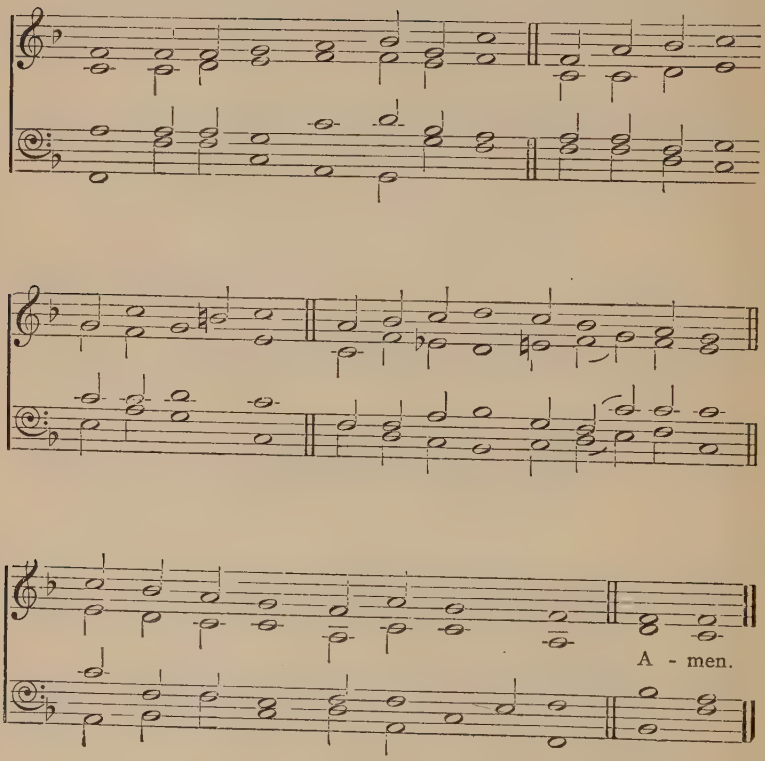
Light us to those heavenly spheres,
Sun of grace, in glory shrouded;
Lead us through this vale of tears,
To the land where days unclouded,
Purest joy, and perfect peace,
Never cease.

Richard Massie (*b.* 1800), 1857.
From the German of Baron von Rosenroth, 1684.

17

ANGELS' SONG.

Orlando Gibbons (1583—1625).
Harm. by E. W. Goldsmith.



FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

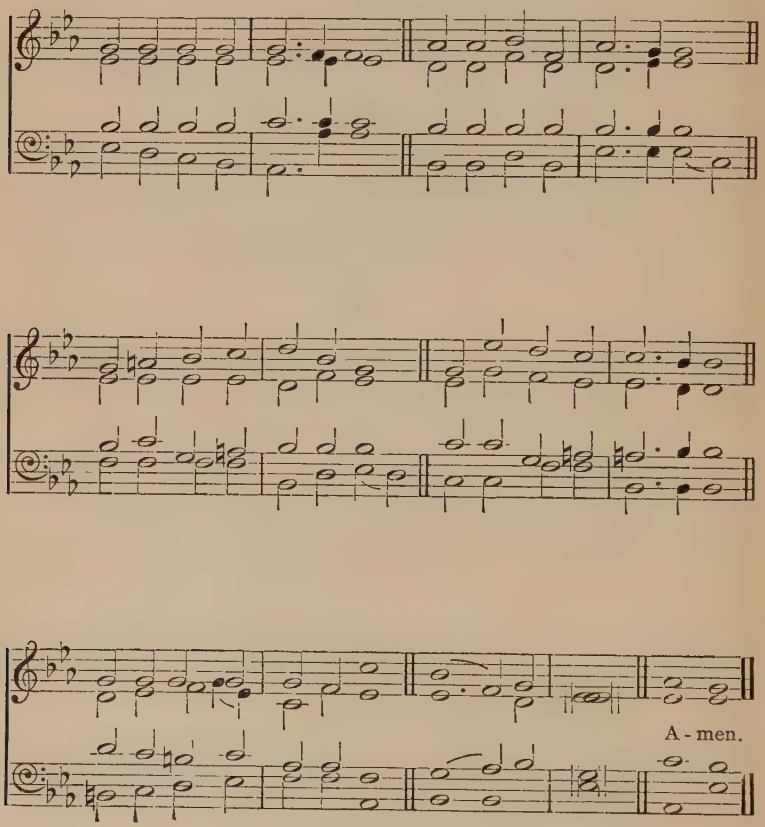
Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day;

For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

Varied from Charles Wesley (1707—1788), 1749.

18

LUX PRIMA. *G. A. Macfarren* (1813--1887).



JESU, Sun of righteousness,
Brightest beam of love divine,
With the early morning rays,
Do Thou on our darkness shine,
And dispel with purest light
All our night.

As on drooping herb and flower
Falls the soft refreshing dew,
Let Thy Spirit's grace and power
All our weary souls renew;
Showers of blessings over all
Softly fall.

Like the sun's reviving ray,
May Thy love with tender glow
All our coldness melt away,
Warm and cheer us forth to go,
Gladly serve Thee and obey
All the day.

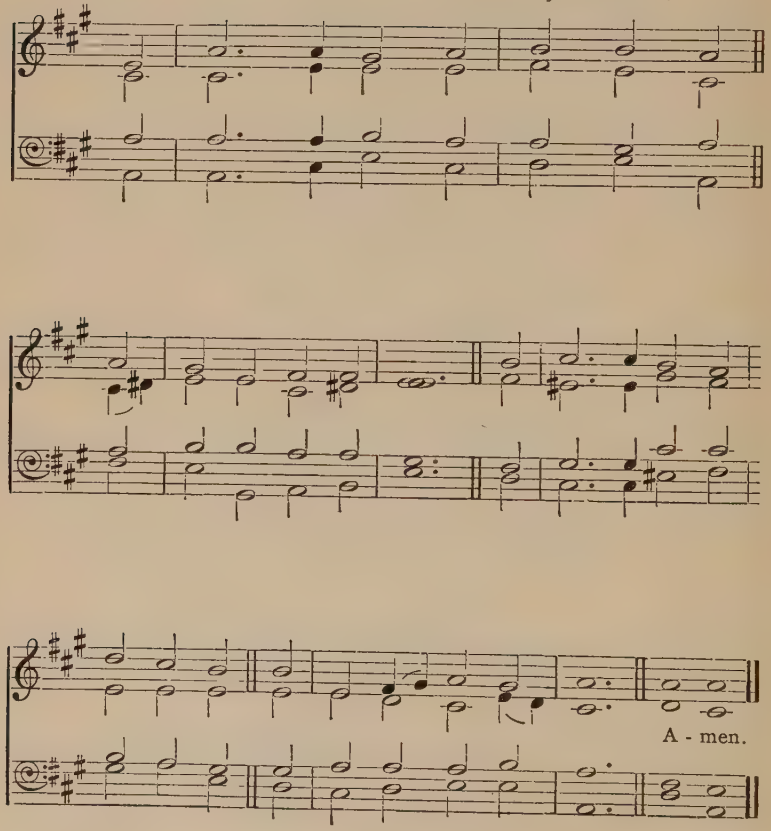
Lead us, our one Hope and Guide,
Never from Thee let us stray,
Journeying ever at Thy side
To the land of perfect day,
Where Thy people, fully blest,
Safely rest.

Varied from Jane Borthwick (1813—1897), 1855.
From a Hymn of Baron von Rosenroth, + 1689.

19

ST. TIMOTHY.

Sir Henry W. Baker (1821—1877).
Arr. by W. H. Monk.



My Father, for another night
Of quiet sleep and rest,
For all the joy of morning light,
Thy holy Name be blest.

Now with the new-born day I give
Myself anew to Thee,
That as Thou willest I may live,
And what Thou willest be.

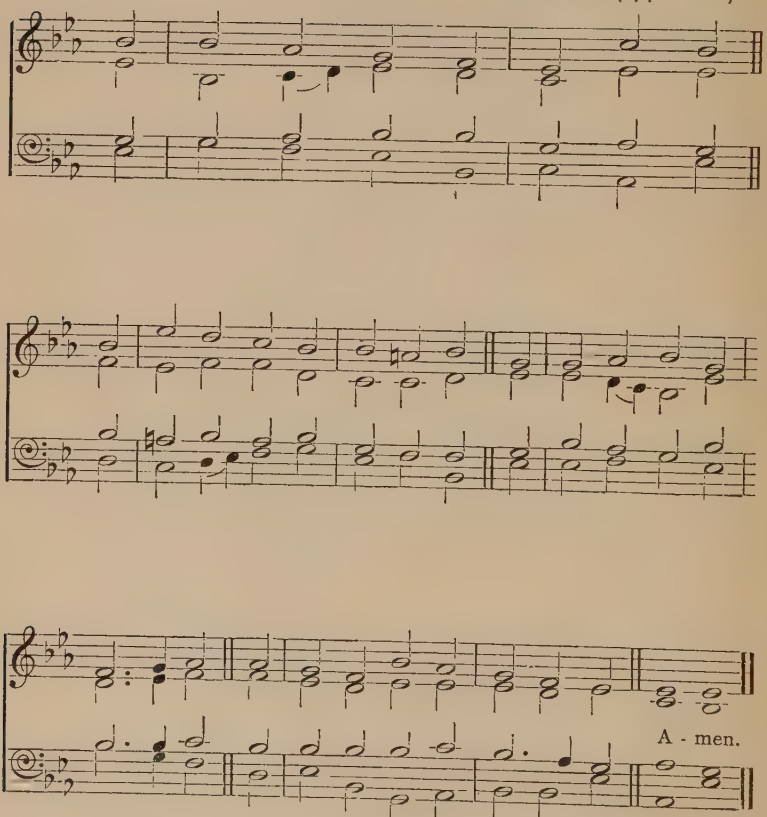
Whate'er I do, things great or small,
Whate'er I speak or frame,
Thy glory may I seek in all,
Do all in Jesus' Name.

My Father, for His sake I pray,
Thy child accept and bless;
And lead me by Thy grace to-day
In paths of righteousness.

Sir Henry W. Baker, (1821—1877), 1875.

20

MELCOMBE. S. *Webbe* (1740—1816).



New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

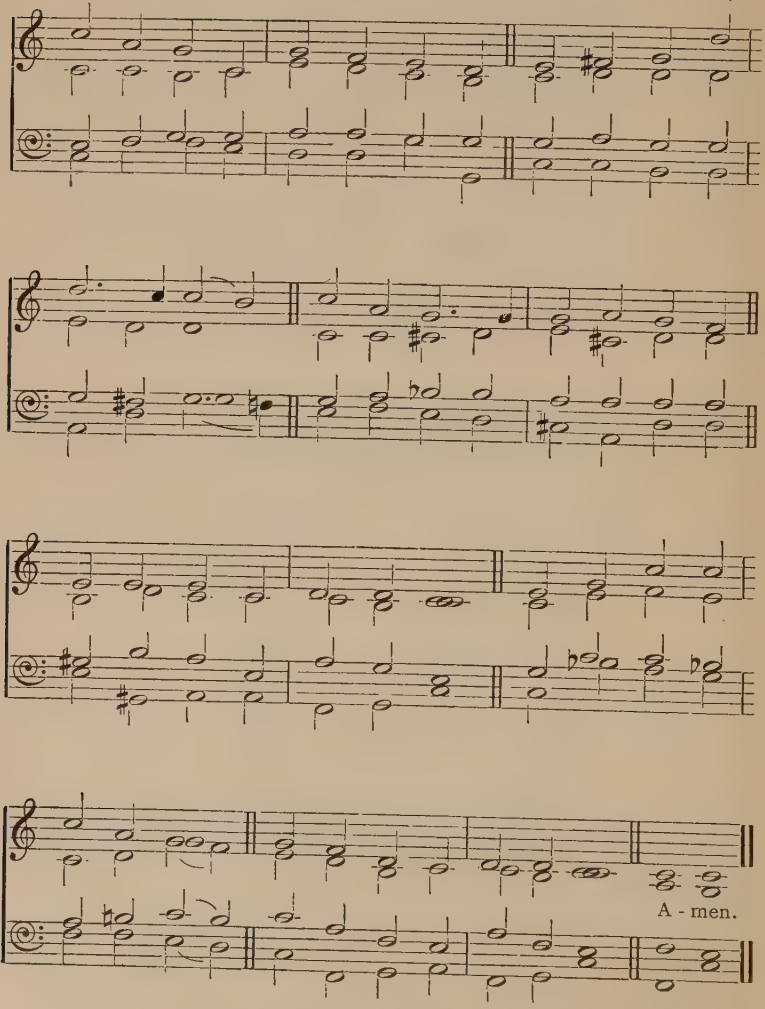
The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves,—a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble (1792—1866), 1827.

21

LAMBORNE. *Sir G. C. Martin* (1844—1916).



Now the morn new light is pouring,
Lord, may we our spirits raise,
Through Thy grace our souls restoring;
So, on Thy great day of days,
We with joy its dawn may meet
Fearless at Thy judgement-seat.

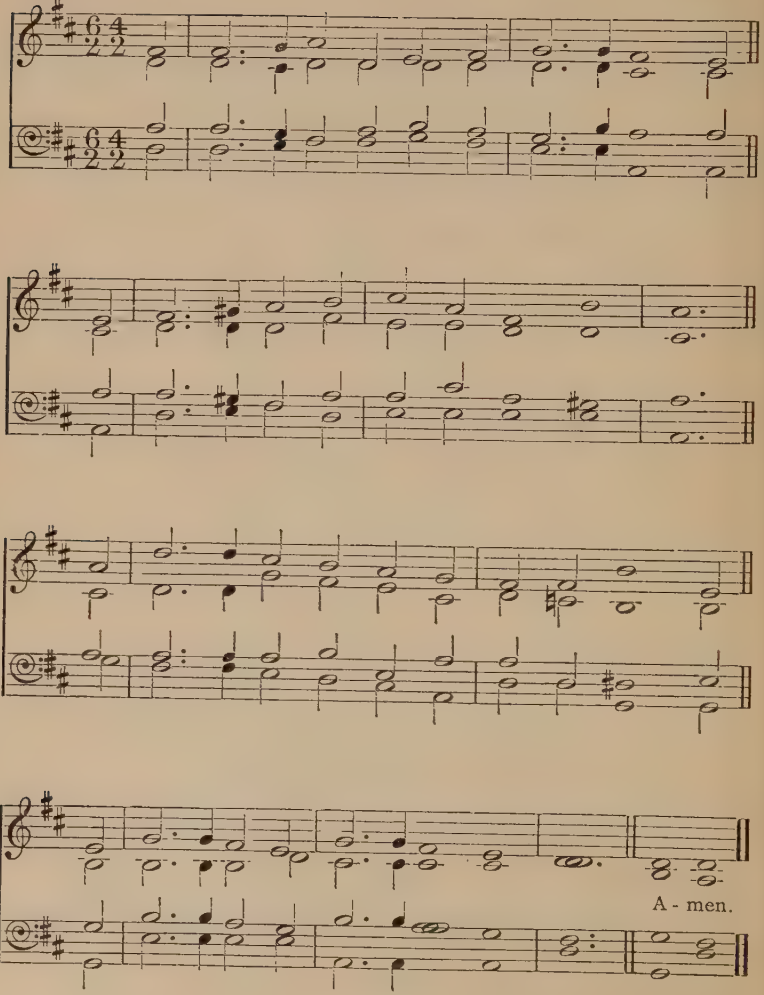
Jesus, Thou our steps be guiding
By Thy Word's celestial light,
Now and evermore abiding
Our defence, our rock of might:
Nowhere, save alone in Thee,
Can we rest from danger free.

Lo! we yield to Thy direction
Soul and body, heart and mind;
Keep Thou all by Thy protection,
To Thy mighty hand resigned:
Thee our glorious God we own;
Let us, Lord, be Thine alone.

Henry James Buckoll (1803—1871), 1842.
From the German of Heinrich Albert, 1643.

22

ELGIN. *G. Dyson.*



Now, when the dusky shades of night, retreating
Before the sun's red banner, swiftly flee;
Now, when the terrors of the dark are fleeting,
O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to Thee;

To Thee, whose word, the fount of life unsealing,
When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,
Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,
And bade the eve and morn complete the day.

Look from the tower of heaven, and send to cheer us
Thy light and truth to guide us onward still;
Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to Thy holy hill.

So, when that morn of endless light is waking,
And shades of evil from its splendours flee,
Safe may we rise, the earth's dark breast forsaking,
Through all the long bright day to dwell with Thee.

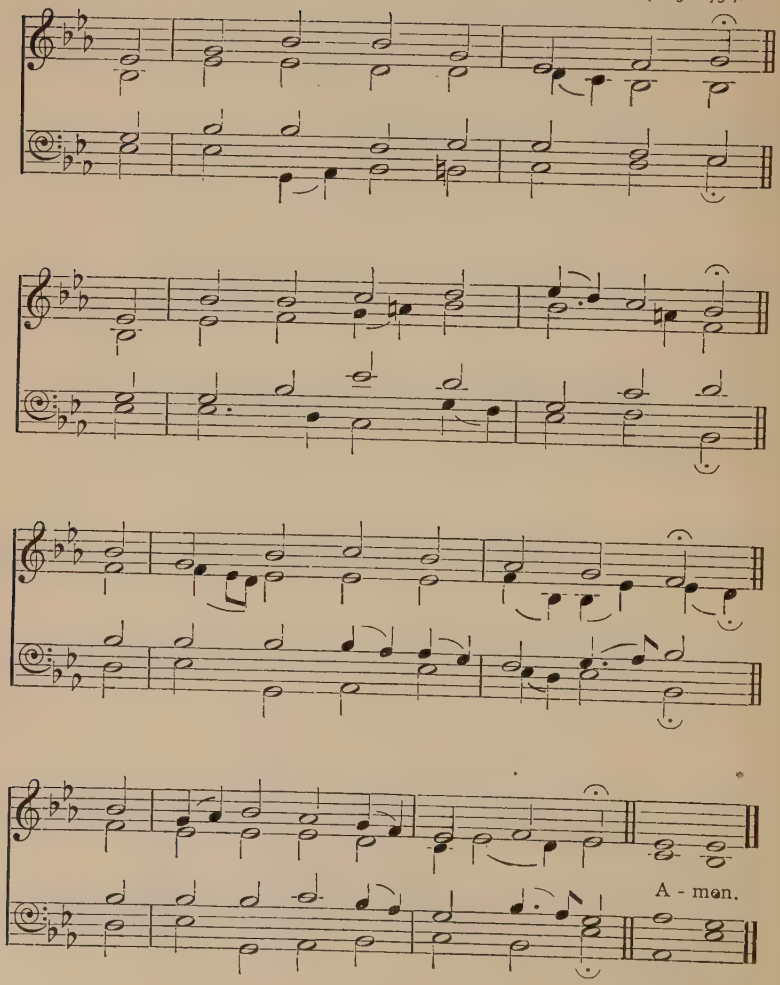
Be this by Thee, O God thrice Holy, granted,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
Whose glory by the heaven and earth is chanted,
Whose Name by men and angels is confessed.

A compilation (*U.S.A.* 1853). *Founded on the Hymn* '*Ecce iam noctis*' *of Gregory the Great* (549–604).

23

VETTER.

Melody by D. Vetter (c. 1713).
Harm. by J. S. Bach (1685—1750).



O Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night;

Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Diffuse Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

So we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious Name:
His powerful succour we implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.

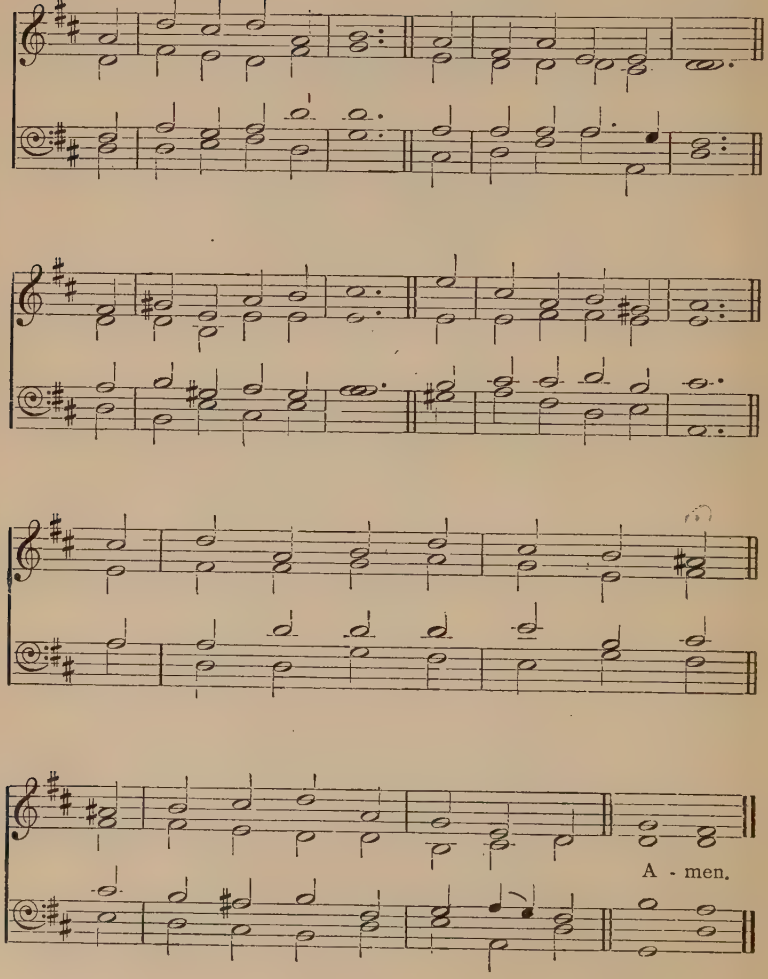
May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness,
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And bring us to a prosperous end.

O Christ, with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne:
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee.

John Chandler (1806—1876), 1837. *From the Hymn 'Splendor Paternae gloriae' of St. Ambrose* (340—397).

24

CROFT'S 148th. *W. Croft* (1678—1727).



Come, sons of God, awake
To hail this sacred day,
And in glad songs of praise
Your grateful homage pay;
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

Upon this happy morn,
The Lord of Life arose;
He burst the bands of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

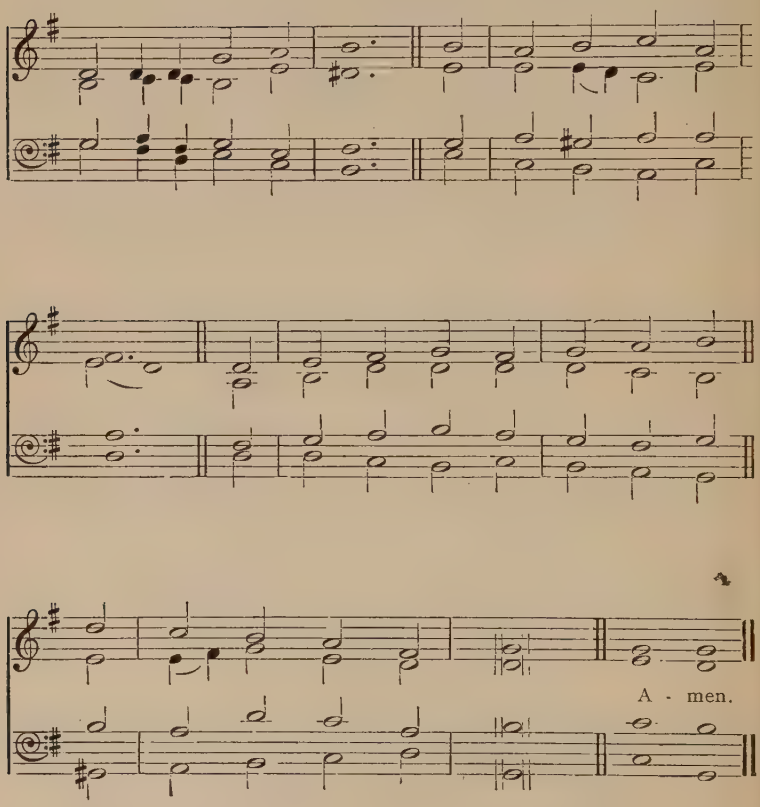
Then hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with Hosannas rings,
And earth, with humbler strains,
Thy praise in answer sings;—
'Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!'

Thomas Cotterill (1779—1823), 1812.

25

DOMINICA.

Sir Herbert S. Oakeley (1830—1903).



THIS is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

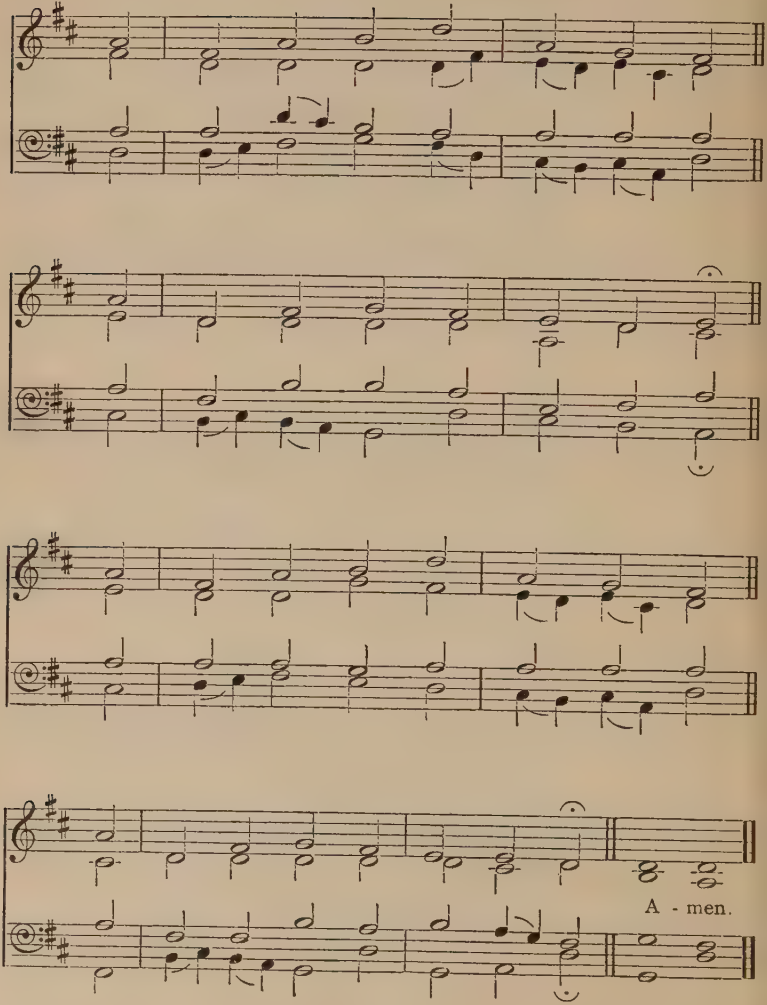
This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death.

John Ellerton (1826—1893), 1867.

26

ST. GREGORY. *From König's Choralbuch*, 1738.



THIS day, at Thy creating word,
First o'er the earth the light was poured;
O Lord, this day upon us shine,
And fill our souls with light divine.

This day the Lord, for sinners slain,
In might victorious rose again;
O Jesu, may we raisèd be
From death of sin to life in Thee.

This day the Holy Spirit came
With fiery tongues of cloven flame;
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray.

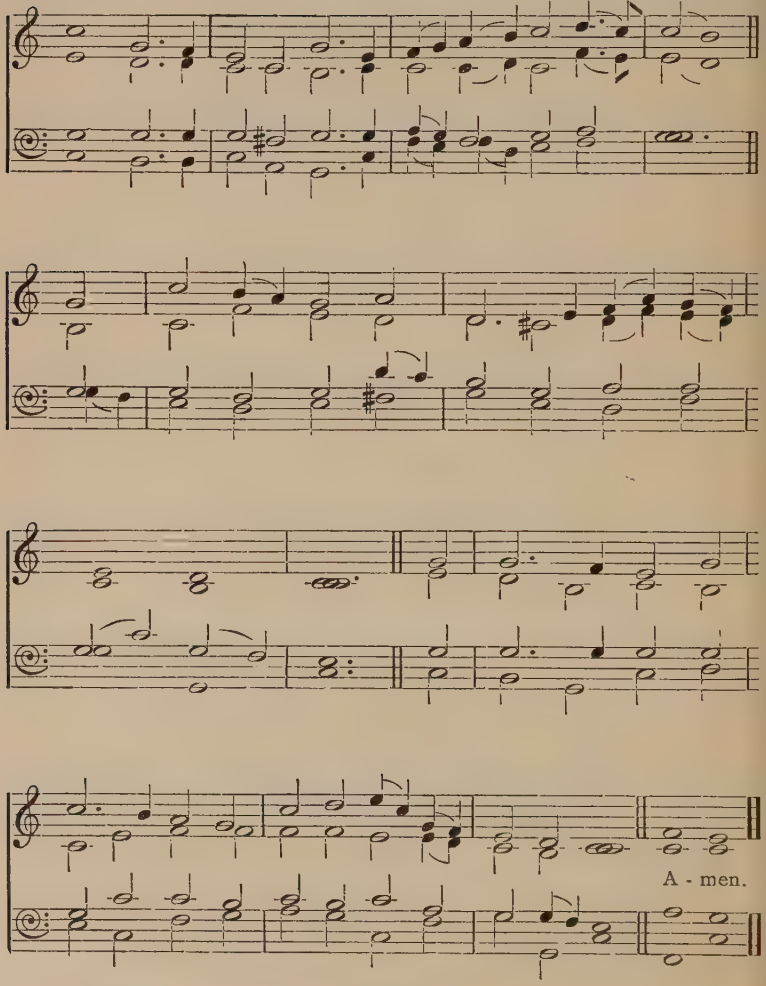
O day of light and life and grace,
From earthly toils sweet resting place,
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love,
We give again to God above.

Bishop Walsham How (1823—1897), 1854.

27

WARSAW.

Thomas Clark (1775—1859).
In Cheetham's Psalmody.



(PSALM LXXXIV.)

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To Thine abode
My heart aspires
With warm desires
To see my God.

The Lord His people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those His heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
Thrice happy he,
O Lord of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in Thee.

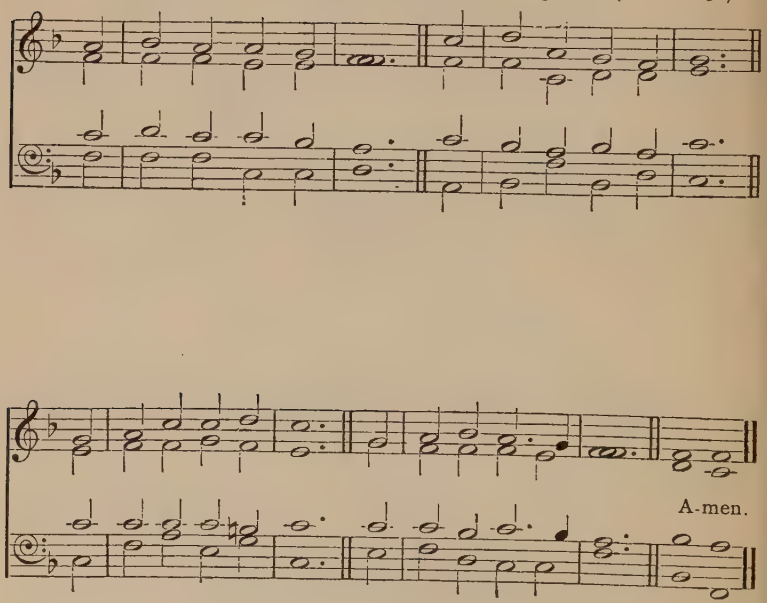
O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Sion's hill.

They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1719.

28

QUAM DILECTA. *Bishop H. L. Jenner* (1820—1898).



(Psalm XXVI. 8.)

We love the place, O Lord,
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

We love the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen flock to greet.

We love Thine altar, Lord;
O what on earth so dear?
For there, in faith adored,
We find Thy presence near.

We love the word of life,
The word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.

We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
But O we long to know
The triumph-song of heaven.

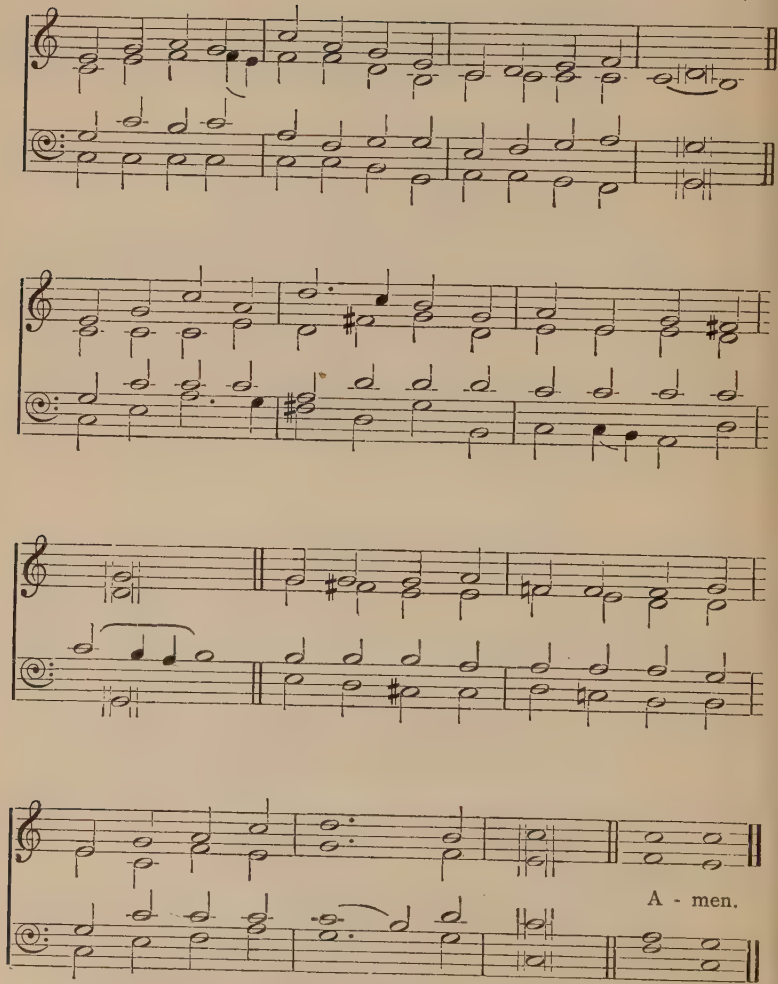
Lord Jesus, give us grace
On earth to love Thee more,
In heaven to see Thy face,
And with Thy saints adore.

First three verses by Dean Bullock, 1854.
Varied and added to by Sir Henry W. Baker, 1860.

29

ANGEL VOICES.

E. G. Monk (1819—1900).



Angel voices ever singing
Round Thy throne of light,
Angel harps for ever ringing
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless Thee,
And confess Thee,
Lord of might.

Thou who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we know that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yes, we can.

Yes, we know that Thou rejoicest
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices
For Thy praise design;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
All combine.

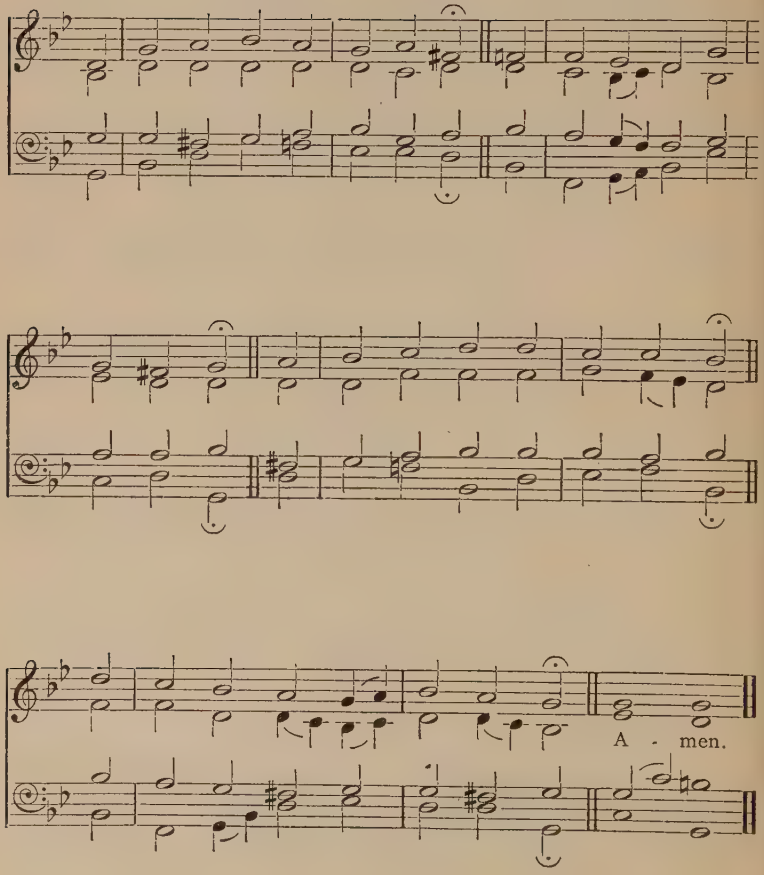
In Thy house, great God, we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds and hands and voices
In our choicest
Psalmody.

Honour, glory, might and merit
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render Thee.

Francis Pott (1832—1909), 1866.

30

WEIMAR. *G. Neumark* (1621—1681).



O Jesu, crucified for man,
O Lamb, all glorious on Thy throne,
Teach Thou our wondering souls to scan
The mystery of Thy love unknown.

We pray Thee, grant us strength to take
Our daily cross, whate'er it be,
And gladly for Thine own dear sake
In paths of pain to follow Thee.

As on our daily way we go,
Through light or shade, in calm or strife,
O may we bear Thy marks below
In conquered sin and chastened life.

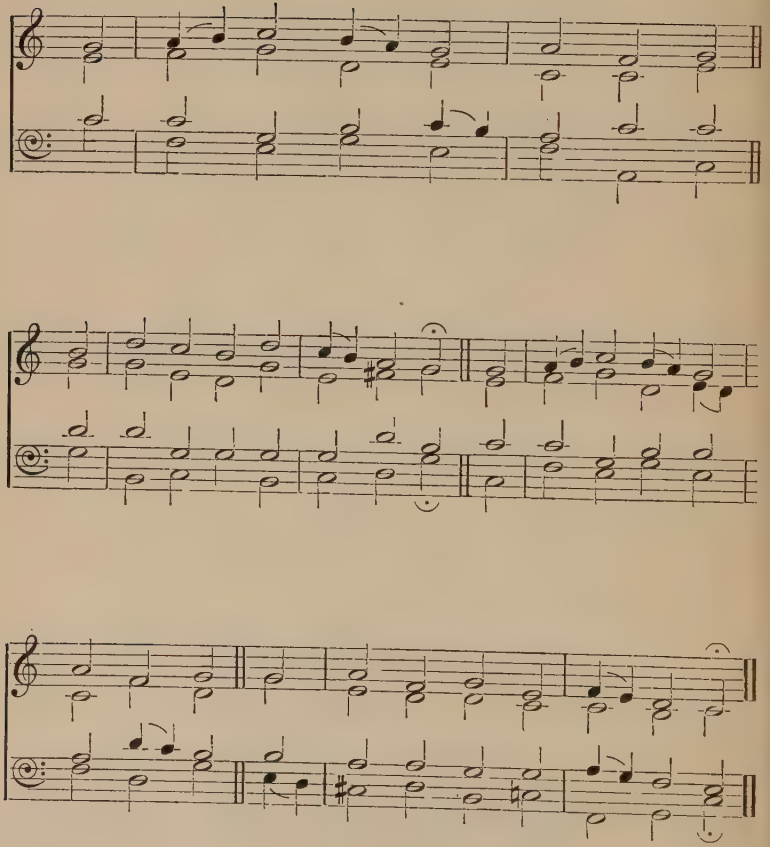
And week by week this day we ask
That holy memories of Thy cross
May sanctify each common task,
And turn to gain each earthly loss.

Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear
Till at Thy feet we lay it down,
From warfare pass to triumph there,
And through the cross attain the crown.

Bishop Walsham How (1823—1897), 1871.

31

PLAIN CHANT. *Anon.*



Te splendor et virtus Patris,
Te vita, Iesu, cordium,
Ab ore qui pendent tuo,
Laudamus inter angelos.

Tibi mille densa millium
Ducum corona militat:
Sed explicat victor crucem
Michael salutis signifer.

Draconis hic dirum caput
In ima pellit Tartara,
Ducemque cum rebellibus
Caelesti ab arce fulminat.

Contra ducem superbiae
Sequamur hunc nos principem,
Ut detur ex Agni throno
Nobis corona gloriae.

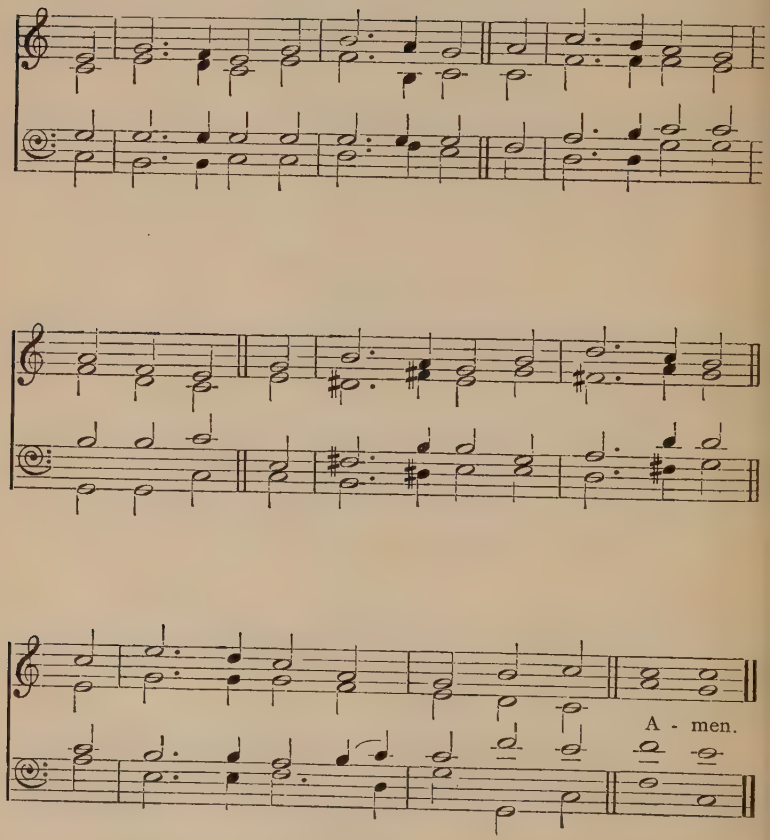
Patri, simulque Filio,
Tibique, sancte Spiritus,
Sicut fuit, sit iugiter
Saeclum per omne gloria.

Hymn for St. Michael's Day in the Roman Breviary, 1632. *Recast from the Hymn 'Tibi, Christe, splendor Patris,' probably by Rabanus Maurus, Abp. of Mentz* (+ 856).

This Hymn is painted round the lower part of the roof of the Chapel, in reference to its dedication to St. Michael and All Angels.

32

GUARDIAN ANGELS. *E. H. Thorne* (1834—1916).



AROUND the throne of God a band
Of bright and glorious angels stand;
Sweet harps within their hands they hold,
And on their heads are crowns of gold.

Some wait around Him, ready still
To sing His praise and do His will;
And some, when He commands them, go
To guard His servants here below.

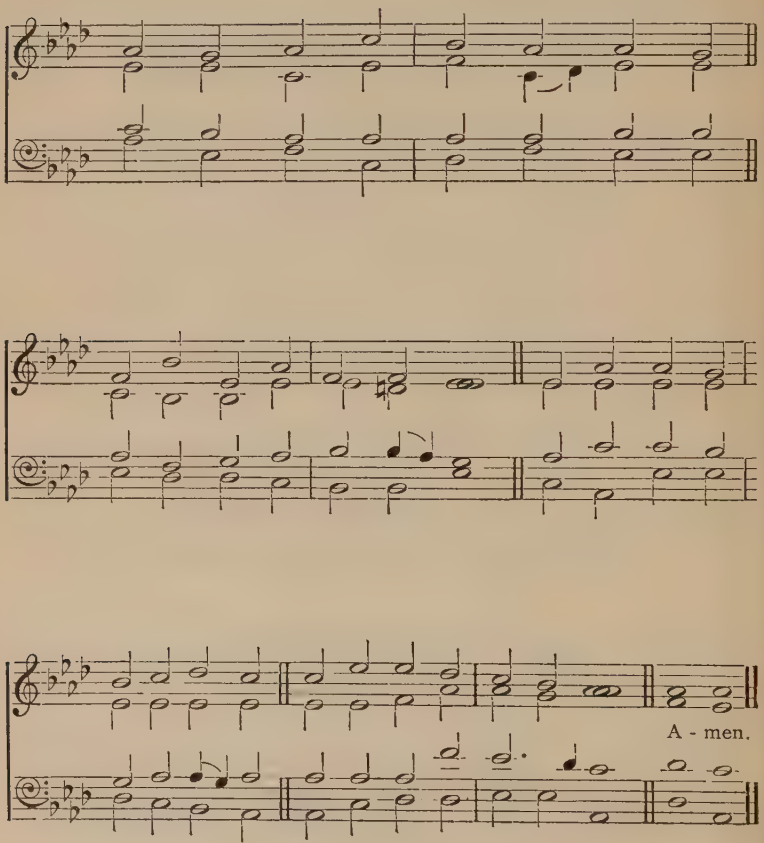
Lord, give Thine angels every day
Command to guard us on our way,
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.

So shall no wicked thing draw near
To do us harm or cause us fear;
And we shall dwell, when life is past,
With angels round Thy throne at last.

John Mason Neale (1818—1866), 1842.
Hymns for Children, 1st *Series*, *No.* xxxi.

33

REDHEAD, No. 46. *R. Redhead* (1820—1901).



Bright the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer;
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the prophet's ear.

Round the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn;—

'Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord.'

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
'Holy, holy, holy,' singing,
'Lord of hosts, Lord God most high.'

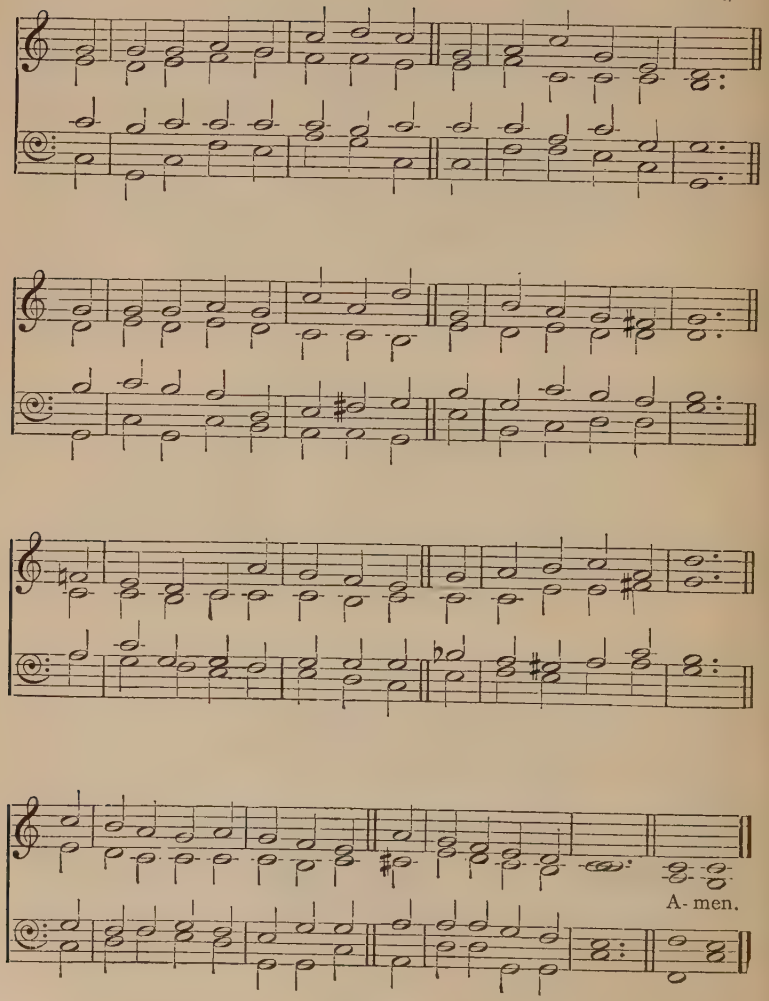
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow;—

'Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord.'

Bishop Mant (1776—1848), 1837.

34

ST. SWITHBERT. *R. B. Sankey* (1837—1904).



FATHER, before Thy throne of light
The guardian angels bend,
And ever, in Thy presence bright,
Their psalms adoring blend,
And casting down each golden crown
Beside the crystal sea,
With voice and lyre, in happy quire,
Hymn glory, Lord, to Thee:

And as the rainbow lustre falls
Athwart their glowing wings,
While seraph unto seraph calls,
And each Thy goodness sings,
So may we feel, as low we kneel
To pray Thee for Thy grace,
That Thou art here for all who fear
The brightness of Thy face.

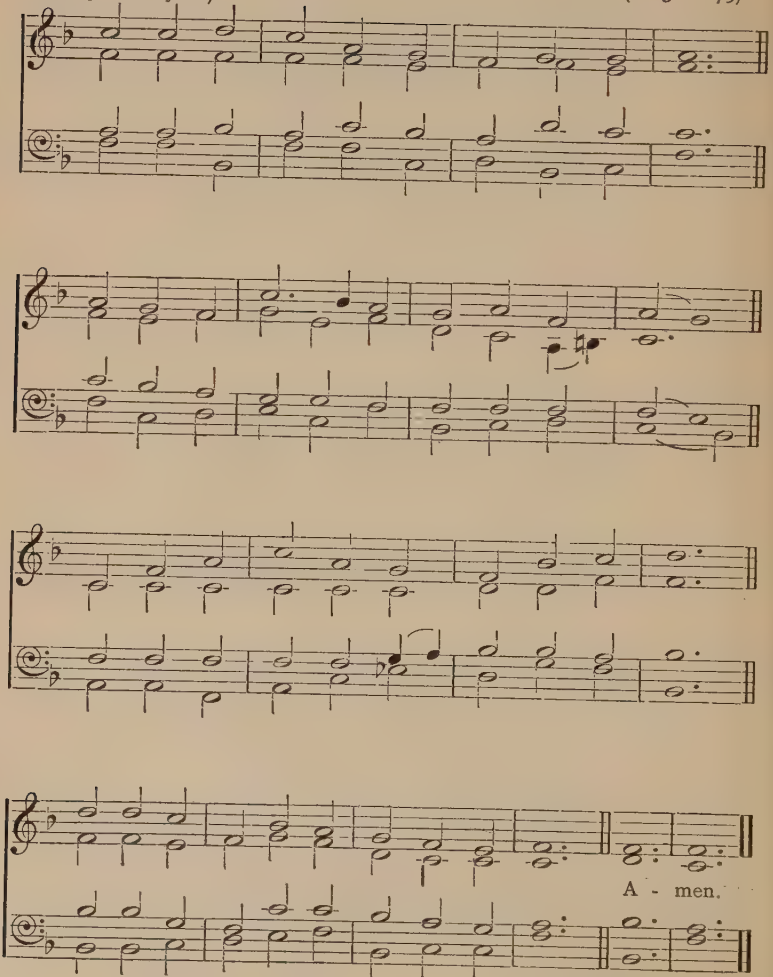
Here, where the angels see us come
To worship day by day,
Teach us to seek our heavenly home,
And love Thee e'en as they;
Teach us to raise our notes of praise,
With them Thy love to own,
That boyhood's time and manhood's prime
Be Thine, and Thine alone.

Dean Farrar (1831—1903), 1856.
Master, 1871—1876.

35

TRISAGION.
(Original Key G.)

Henry Smart (1813—1879).



STARS of the morning, so gloriously bright,
Filled with celestial splendour and light;
These that, where night never followeth day,
Praise the Thrice-Holy One ever and aye;—

These are Thy counsellors, these dost Thou own,
God of Sabaoth, the nearest Thy throne;
These are Thy ministers, these dost Thou send,
Help of the helpless ones, man to defend.

These keep the guard amidst Salem's dear bowers,
Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers;
Where with the Living Ones, mystical four,
Cherubin, Seraphin, bow and adore.

Then, when the earth was first poised in mid space,
Then, when the planets first sped on their race,
Then, when were ended the six days' employ,
Then all the sons of God shouted for joy.

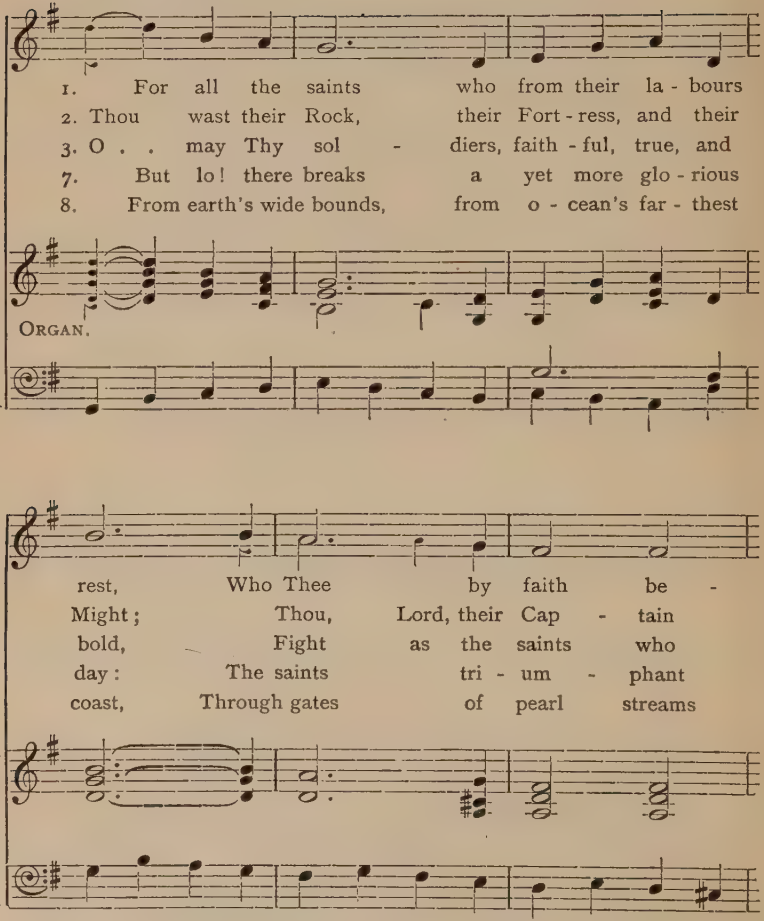
Still let them succour us, still let them fight,
Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right,
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the angels may bow and adore.

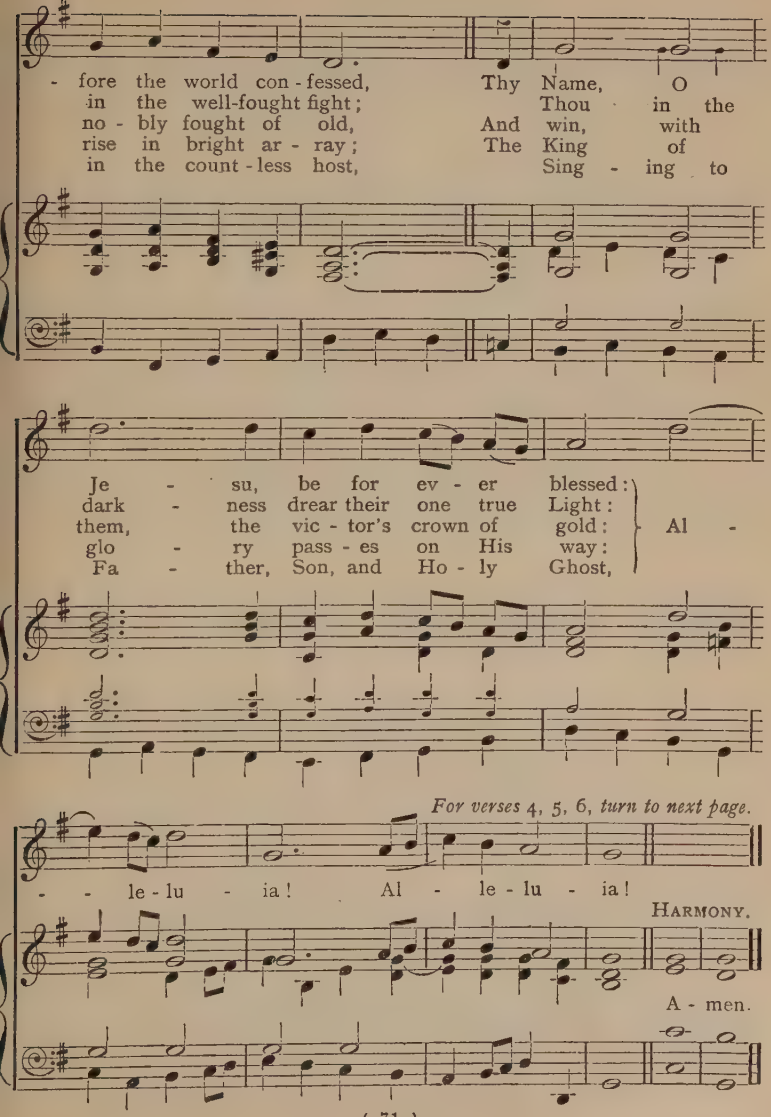
J hn Mason Neale (1818–1866), 1862. *From the Greek of St. Joseph the Hymnographer*, + 883.

36

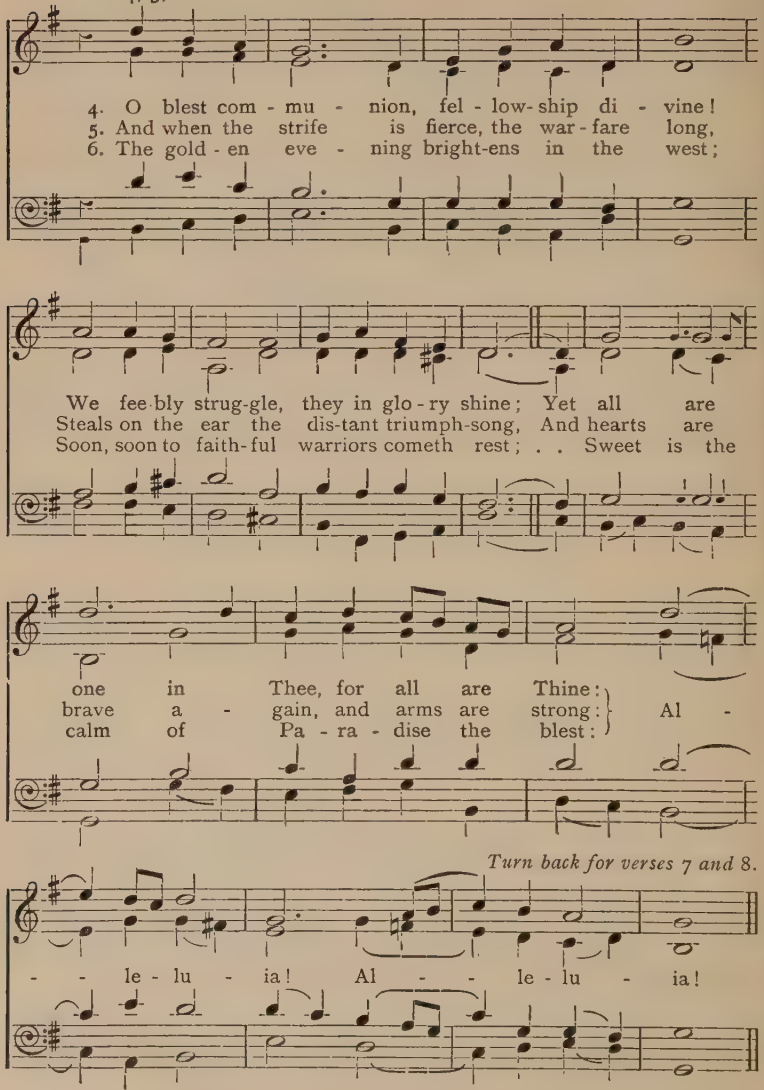
SINE NOMINE. *Anon.*

VOICES IN UNISON.


1. For all the saints who from their la - bours
2. Thou wast their Rock, their Fort - ress, and their
3. O . . may Thy sol - diers, faith - ful, true, and
7. But lo! there breaks a yet more glo - rious
8. From earth's wide bounds, from o - cean's far - thest
ORGAN.
rest, Who Thee by faith be -
Might; Thou, Lord, their Cap - tain
bold, Fight as the saints who
day: The saints tri - um - phant
coast, Through gates of pearl streams

By permission of the Committee of the English Hymnal.

- fore the world con - fessed,
in the well-fought fight;
no - bly fought of old,
rise in bright ar - ray;
in the count - less host,
Thy Name, O
Thou in the
And win, with
The King of
Sing - ing to
Je - su, be for ev - er blessed:
dark - ness drear their one true Light:
them, the vic - tor's crown of gold:
glo - ry pass - es on His way:
Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,
Al -
For verses 4, 5, 6, turn to next page.
- - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
HARMONY.
A - men.

Verses 4, 5, *and* 6. HARMONY.


4. O blest com - mu - nion, fel - low-ship di - vine!
5. And when the strife is fierce, the war - fare long,
6. The gold - en eve - ning bright-ens in the west;
We fee-bly strug-gle, they in glo - ry shine; Yet all are
Steals on the ear the dis-tant triumph-song, And hearts are
Soon, soon to faith-ful warriors cometh rest; . . Sweet is the
one in Thee, for all are Thine:
brave a - gain, and arms are strong:
calm of Pa - ra - dise the blest:
Al -
Turn back for verses 7 *and* 8.
- - le - lu - ia! Al - - le - lu - ia!

Verses 4 and 6 to be sung by Choir alone.

For all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blessed:
Alleluia!

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their one true Light:
Alleluia!

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold:
Alleluia!

* O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine:
Alleluia!

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong:
Alleluia!

* The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest:
Alleluia!

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day:
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way:
Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia!

Bishop Walsham How (1823—1897), 1864.

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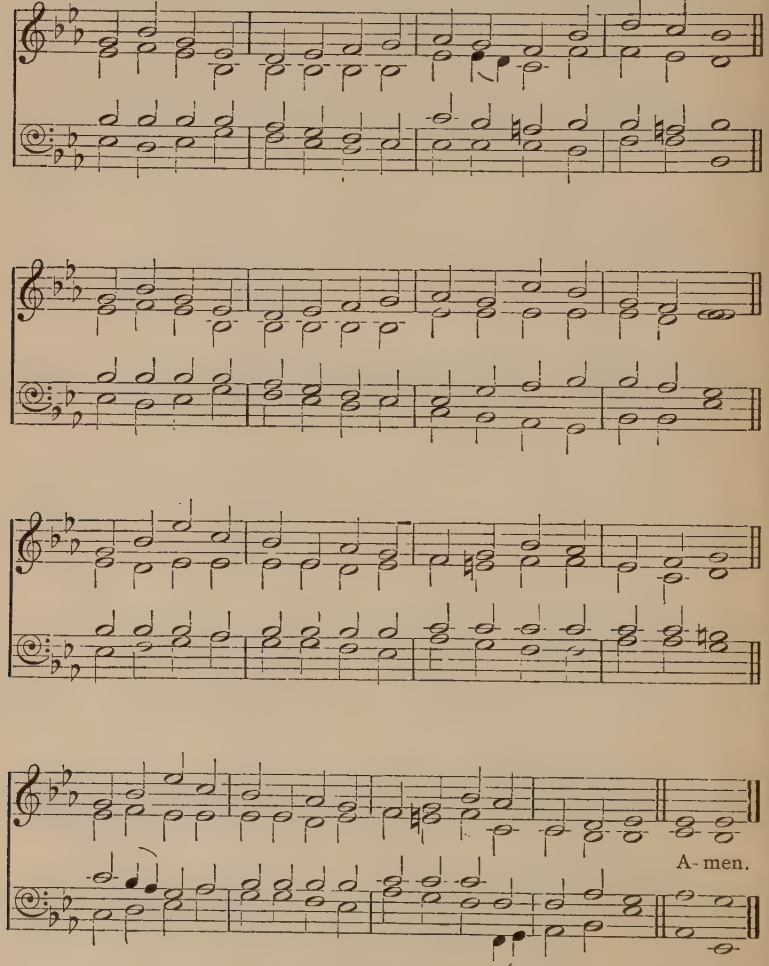
* Choir alone.

37

DEERHURST.
(Original Key F.)

J. Langran (1835—1909).



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

HARK! the sound of holy voices
Chanting at the crystal sea
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord, to Thee:
Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood:
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered,
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born, and glorified.

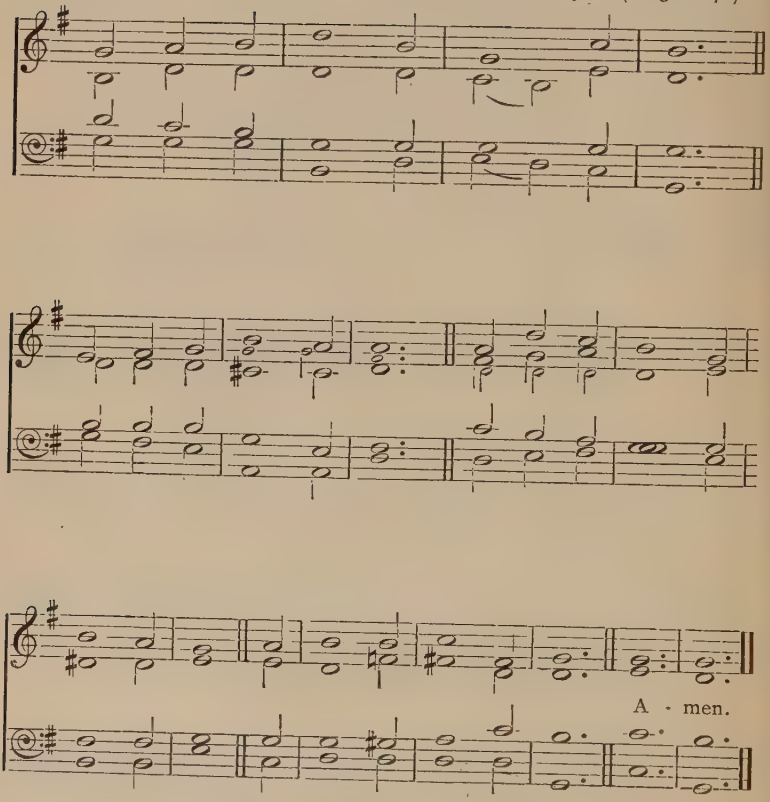
Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity.

Abbreviated from Bishop Christopher Wordsworth (1807—1885), 1862.

38

BEATITUDO.

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).



Small notes for Organ.

SAINTS.

(Rev. VII. 13—17.)

How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes that shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad Hosannas ring.

The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

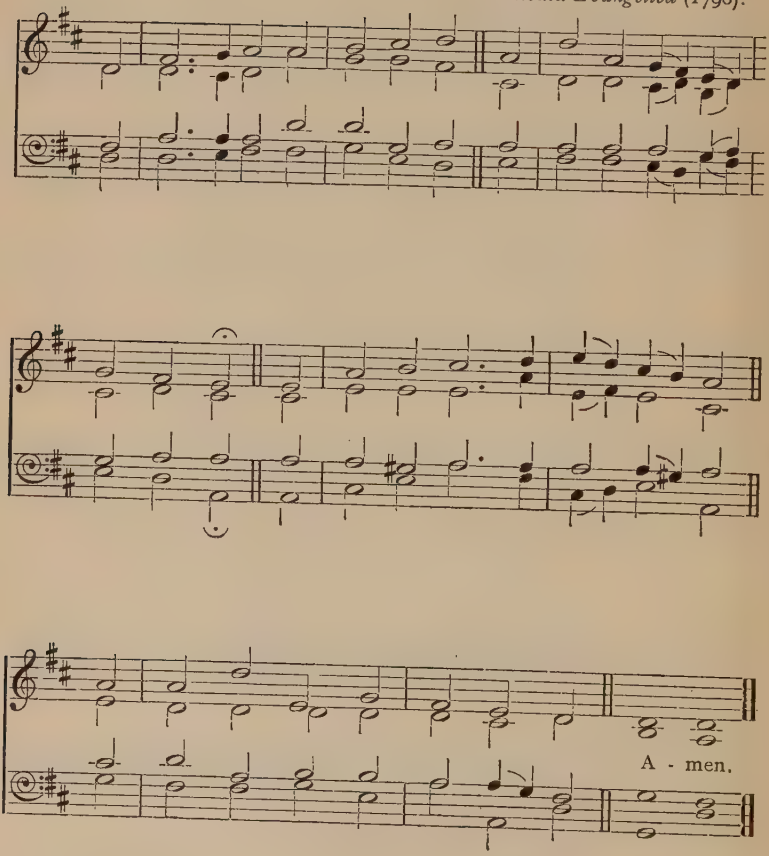
'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear,
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709. *Altered in 'Scottish Translations and Paraphrases,' 1745, and by W. Cameron*, 1781.

39

TRURO.

Psalmodia Evangelica (1790).



(Rev. VII. 13—17.)

Lo! round the throne, at God's right hand,
The saints in countless myriads stand,
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

Through tribulation great they came,
And bore the cross, and scorned the shame;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
To Him the loud thanksgiving raise:—

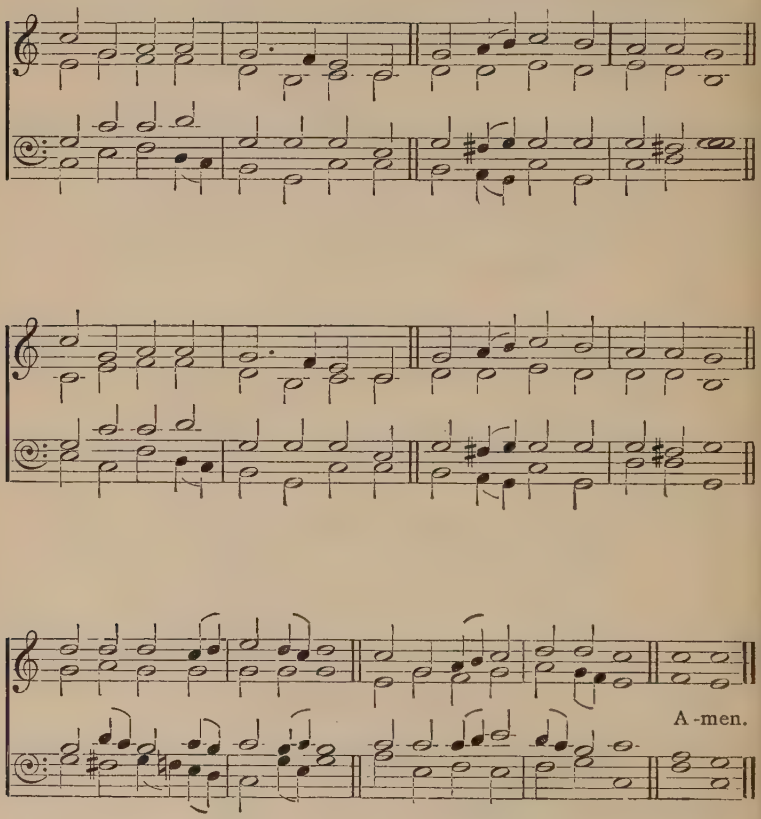
'Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.'

O may we tread the sacred road
That saints and holy martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life.

Mary L. Duncan (1814—1840).
As varied in the Yattendon Hymnal.

40

ALL SAINTS. *Darmstadt Gesangbuch* (1698).



WHO are these, like stars appearing,
These before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing;
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness;
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouch'd by time's rude hand—
Whence came all this glorious band?

These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

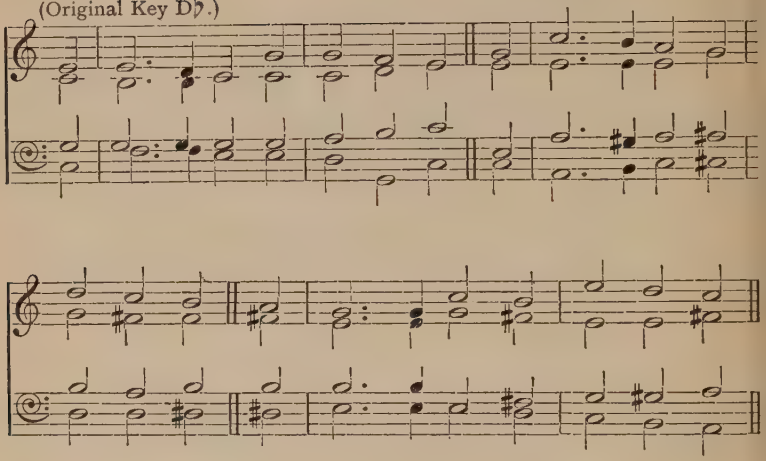
These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

Frances Elizabeth Cox (1812—1897), 1841.
From the German of Heinrich T. Schenck, + 1727

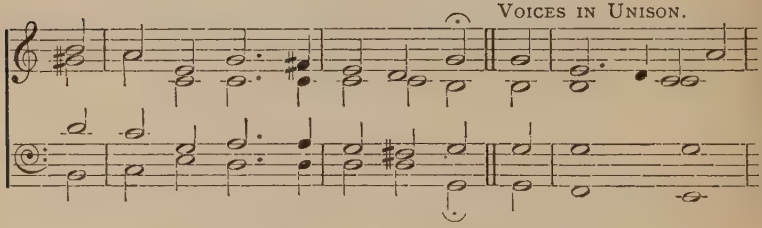
41

REST.
(Original Key D♭.)

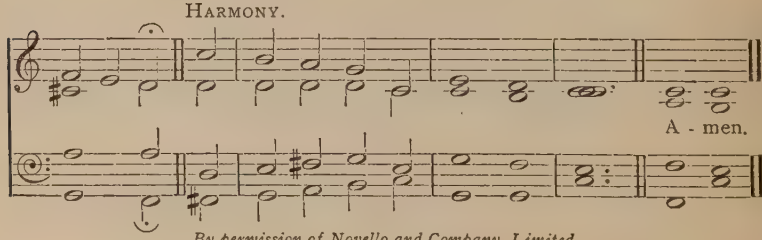
Sir J. Stainer (1840—1901).



VOICES IN UNISON.



HARMONY.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

THE saints of God, their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword;
They cast them down before their Lord:
O happy saints, for ever blest,
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!

The saints of God, their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:
O happy saints, for ever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

The saints of God, life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
O happy saints, for ever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest!

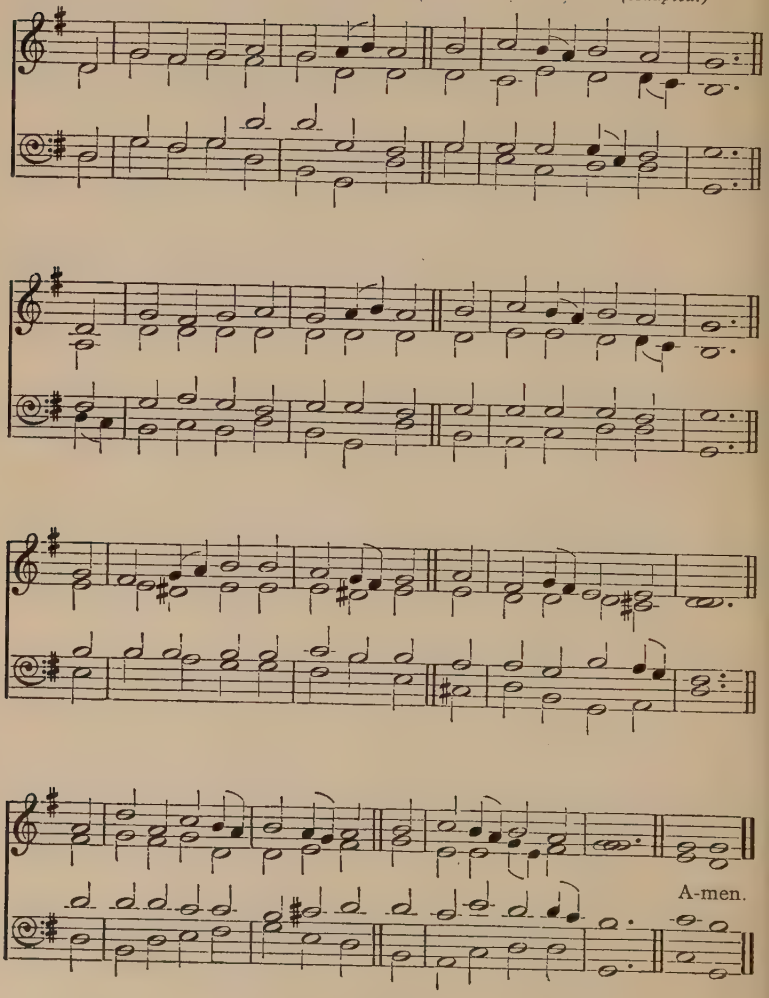
O God of saints, to Thee we cry;
O Saviour, plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end,
That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee.

Archbishop Maclagan (1826—1910), 1870

42

ARUNDEL.

German Chorale.
(Adapted.)



THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

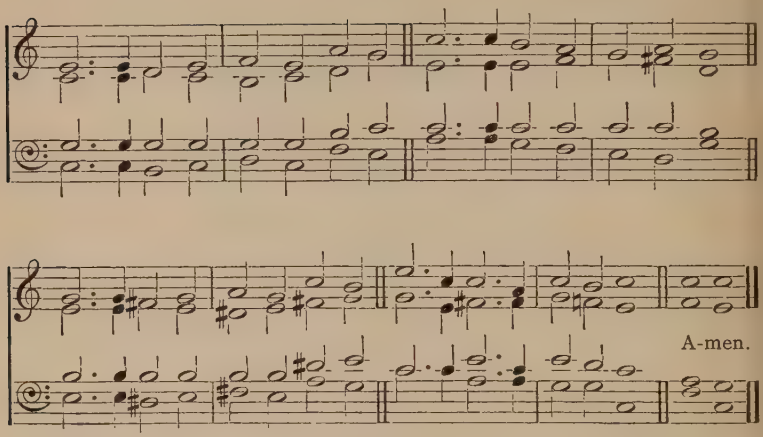
The martyr first whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save;
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them who did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame;
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Bishop Heber (1783—1826).

43

ST. ANDREW. *E. H. Thorne* (1834—1916).



JESUS calls us—o'er the tumult
Of our life's tempestuous sea
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, 'Christian, follow me.'

Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, 'Christian, love Me more.'

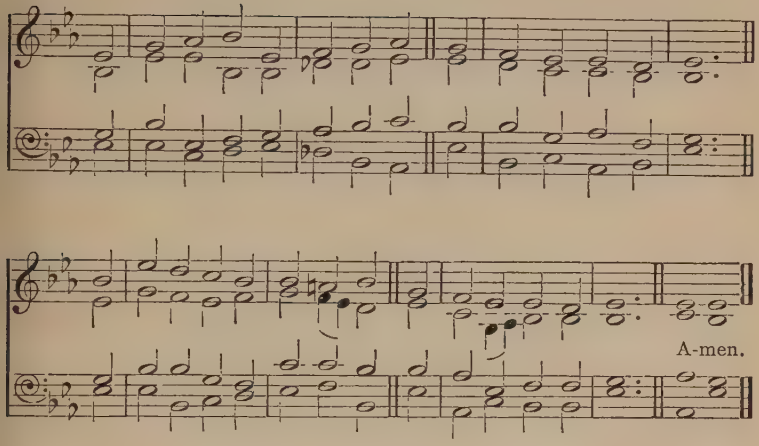
In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, 'midst cares and pleasures,
'Christian, love Me more than these.'

Jesus calls us—by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Cecil Frances Alexander (1823—1895), 1852.

44

DUNDEE. *Scottish Psalter* (1615).



LET saints on earth in concert sing
With those whose work is done,
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

One family we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now:

E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.

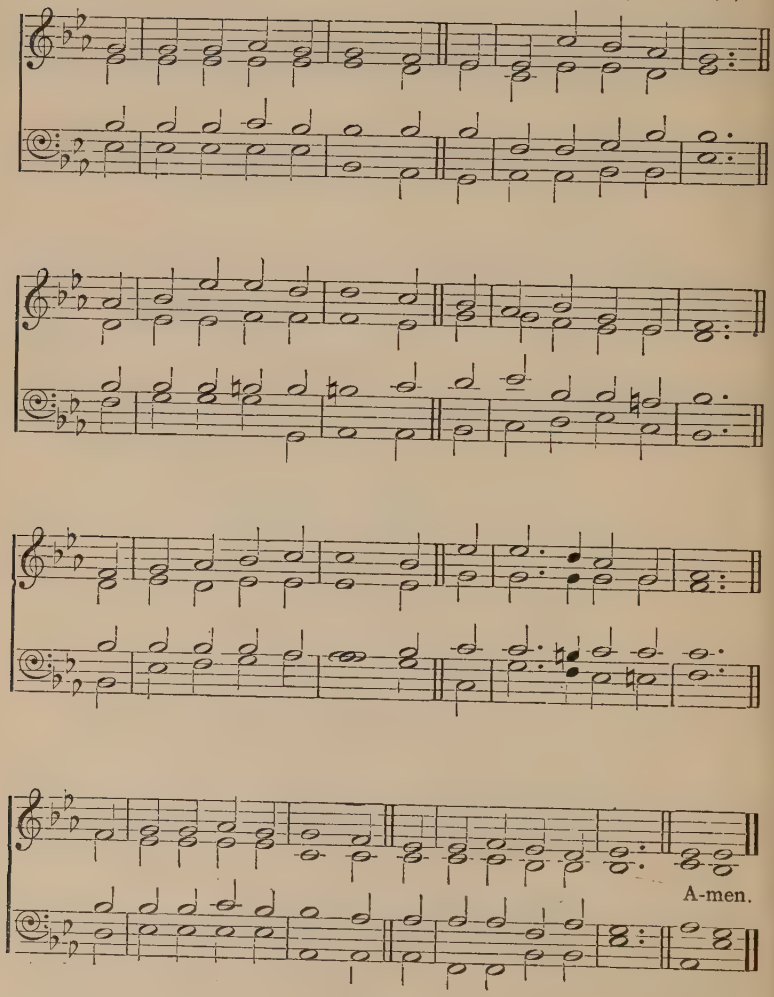
Jesu, be Thou our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to heaven.

Varied from Charles Wesley (1707—1788), 1759.

45

AURELIA.

S. S. Wesley (1810—1876).



THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride,
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

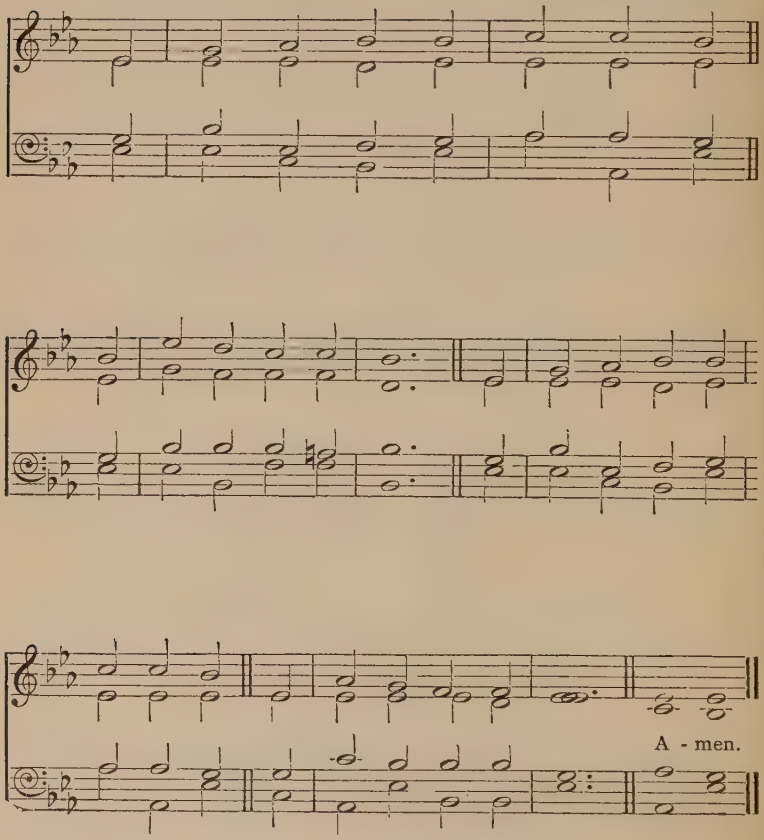
'Mid toil and tribulation
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

Samuel John Stone (1839—1900), 1868.

46

TALLIS' ORDINAL. *T. Tallis* (1520?—1585).



O Jesus, Lord, the Way, the Truth.
The Life, the Crown of all
Who here on earth confess Thy Name,
O hear us when we call.

We bring to mind with grateful joy
Thy servants, who of old
Withstood the snares of earth and hell,
And now Thy face behold;

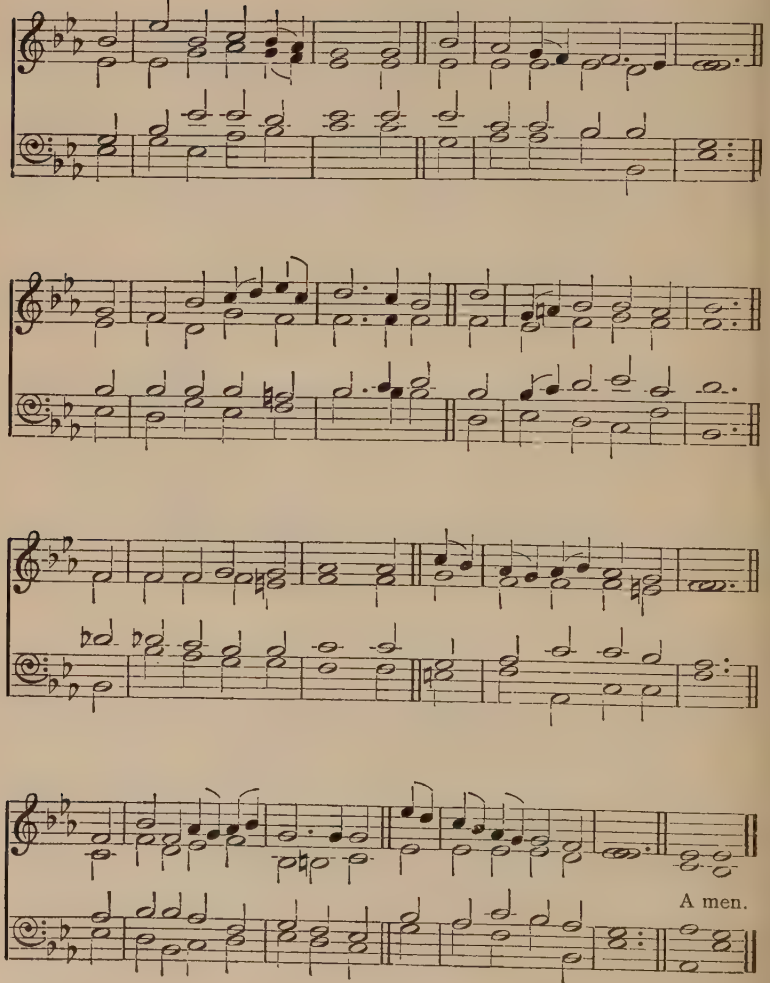
Who sought on earth the joys of prayer,
And that communion knew
Which saints and angels share above
With holy men and true.

O Lord, Thy Holy Spirit send;
May grace to us be given
Like them to live and die in Thee,
And with them rise to heaven.

Author unknown.

47

FRANCK. *Melody by J. W. Franck*, c. 1681.



TEN thousand times ten thousand
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousandfold repaid!

O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late—
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

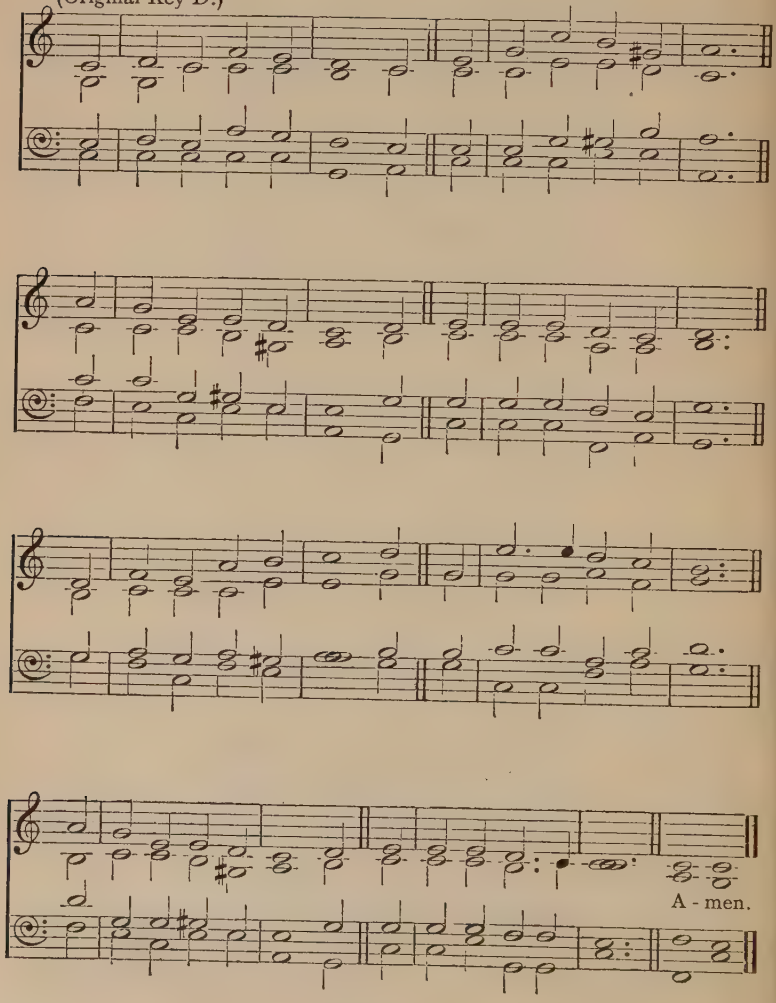
Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Shew in the heavens Thy promised sign,
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

Dean Alford (1810—1871), 1867.

48

EWING.
(Original Key D.)

A. Ewing (1830—1895).



JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath Thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
And, when I fain would sing Thee,
My spirit fails and faints,
And vainly would it image
The assembly of Thy saints.

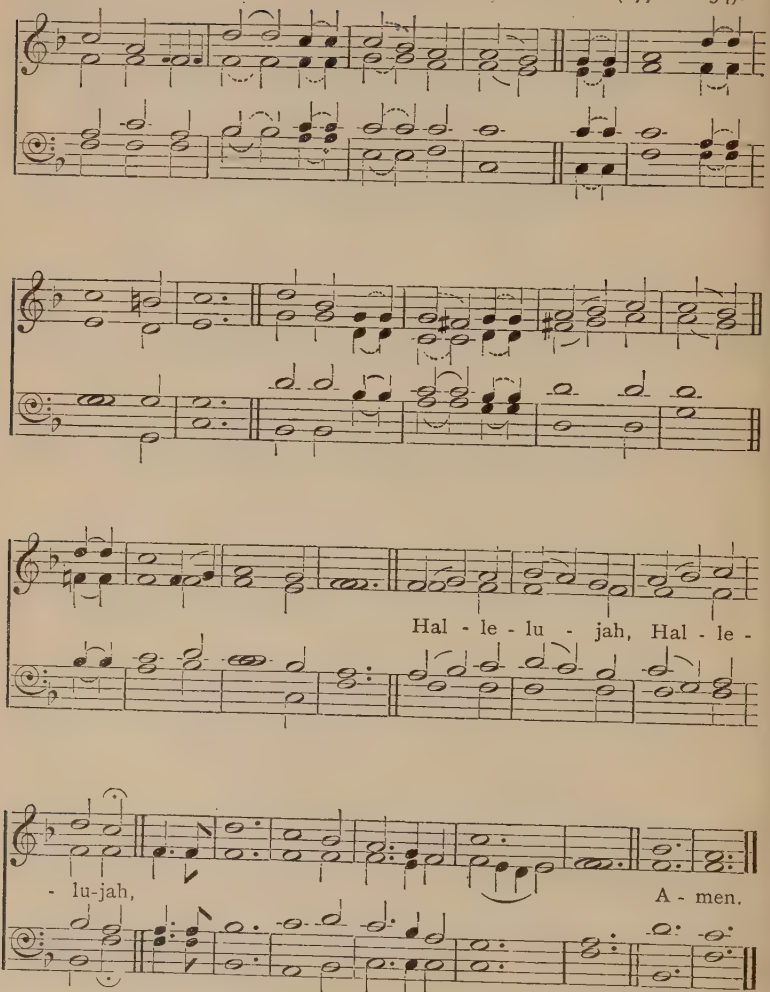
I know not—O I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare:
They stand, those halls of Sion,
Full jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel
And many a martyr-throng.

The Prince is ever in them,
The light is aye serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen;
And they, beneath their Leader
Who conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

Varied from John Mason Neale (1818—1866), 1858.
From the poem 'Hora novissima,' of Bernard, a monk of Cluny, twelfth century.

49

WILCOT. *J. Pears* (1778—1854).



Who shall ascend to the holy place,
And stand on the holy hill?
Who shall the boundless realms of space
With shouts of rapture thrill?
'Hallelujah,
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!'

The servants of the Lord are they,
The pure in heart and hand,
For whom the eternal bars give way,
The eternal gates expand.
'Hallelujah,
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!'

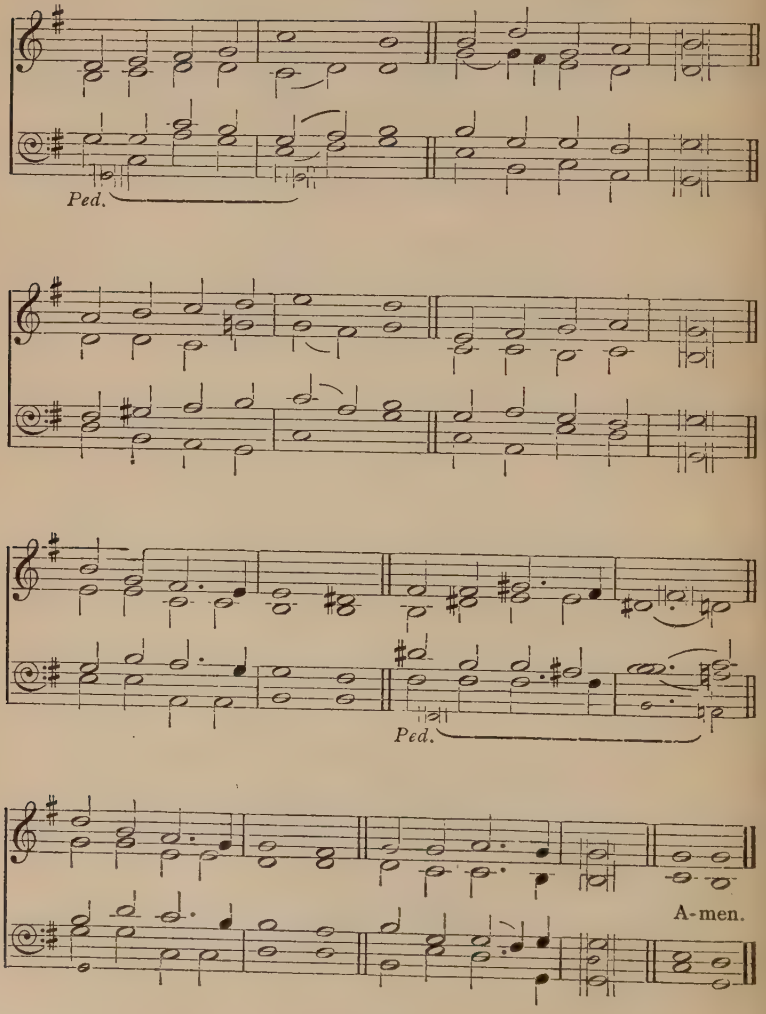
Not to the noble, not to the strong,
To the wealthy, or the wise,
Is given a part in that angel-song,
That music of the skies,
'Hallelujah,
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!'

But those who in humble and holy fear,
With child-like faith and love,
Have served the Lord as their Master here
Shall praise the Lord above.
'Hallelujah,
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!'

Thomas E. Hankinson (1804—1843), 1840.

50

EDINA. *Sir Herbert S. Oakeley* (1830—1903).



Saviour, blessèd Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King;
All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain or sorrow,
Toil or care, is known,
Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.

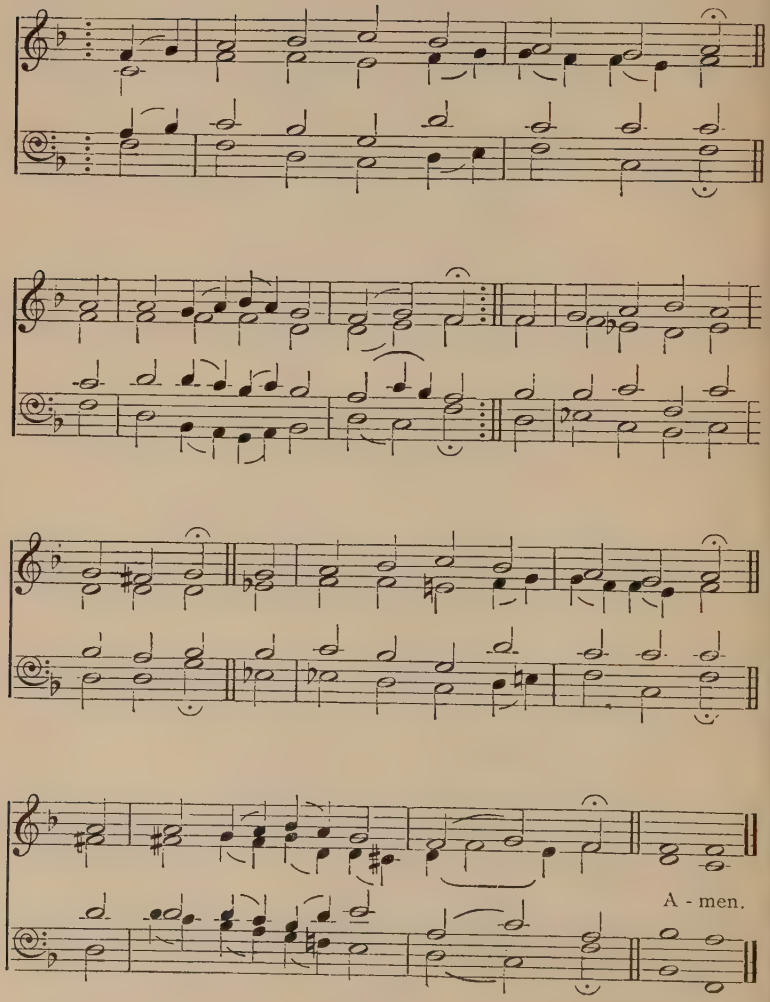
Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within—
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God,
Leaving all behind us
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

Godfrey Thring (1823—1903), 1862.

51

DECIUS. *Arranged by N. Decius* (1519—1541).



With trembling awe the chosen three
The holy mount ascended,
Where, wrapt in blissful ecstasy,
They saw the vision splendid,—
Their Lord arrayed in living light,
And on His left hand and His right
By glorious saints attended.

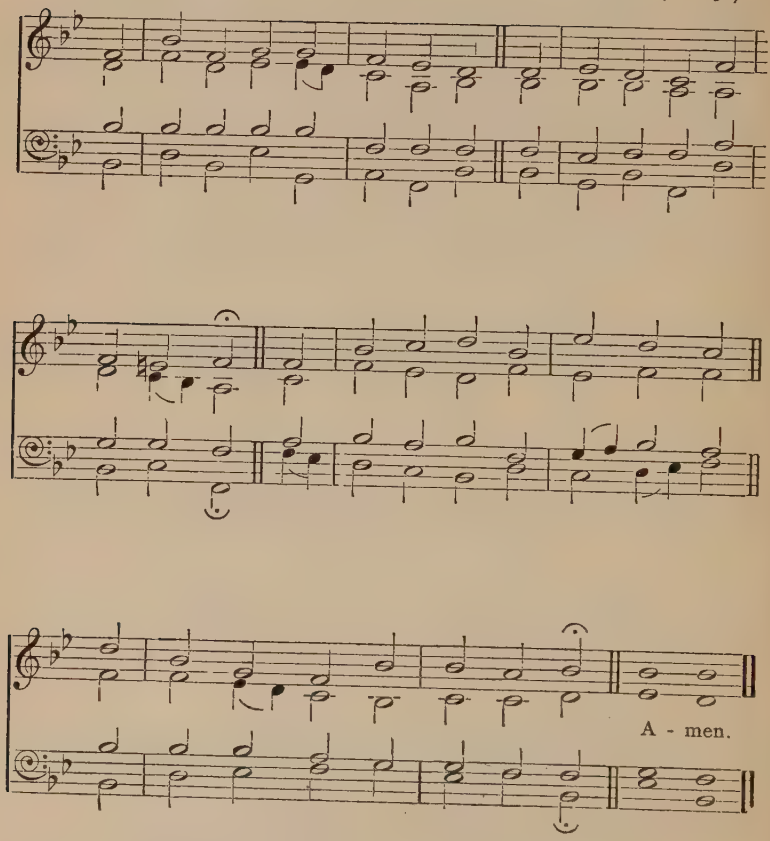
O vision bright—too bright to tell—
The joys of heaven unveiling!
How precious on those hearts it fell,
When earthly hopes were failing,
When, saints no more on either side,
Between the thieves the Saviour died,
'Mid hate and scorn and railing!

Grant us, dear Lord, some vision brief
Of future triumph telling,
Gilding with hope our night of grief,
Our clouds of fear dispelling.
If the dim foretaste was so bright,
O what shall be the dazzling light
Of Thy eternal dwelling!

Bishop Walsham How (1823—1897), 1867.

52

WINCHESTER NEW. *German* (c. 1690).



On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh;
Awake, and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings of the King of kings.

Then cleansed be every breast from sin;
Make straight the way of God within;
Prepare we in our hearts a home,
Where such a mighty Guest may come.

For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge, and our great reward;
Without Thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.

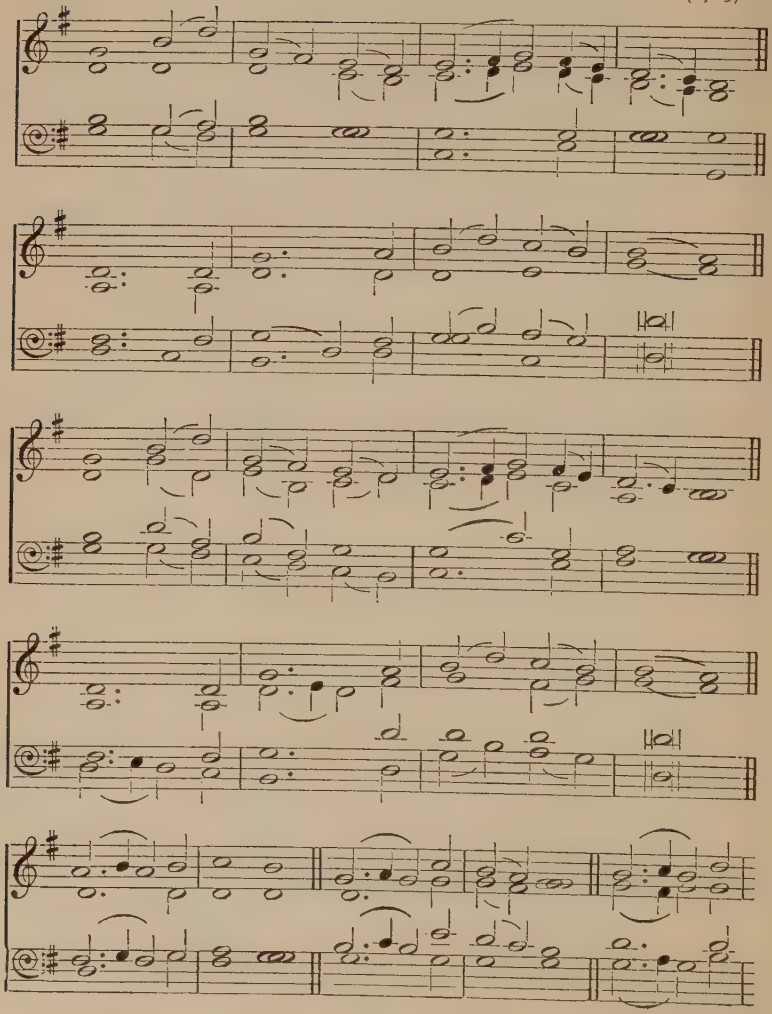
To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
Shine forth, and let Thy light restore
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

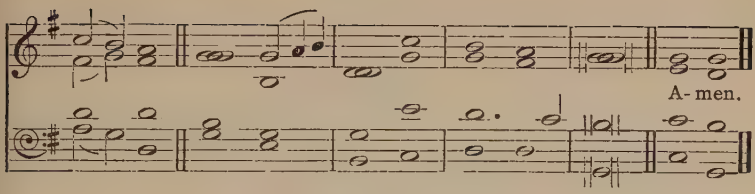
All praise, eternal Son, to Thee
Whose Advent doth Thy people free,
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

John Chandler (1806—1876), 1837. *From the Hymn 'Jordanis oras praevia' of Charles Coffin, in the Paris Breviary*, 1736. (*Varied by compilers of Hymns A. and M.*, 1861).

53

HELMSLEY. *T. Olivers* (1765) *and M. Madan* (1769).





Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
God appears, on earth to reign.

Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

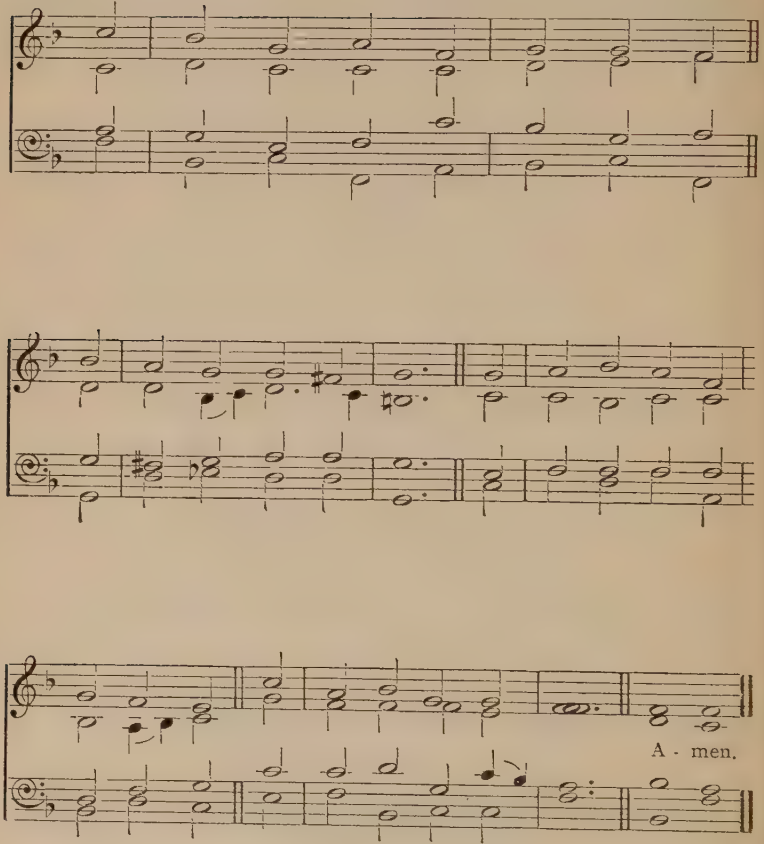
Now Redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:
O come quickly!
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

John Cennick (1718—1755), 1752.
Varied by Charles Wesley, 1758, *and others.*

54

BRISTOL. *From Ravenscroft's Psalter* (1621).



HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

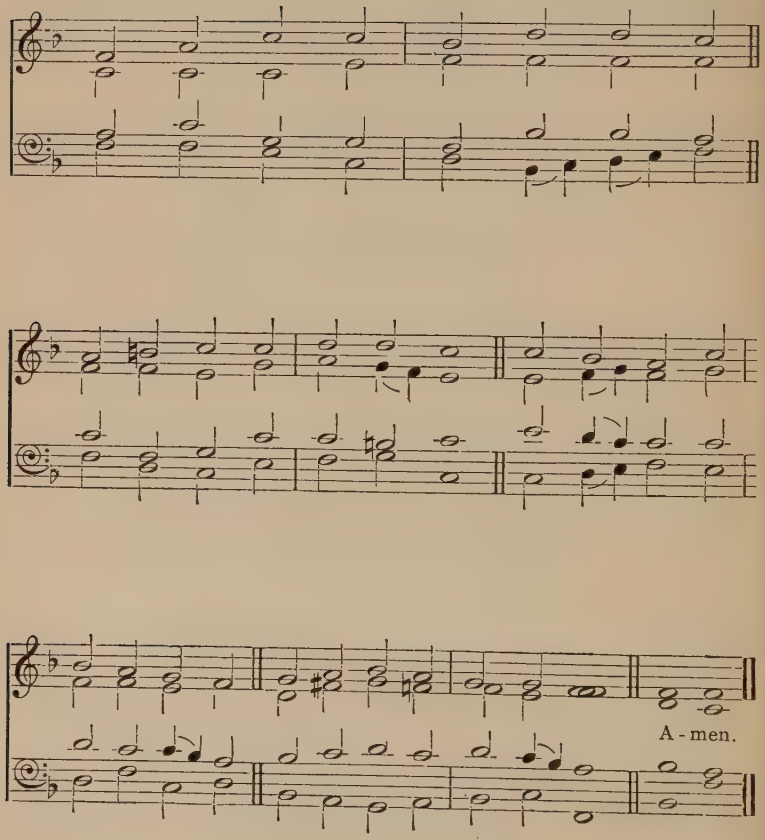
He comes to bind the broken heart,
To make the wounded whole,
To preach glad tidings to the meek,
And bless the humble soul.

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thine advent shall proclaim;
And earth and heaven shall join to sing
The glories of Thy Name.

Varied from Philip Doddridge (1702—1751), 1735.

55

MERTON. *W. H. Monk* (1823—1889).



HARK! a thrilling voice is sounding;
'Christ is nigh,' it seems to say;
'Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day.'

Wakened by the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, our Sun, all ill dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
All through Him to be forgiven;

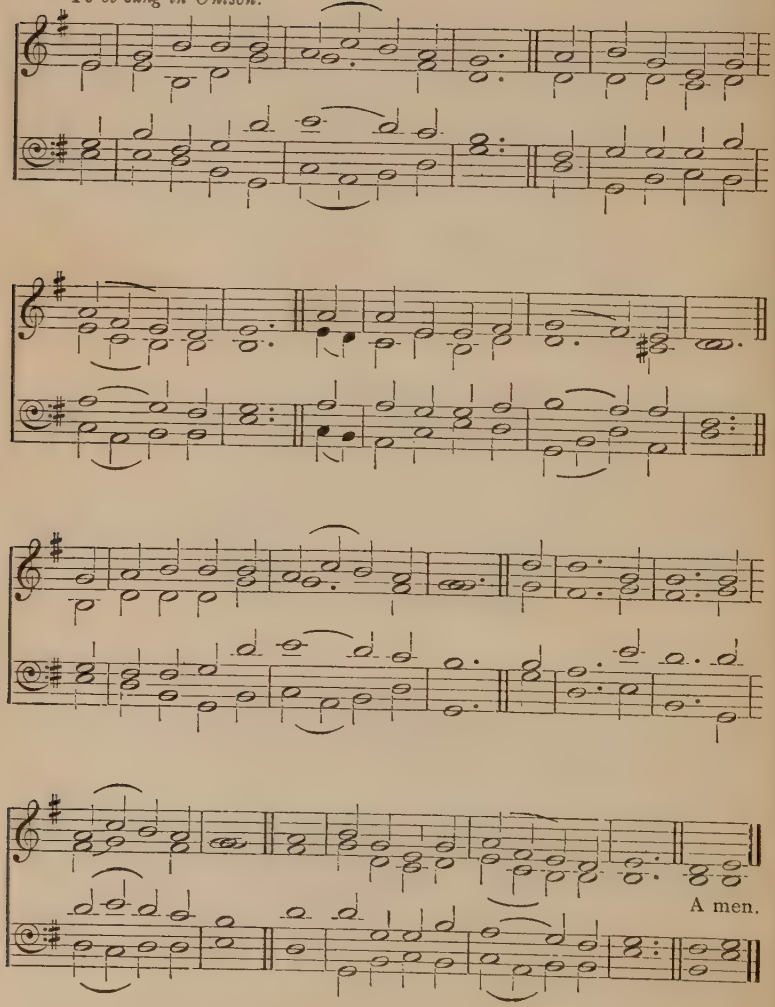
So, when next He comes in glory,
And the world is wrapped in fear,
With His mercy may He shield us,
And with words of love draw near.

Varied from Edward Caswall (1814—1878), 1849. *From the Hymn 'Vox clara ecce intonat,' perhaps of the fifth century, as recast in the Roman Breviary.*

56

VENI EMMANUEL. *Ancient Plain Song.*

To be sung in Unison.



O COME, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.

O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.

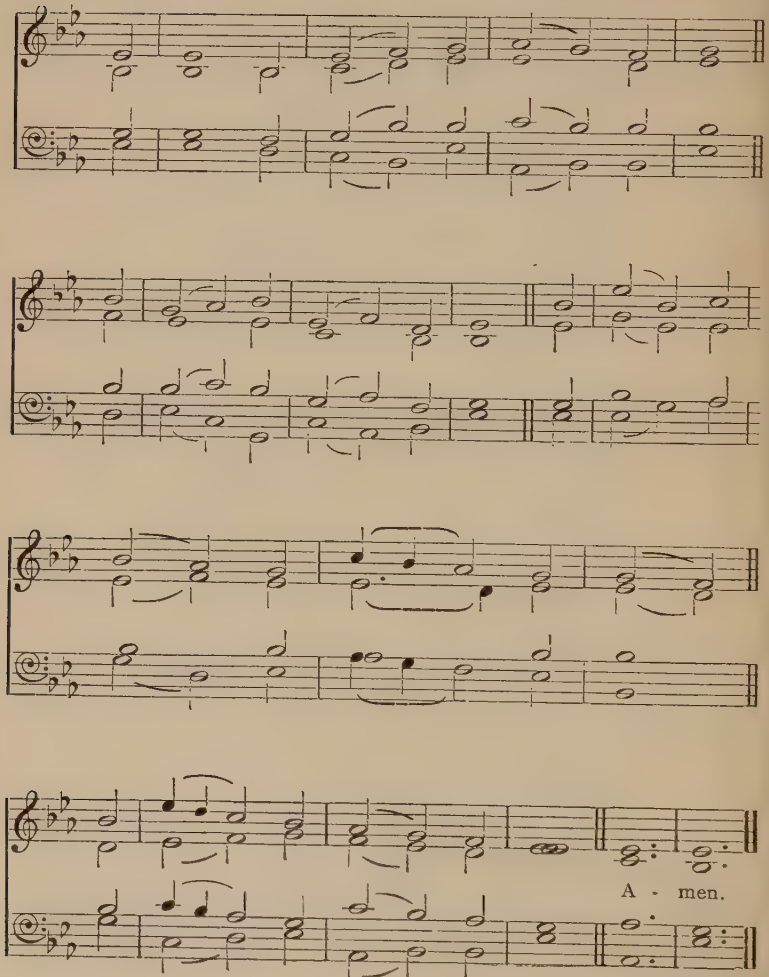
O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.

O come, O come, Thou Lord of Might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient time didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.

John Mason Neale (1818—1866), 1851. *From th Hymn 'Veni, Veni, Emmanuel,' probably of the twelfth century. (Varied by compilers of Hymns A. and M.)*

57

IRISH. *Isaac Smith* (c. 1770).



(Isaiah IX. 2–7.)

The people that in darkness sat
A glorious light have seen;
The Light has shined on them who long
In shades of death have been.

To hail Thee, Sun of Righteousness,
The gathering nations come;
They joy as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.

For unto us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given,
And on His shoulder ever rests
All power in earth and heaven.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
The everlasting Lord,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The God by all adored.

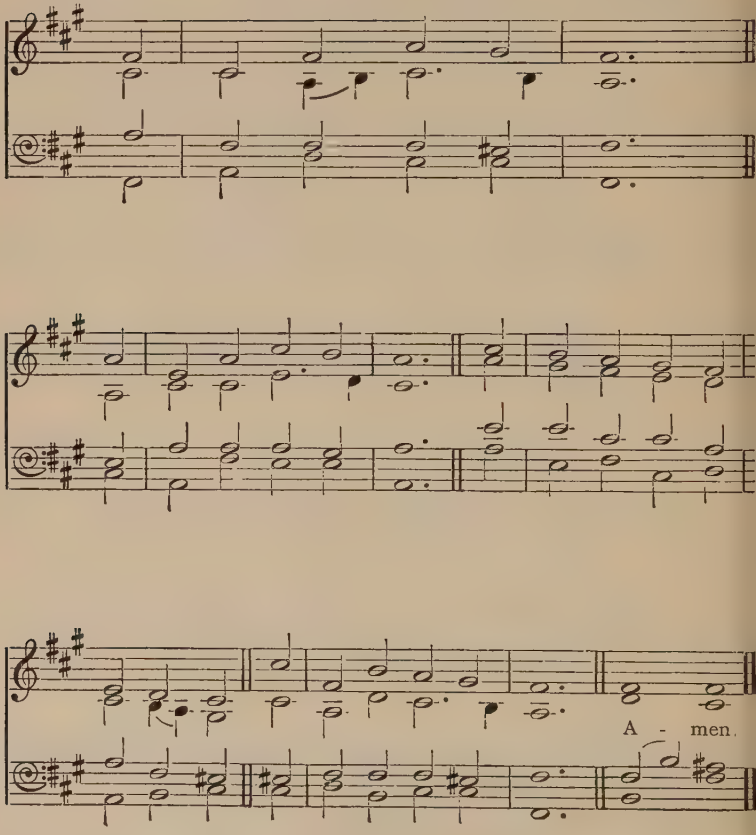
His righteous government and power
Shall over all extend;
On judgement and on justice based,
His reign shall have no end.

Lord Jesus, reign in us, we pray,
And make us Thine alone,
Who with the Father ever art
And Holy Spirit One.

John Morison (1749—1798), 1781. *In 'Scottish Translations and Paraphrases.'* (*Recast for Hymns A. and M.*, 1861.)

58

ST. BRIDE. *Dr. S. Howard* (1710—1782).



THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all must soon appear,

Our anxious souls prepare
For that tremendous day;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray;—

To pray and wait the hour,
The awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down.

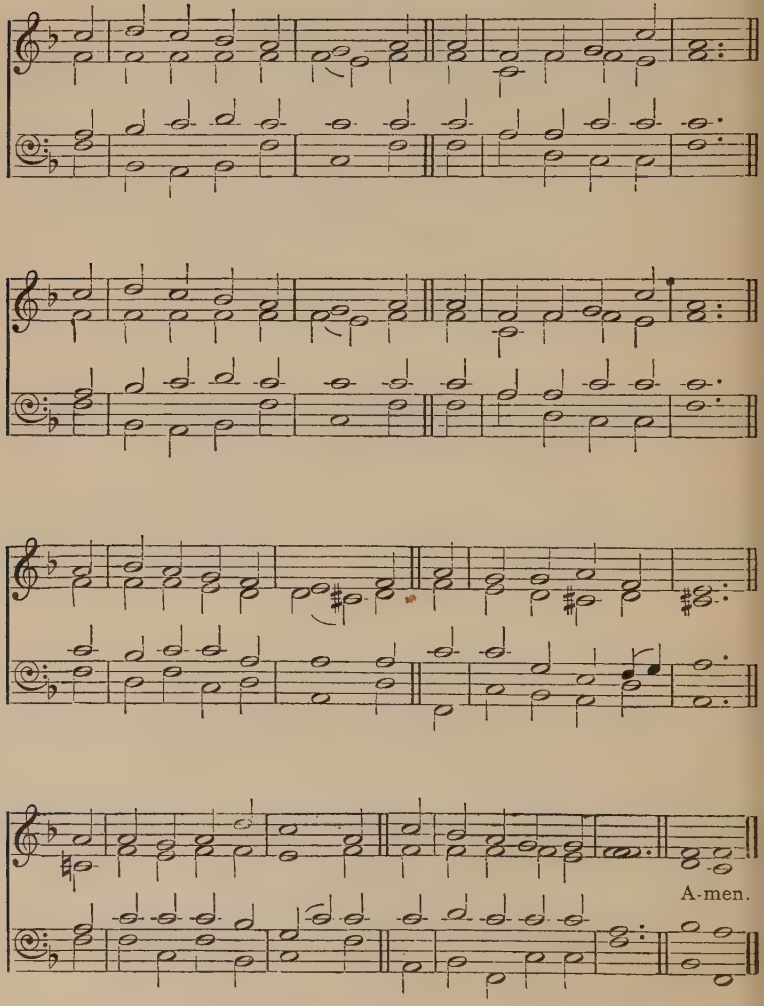
O may we all be found
Obedient to Thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord.

O may we thus ensure
Our lot among the blest,
And watch a moment, to secure
An everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley (1707—1788), 1749.

59

CRÜGER. *J. Crüger* (1598—1662).



(Psalm LXXII.)

Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go,
From hill to vale the fountains
Of righteousness o'erflow.

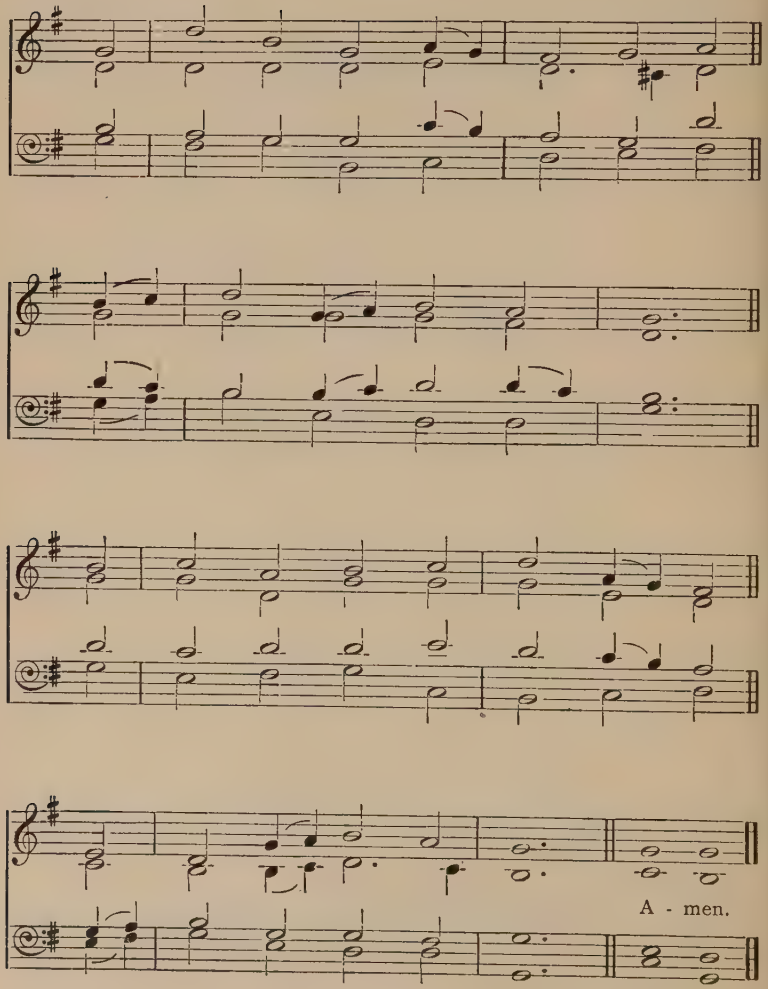
Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
His changeless Name of Love.

Varied from James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1822.

60

ST. STEPHEN. *W. Jones* (1726—1800).



Psalms LXXXV., LXXXVI.

The Lord will come and not be slow,
His footsteps cannot err;
Before Him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.

Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then;
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

The nations all whom Thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before Thee, Lord,
And glorify Thy name.

Cause us to see Thy goodness, Lord,
To us Thy mercy show:
Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.

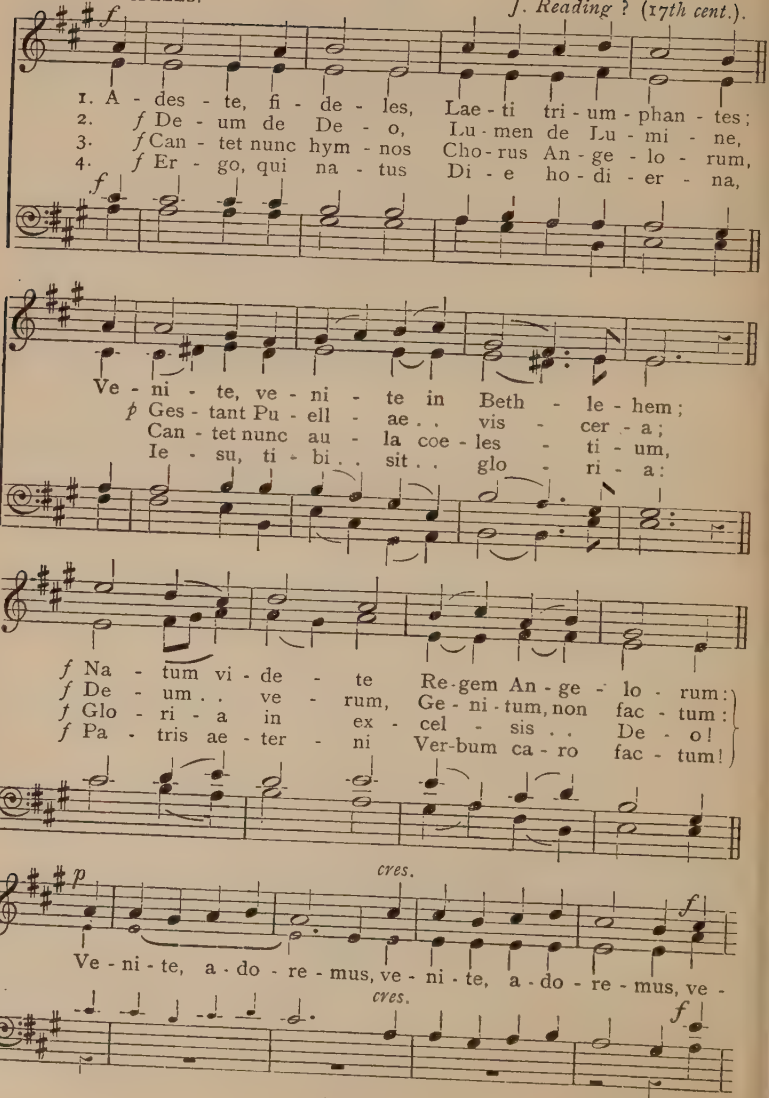
For great Thou art, and wonders great
By Thy strong hand are done:
Thou in Thy everlasting seat
Remainest God alone.

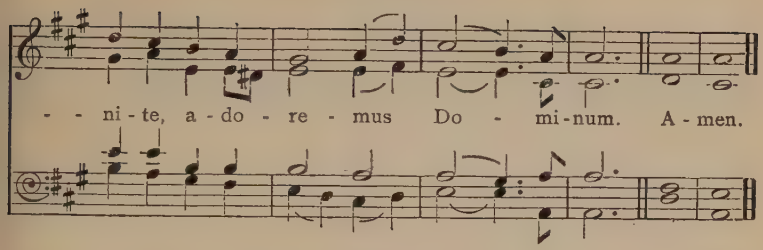
John Milton (*cento*) 1608—1674.

61

ADESTE FIDELES.

J. Reading ? (*17th cent.*).


1. A - des - te, fi - de - les, Lae - ti tri - um - phan - tes;
2. De - um de De - o, Lu - men de Lu - mi - ne,
3. Can - tet nunc hym - nos Cho - rus An - ge - lo - rum,
4. Er - go, qui na - tus Di - e ho - di - er - na,
Ve - ni - te, ve - ni - te in Beth - le - hem;
Ges - tant Pu - ell - ae . . vis - cer - a;
Can - tet nunc au - la coe - les - ti - um,
Ie - su, ti - bi . . sit . . glo - ri - a:
Na - tum vi - de - te Re - gem An - ge - lo - rum:
De - um . . ve - rum, Ge - ni - tum, non fac - tum:
Glo - ri - a in ex - cel - sis . . De - o!
Pa - tris ae - ter - ni Ver - bum ca - ro fac - tum!
cres.
Ve - ni - te, a - do - re - mus, ve - ni - te, a - do - re - mus, ve -
cres.



Adeste, fideles,
Laeti triumphantes;
Venite, venite in Bethlehem;
Natum videte
Regem Angelorum:
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

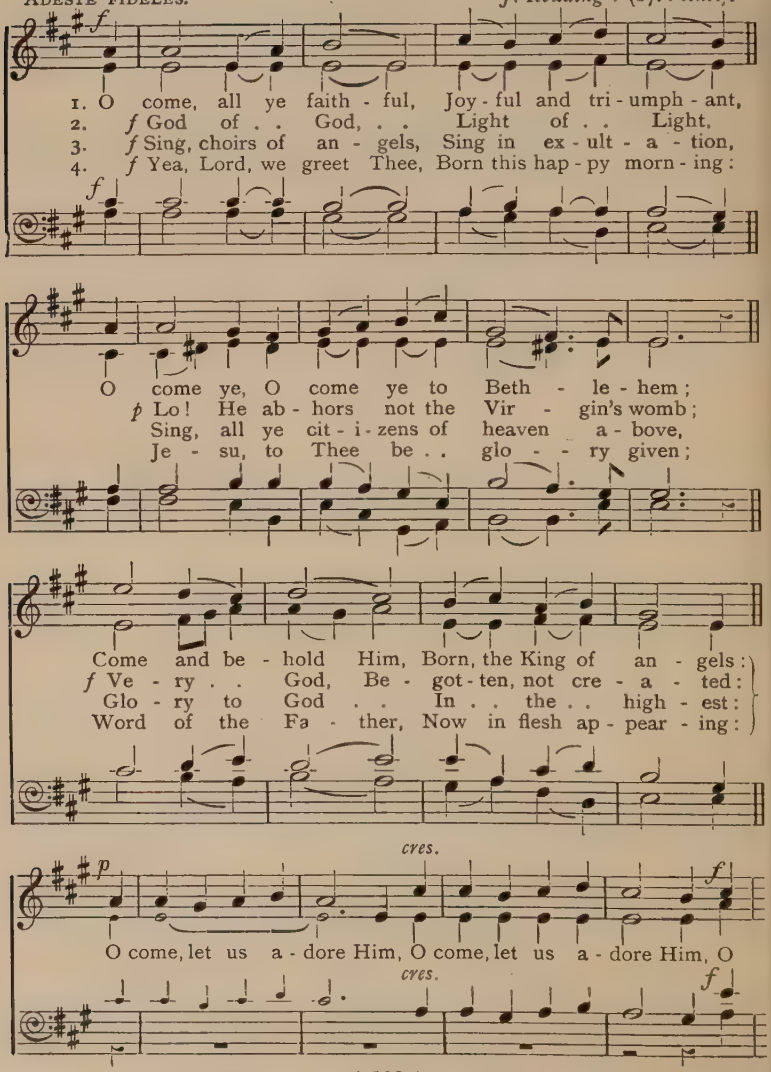
Deum de Deo,
Lumen de Lumine,
Gestant Puellae viscera;
Deum verum,
Genitum, non factum:
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

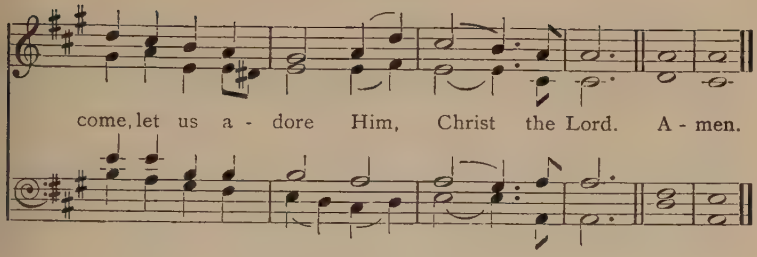
Cantet nunc hymnos
Chorus Angelorum,
Cantet nunc aula coelestium,
Gloria in excelsis Deo!
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

Ergo, qui natus
Die hodierna,
Iesu, tibi sit gloria:
Patris aeterni
Verbum caro factum!
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

Author unknown; probably of the seventeenth or eighteenth century.

62

ADESTE FIDELES. *J. Reading ?* (17*th cent.*).

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - umph - ant,
2. f God of . . God, . . Light of . . Light,
3. f Sing, choirs of an - gels, Sing in ex - ult - a - tion,
4. f Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing:
O come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem;
p Lo! He ab - hors not the Vir - gin's womb;
Sing, all ye cit - i - zens of heaven a - bove,
Je - su, to Thee be . . glo - - ry given;
Come and be - hold Him, Born, the King of an - gels:
f Ve - ry . . God, Be - got - ten, not cre - a - ted:
Glo - ry to God . . In . . the . . high - est:
Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing:
cres.
O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, O
cres.



O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him,
Born, the King of angels;—
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created;—

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
'Glory to God
In the highest';—

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning:
Jesu, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;—

Frederick Oakeley (1802—1880), 1852. *From the Hymn 'Adeste, fideles,' probably of the seventeenth or eighteenth century (Varied by compilers of Hymns A. and M.*, 1861.)

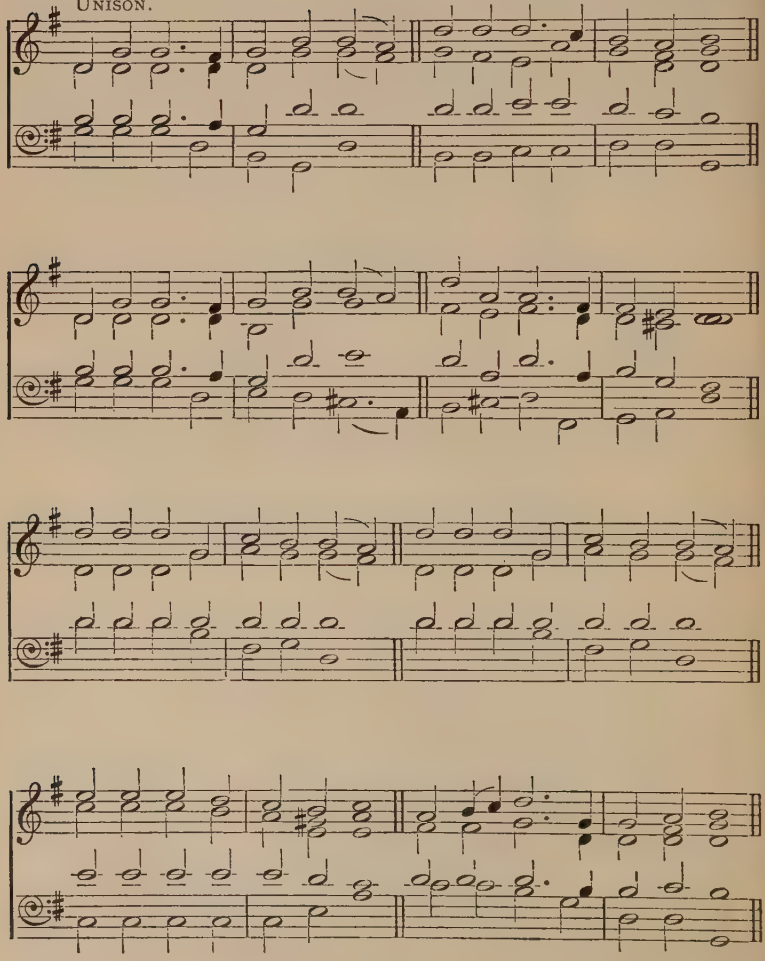
63

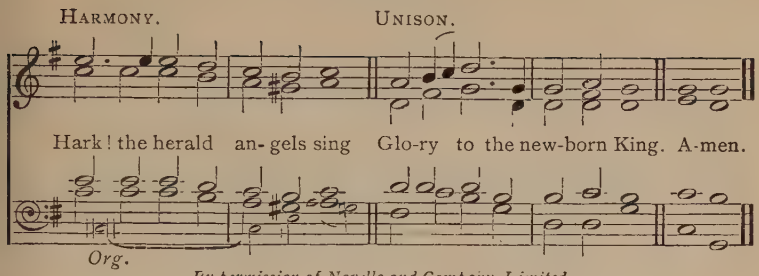
Mendelssohn (1809—1847).

Adapted from the "Festegesang" (for Male Voice Chorus and Orchestra) by Dr. W. H. Cummings.

MENDELSSOHN.

UNISON.





By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

HARK! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

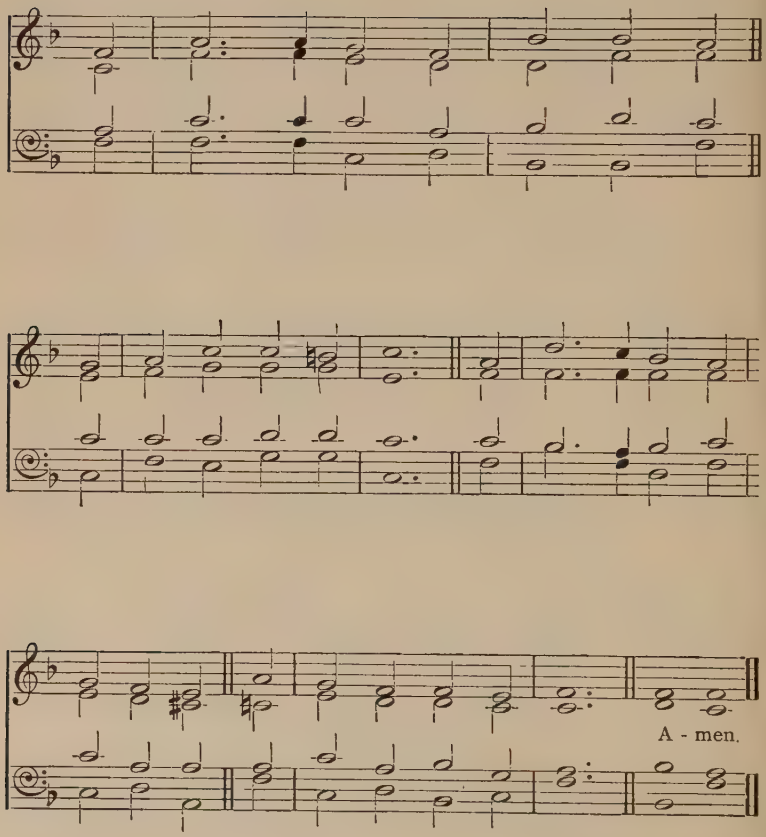
Christ by highest heaven adored;
Christ the Everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings:
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Varied from Charles Wesley (1707—1788), 1739.

64

WINCHESTER OLD. *Este's Psalter* (1592).



WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

'Fear not,' said he; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

'To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign,—

'The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.'

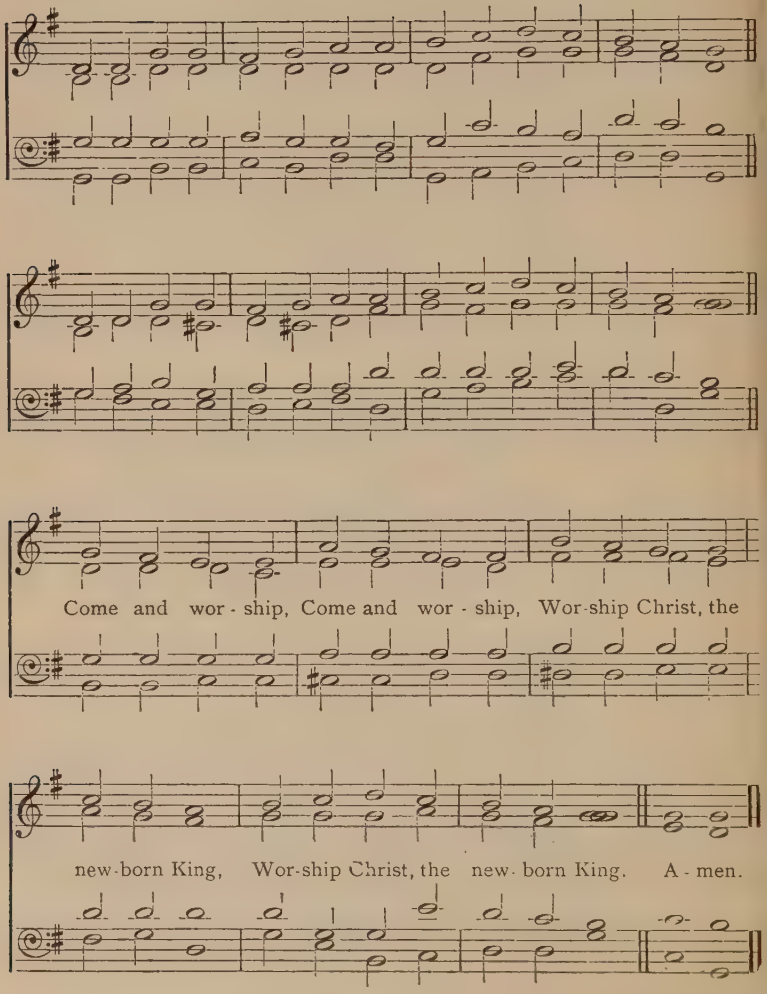
Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song,—

'All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.'

Nahum Tate (1652—1715), 1702.

65

NOEL. *Polish Melody.*



ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
Kings, from far your footsteps guiding
By the star's unfailing light,
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

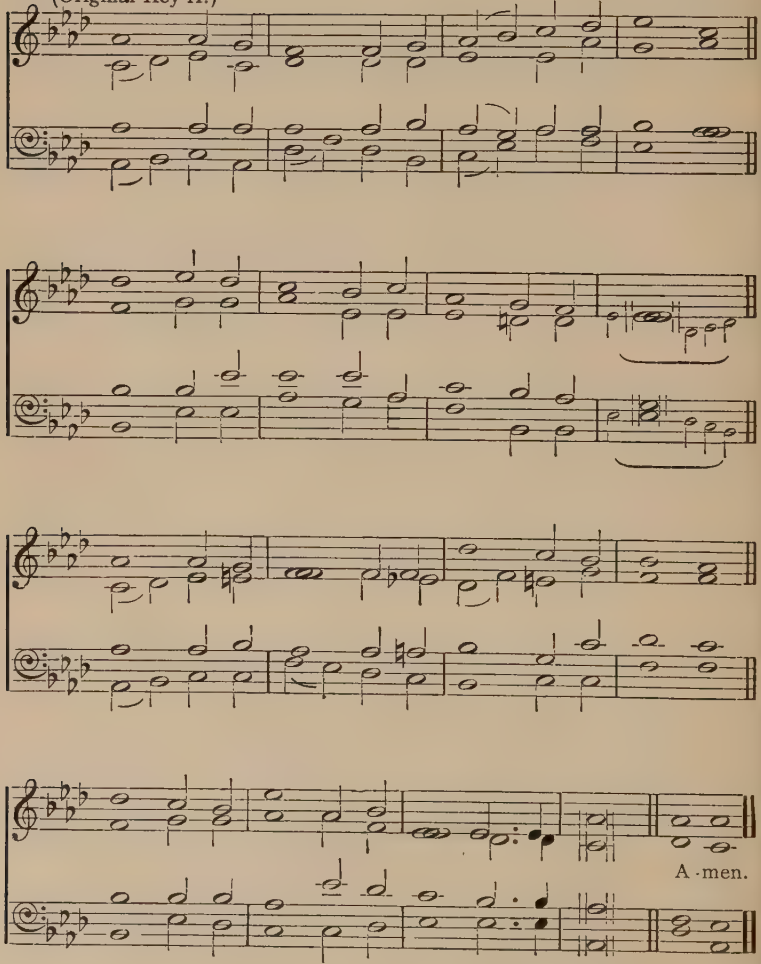
Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Varied from James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1819.

66

MILDENHALL.
(Original Key A.)

W. S. Bambridge.



Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

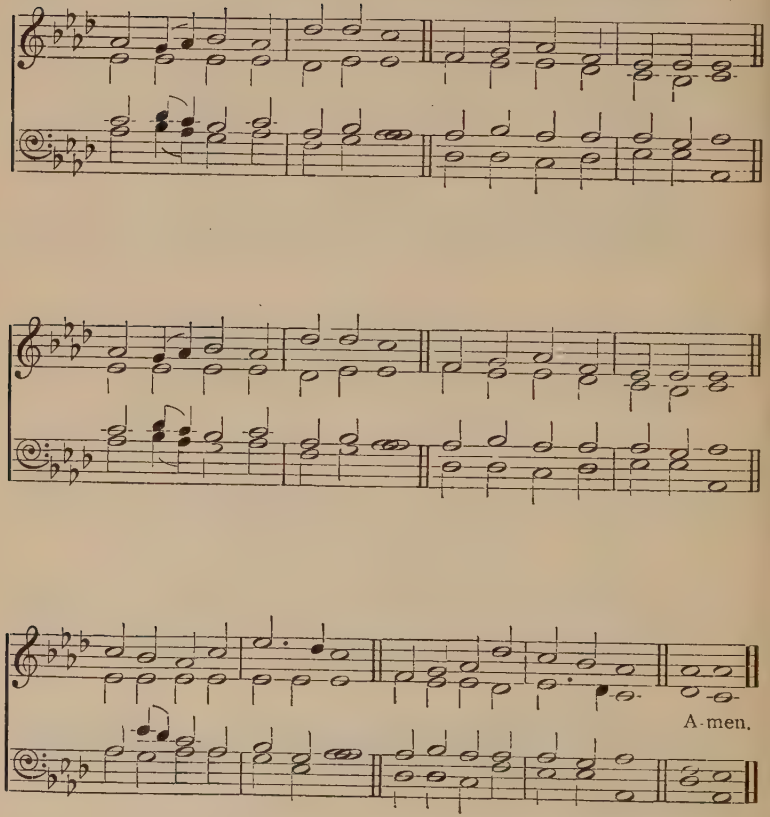
Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Bishop Heber (1783—1826), 1811.

67

Dix. *Conrad Kocher* (1786—1872).



As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

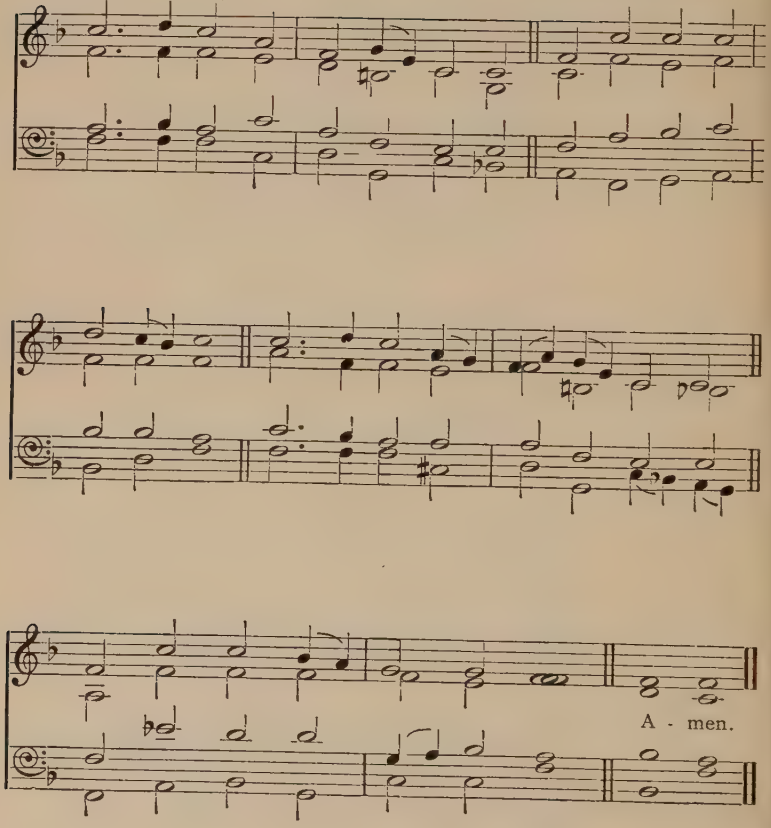
In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

William Chatterton Dix (1837—1898), 1860.

68

CADGWITH.
(Original Key G.)

Frank Lambert.



EARTH has many a noble city;
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel:
Out of thee the Lord from heaven
Came to rule His Israel.

Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth,
To the world its God announcing,
Seen in fleshly form on earth.

Eastern sages at His cradle
Make oblations rich and rare;
See them give, in deep devotion,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh;—

Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:
Incense doth their God disclose,
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.

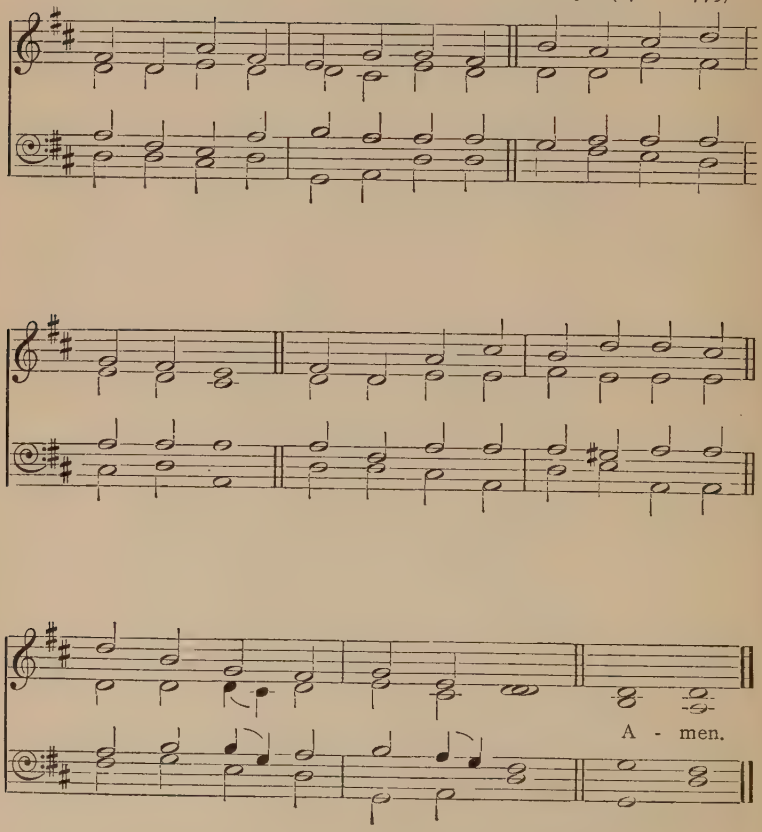
Jesu, whom the Gentiles worshipped
At Thy glad Epiphany,
Unto Thee, with God the Father
And the Spirit, glory be.

Edward Caswall (1814—1878), 1849. *From the poem 'Quicumque Christum quaeritis' of Aurelius Prudentius Clemens* (348—413). (*Varied by Compilers of Hymns A. and M.*, 1861.)

The Presentation.

69

SHARON. *W. Boyce* (1710—1779).



COME, O Saviour long expected,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our guilt and fear protected,
We shall find our rest in Thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints Thou art,
Blest Desire of every nation,
Joy of every Christian heart.

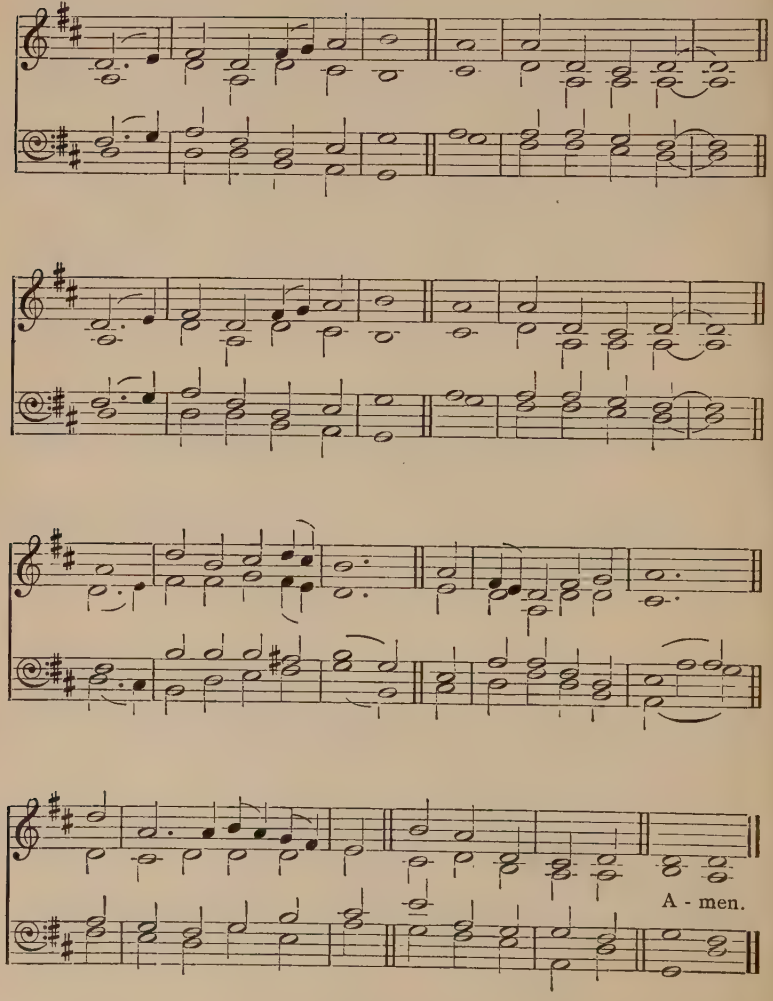
Born the chains of sin to sever,
Born a child, and yet a king,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

By Thine own eternal Spirit
In our hearts rule Thou alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Varied from Charles Wesley (1707—1788), 1743.

70

MONKS GATE. *English Traditional.*



He who would valiant be
'Gainst all disaster,
Let him in constancy
Follow the Master.
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound—
His strength the more is.
No foes shall stay his might,
Though he with giants fight:
He will make good his right
To be a pilgrim.

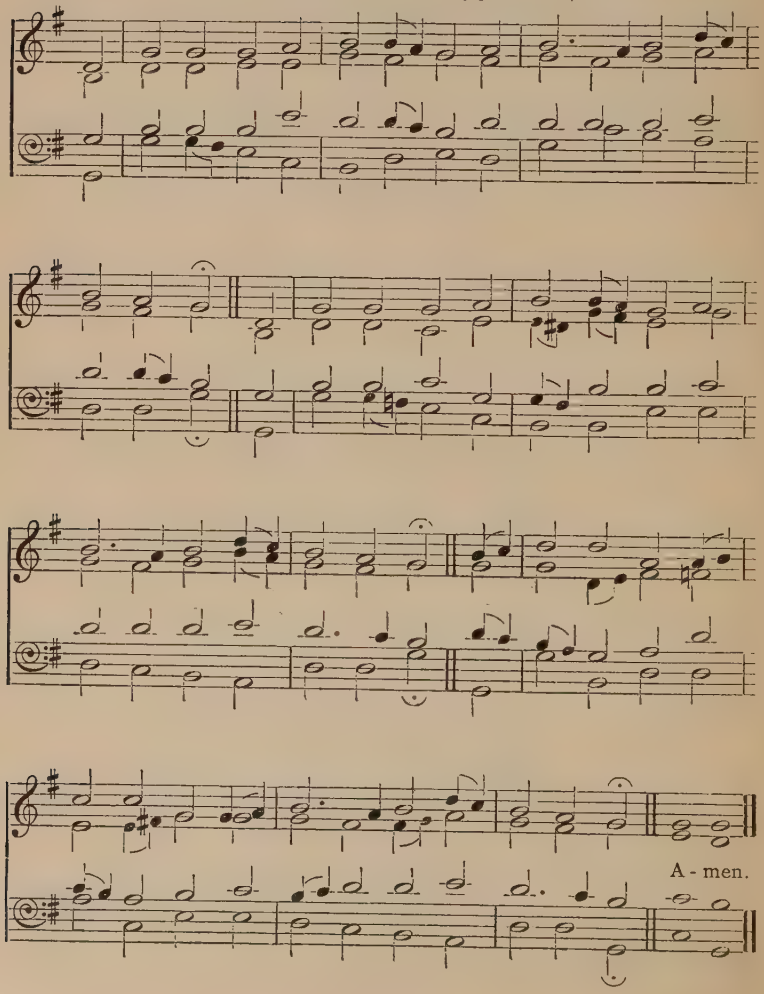
Since, Lord, Thou dost defend
Us with Thy spirit,
We know we at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away!
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

Adapted from 'Valiant's Song,' Pilgrim's Progress, Part II., *John Bunyan* (1628—1688).

71

OLD FRENCH CAROL.

Adapted by J. W. I. from the "Arundel Hymns."
(By permission.)



Ye fair green hills of Galilee
That girdle quiet Nazareth,
What glorious vision did ye see
When He, Who conquered sin and death,
Your flowery slopes and summits trod,
And grew in grace with man and God?

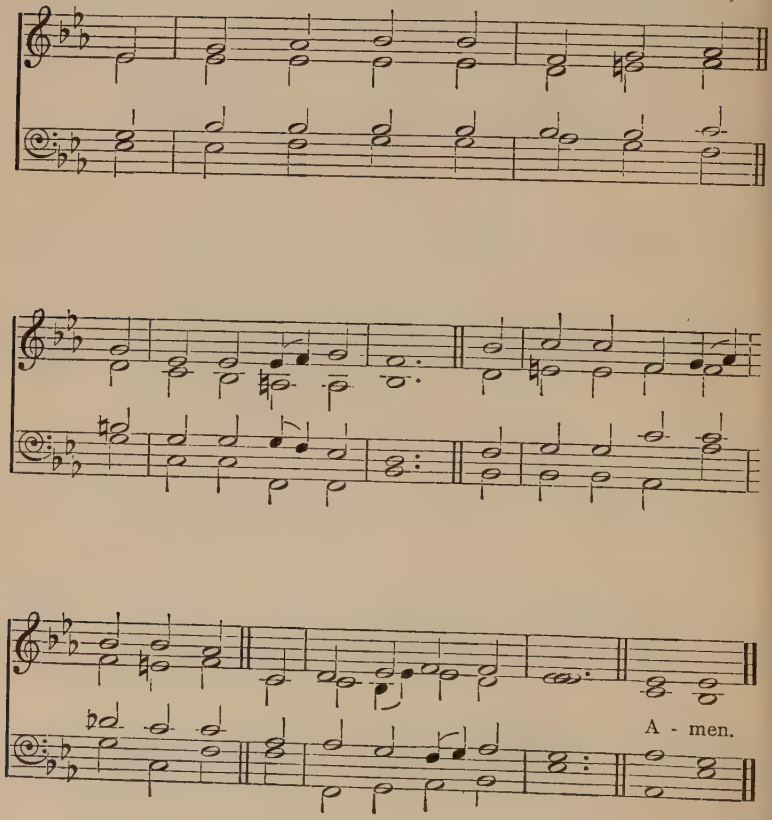
'We saw no glory crown His head
As childhood ripened into youth;
No angels on His errands sped;
His signs were duty, meekness, truth:
These ever marked each step He trod,
With love to man, and love to God.'

Jesus! my Saviour, Master, King,
Who did'st for me the burden bear,
While Saints in Heaven Thy glory sing
Let me on earth Thy likeness wear:
Be mine the path Thy feet have trod—
Love, duty, truth, to man and God.

Varied from Eustace Rogers Conder (1820—1892), 1887.

72

THOMPSON. *John W. Ivimey.*



CONFIRMATION TIME.

I AM not worthy, Lord, that Thou
  Should'st deign to be my guest,
But only speak the word, and bring
  My troubled conscience rest.

My faith is weak—I would believe
  The things I cannot prove—
And it will fail, unless revived
  Beneath Thy quickening love.

My will is weak. Infirm of act
  I halt 'twixt right and wrong;
Thou source of strength, direct my choice
  And make my purpose strong.

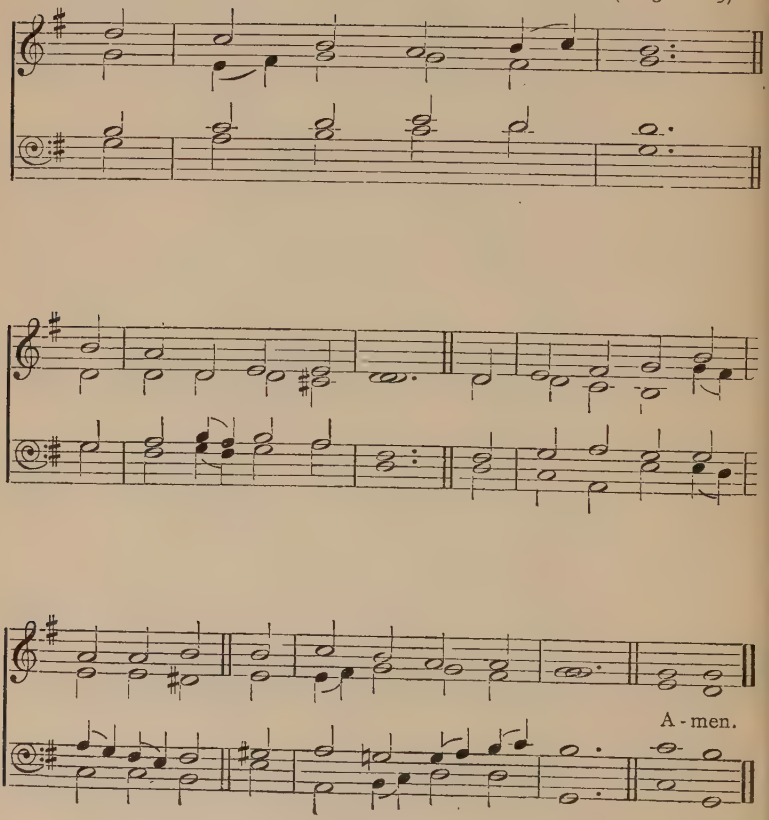
Thou wilt not quench the smoking flax,
  Nor break the bruisèd reed,
For Thou art man to sympathise
  With every human need.

Come visit then my soul, and there
  Take up Thy sure abode;
So shall I dwell with Thee, and hold
  Communion close with God.

F. E. Thompson (1833—1916), 1915
Asst. Master, 1859—1895.

73

ST. ETHELWALD. *W. H. Monk* (1823—1889).



CONFIRMATION TIME.

(Eph. VI. 11—18.)

Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His Eternal Son;

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

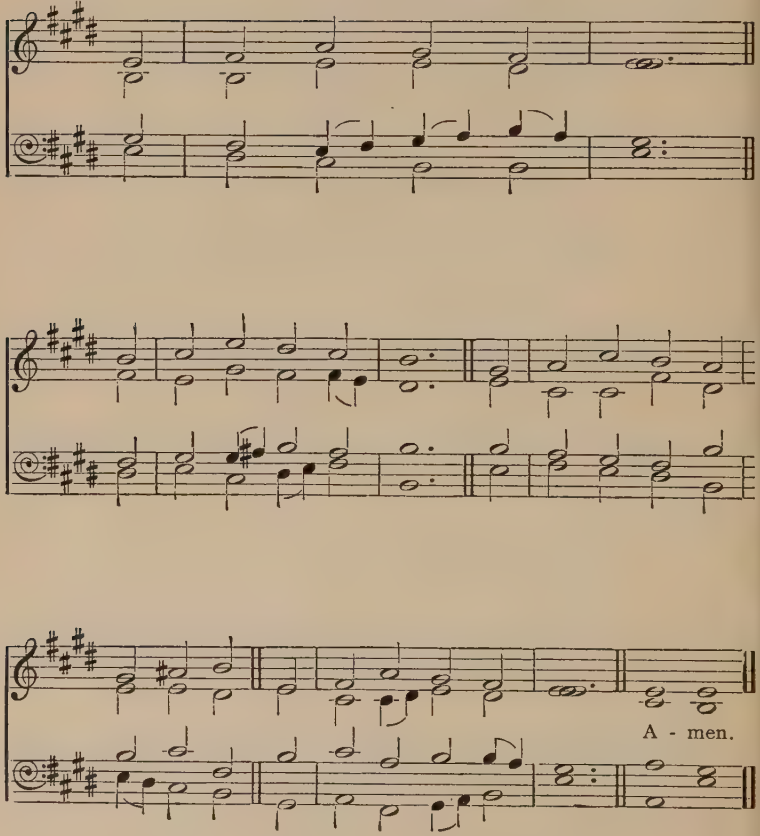
From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

Charles Wesley (1707—1788), 1749.

74

POTSDAM. *After J. S. Bach* (IX*th Fugue, 2nd book*).



CONFIRMATION TIME.

Arm, soldiers of the Lord!
The fight is set with wrong;
Take shield and breastplate, helm and sword,
And sing your battle-song.

Stand fast for Love, your Lord;
Faith be your mighty shield;
And let the Spirit's burning sword
Flash foremost in the field.

Truth be your girdle strong;
And Hope, your helmet, shine,
Whene'er the battle seemeth long
And wearied hearts repine.

With news of gospel Peace
Let your swift feet be shod;
Your breastplate be your Righteousness,
That keeps the soul for God.

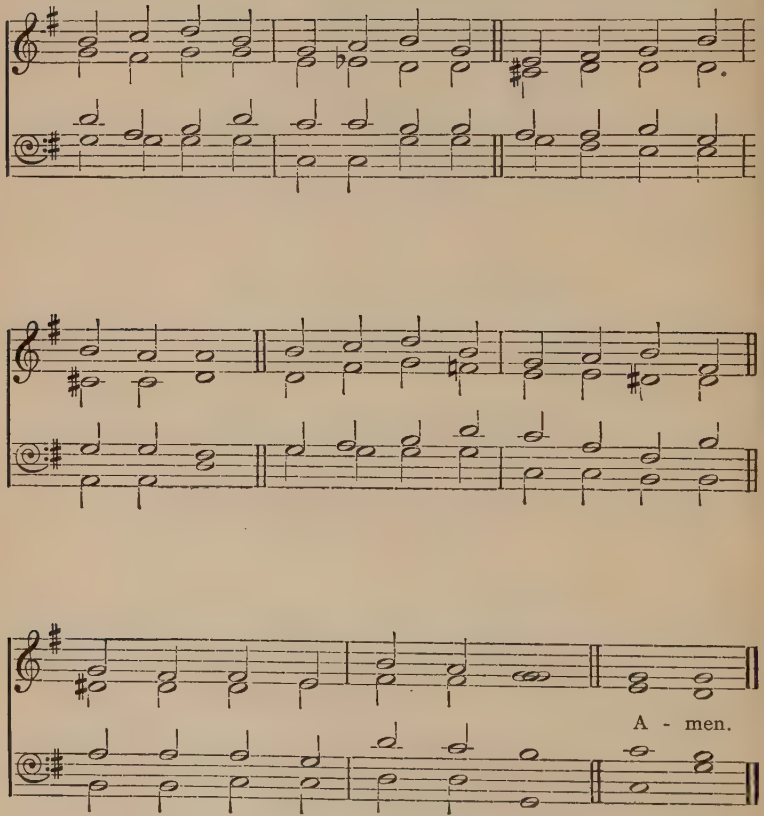
And for the weary day,
And for the slothful arm,
For wounds, defeat, distress, dismay,
Take Prayer, the heavenly charm.

From "strength to strength" your cry,
Your battlefield the world;
Strike home, and press where Christ on high
His banner hath unfurled.

Stopford Augustus Brooke (1832—1915).

75

ST. JUDE. *Sir J. Barnby* (1838—1896).



STRIVE aright when God doth call thee,
When He draws thee by His grace;
Cast off all that would enthral thee,
And deter thee from the race.

Combat, though thy life thou givest,
Storm the kingdom, but prevail;
Let not him with whom thou strivest
Ever make thee faint or quail.

Wrestle till thy zeal is burning,
And thy love is glowing warm,
All that earth can give thee spurning:
Half love will not bide the storm.

Perfect truth will never waver,
Wars with evil day and night,
Changes not for fear or favour,
Only cares to win the fight.

Perfect truth will love to follow
Watchfully our Master's ways;
Seeks not comfort poor and hollow,
Looks not for reward or praise.

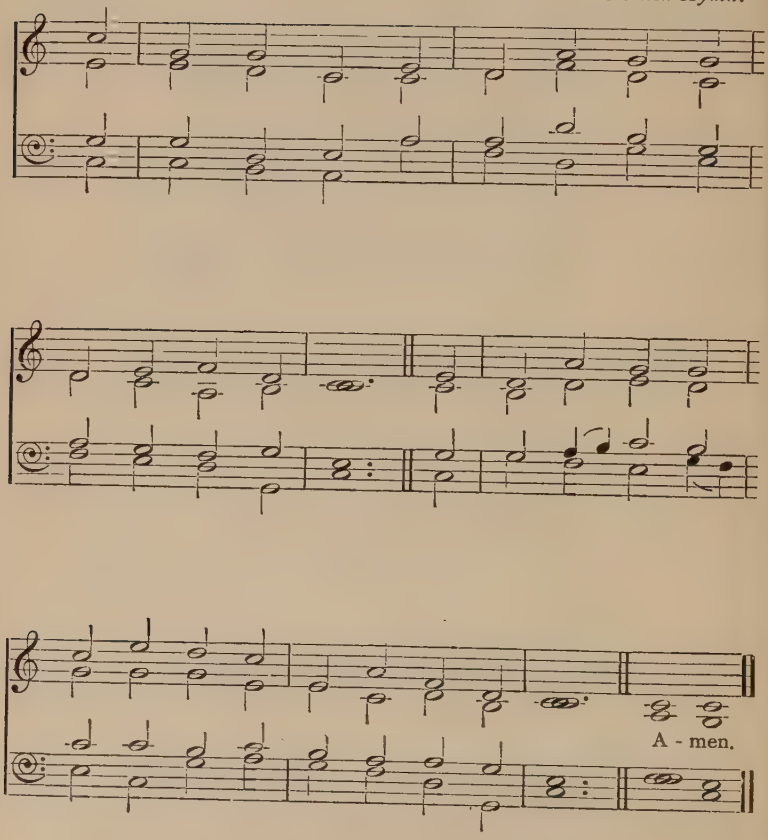
Perfect truth from worldly pleasure,
Worldly turmoil, stands apart;
For in heaven is hid our treasure,
There must also be the heart.

Soldiers of the Cross, take courage,
Watch and war 'mid fear and pain,
Daily conquering sin and sorrow,
Till our King o'er earth shall reign.

Catherine Winkworth (1829—1878), 1863.
From the German of Johann J. Winckler, 1714.

76

BALFOUR. *Old Scottish Hymn.*



AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Holds thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

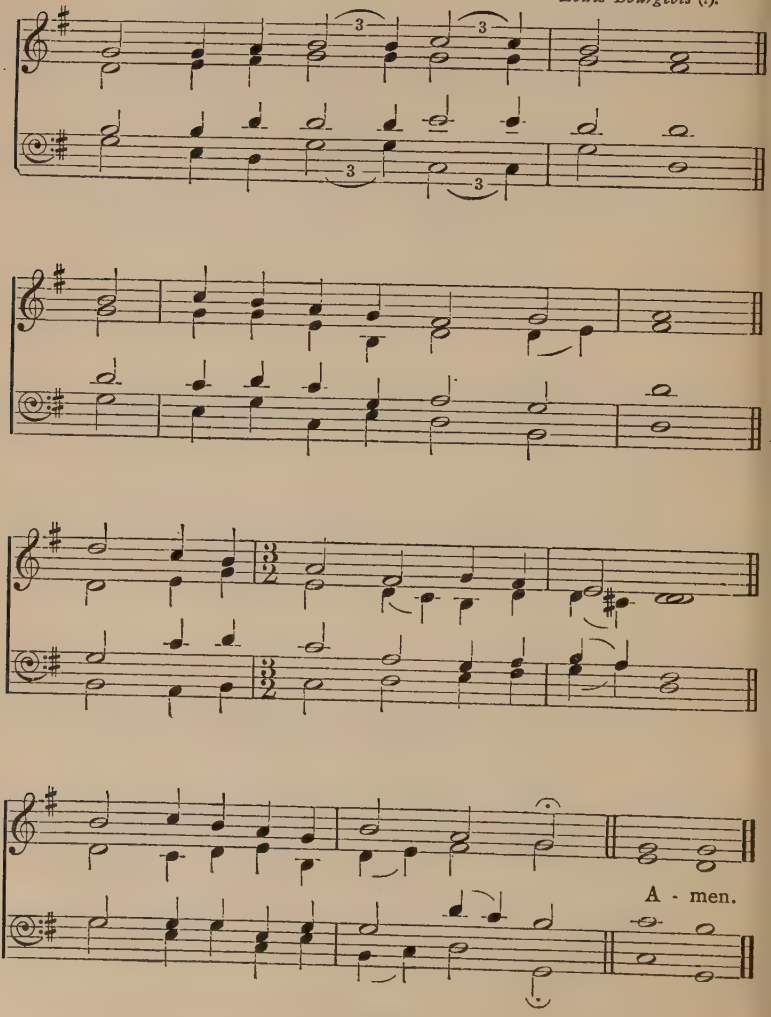
Blest Saviour, by Thy guidance led
Have I my race begun:
And crowned with victory at Thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

Philip Doddridge (1702—1751).

77

LES COMMANDEMENS DE DIEU.

Genevan Psalter (1543).
Louis Bourgeois (?).



Say not, "The struggle nought availeth;
The labour and the wounds are vain;
The enemy faints not nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain."

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And but for you possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creek and inlet making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main,

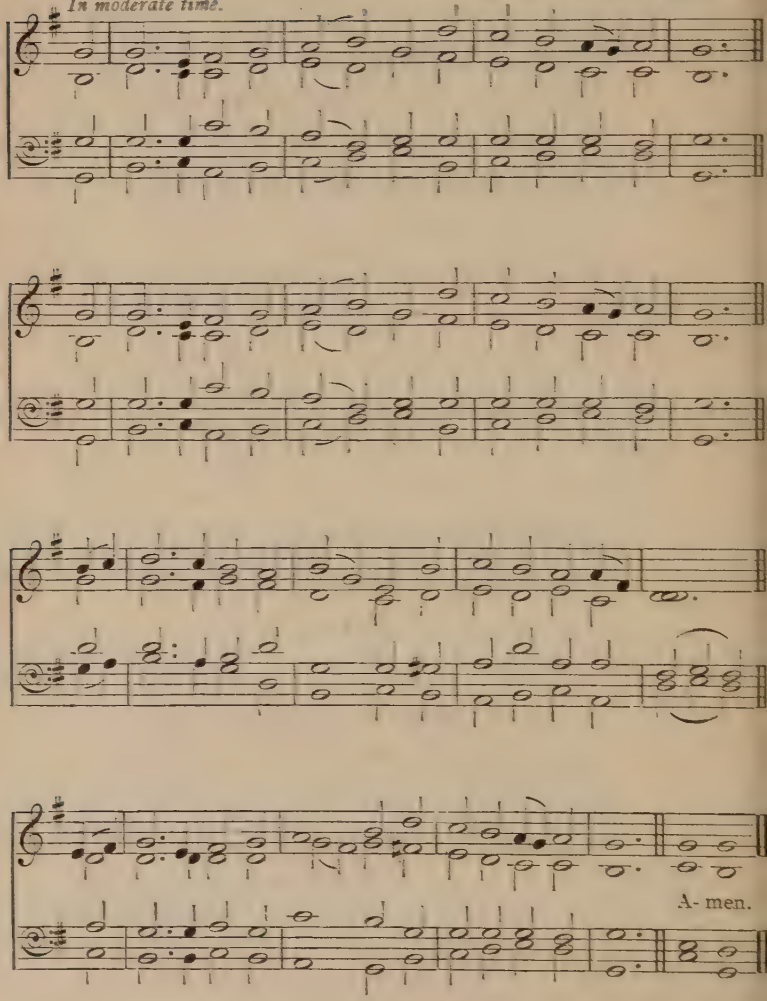
And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look! the land is bright.

Arthur Hugh Clough (1819—1861).

78

GOSTERWOOD. *English Traditional Melody.*

In moderate time.



CONFIRMATION TIME.

O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend;
I shall not fear the battle,
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway,
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will:
O speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control;
O speak to make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

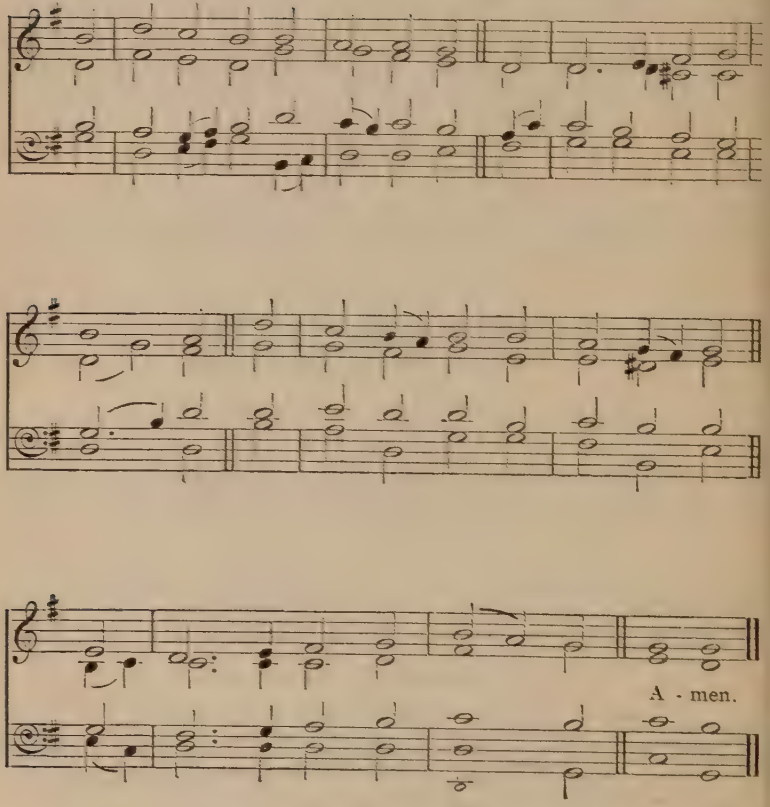
O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee
That, where Thou art in glory,
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

O let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant my own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.

John Ernest Bode (1816—1875), 1863.

79

DOMINUS REGIT ME. *J. B. Dykes* (1823—1876).



CONFIRMATION TIME.

(Psalm XXIII.)

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack, if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed;
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

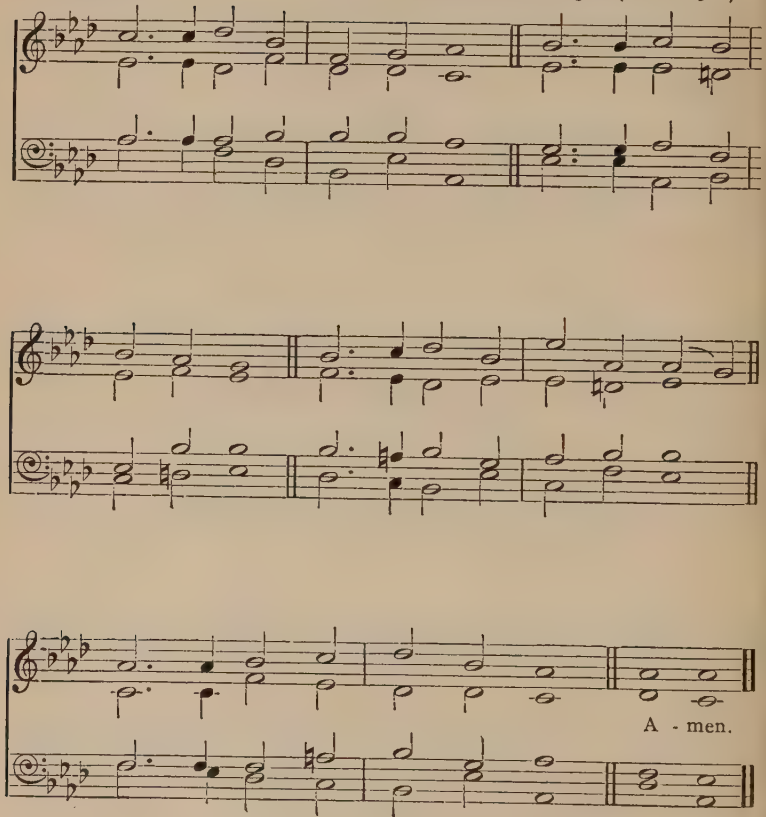
Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

Sir Henry W. Baker (1821—1877), 1868.

80

NEWINGTON. *Archbishop Maclagan* (1826—1910).



THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

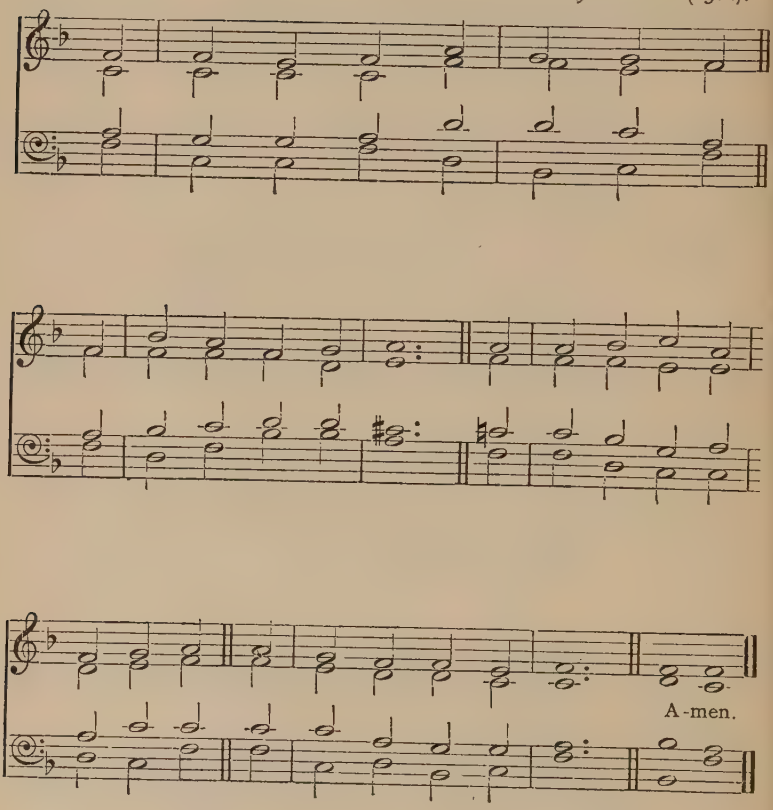
Thine for ever! O how blest,
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Mary F. Maude, 1847.

81

St. Flavian. *Day's Psalter* (1562).



SEPTUAGESIMA.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
  Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need
  Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
  Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book to show
  How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
  Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed great and small
  In peace and order move.

One Name, above all glorious names,
  With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
  Echoing angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,
  Thy boundless power display;
But in the gentler breeze we find
  Thy Spirit's viewless way.

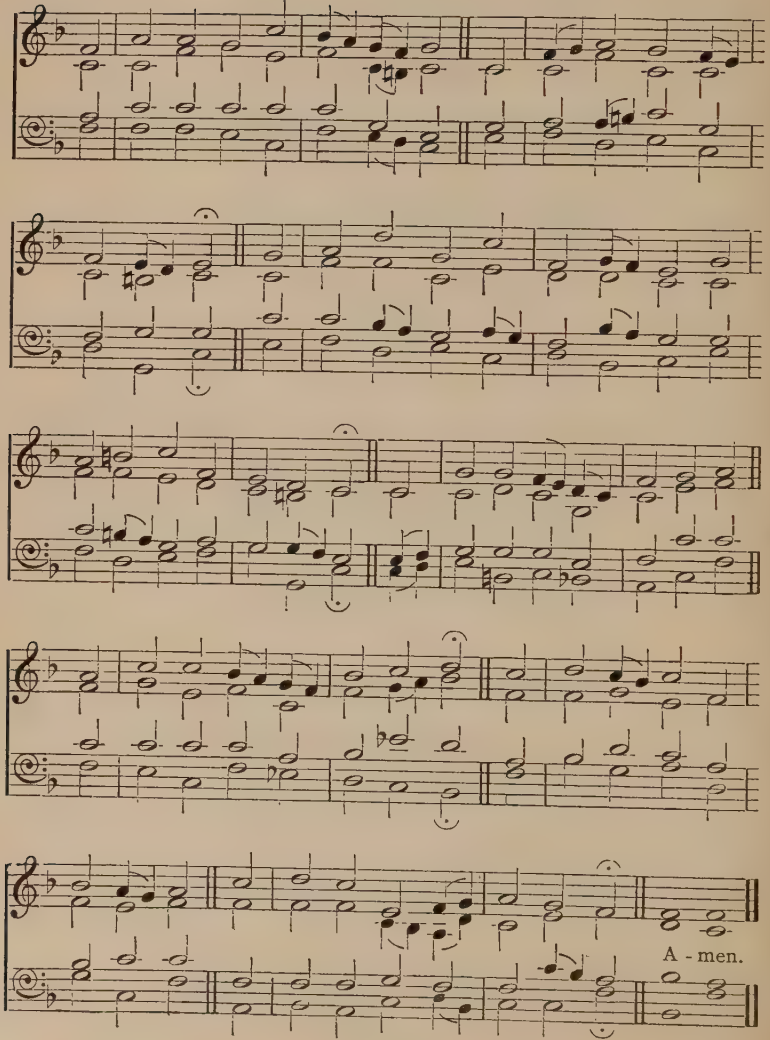
Two worlds are ours; 'tis only sin
  Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
  Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
  And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
  And read Thee everywhere.

John Keble (1792—1866), 1819.

82

ADDISON'S. *J. Sheeles*, c. 1720.



SEPTUAGESIMA.

(Psalm XIX.)

The spacious firmament on high
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The works of an almighty hand.

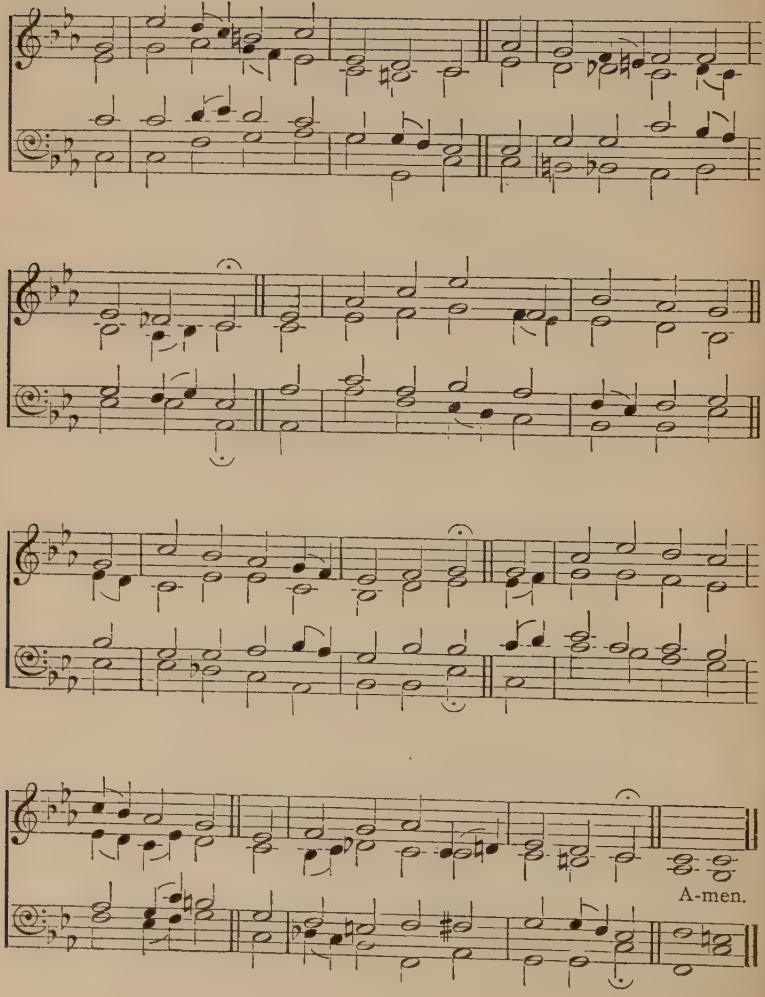
Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'

Joseph Addison (1672—1719), 1712.

83

BRECKNOCK. *S. S. Wesley* (1810—1876).



(PSALM. CXXXVI.)

O GIVE to God immortal praise,
Mercy and truth are all His ways:
O give the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

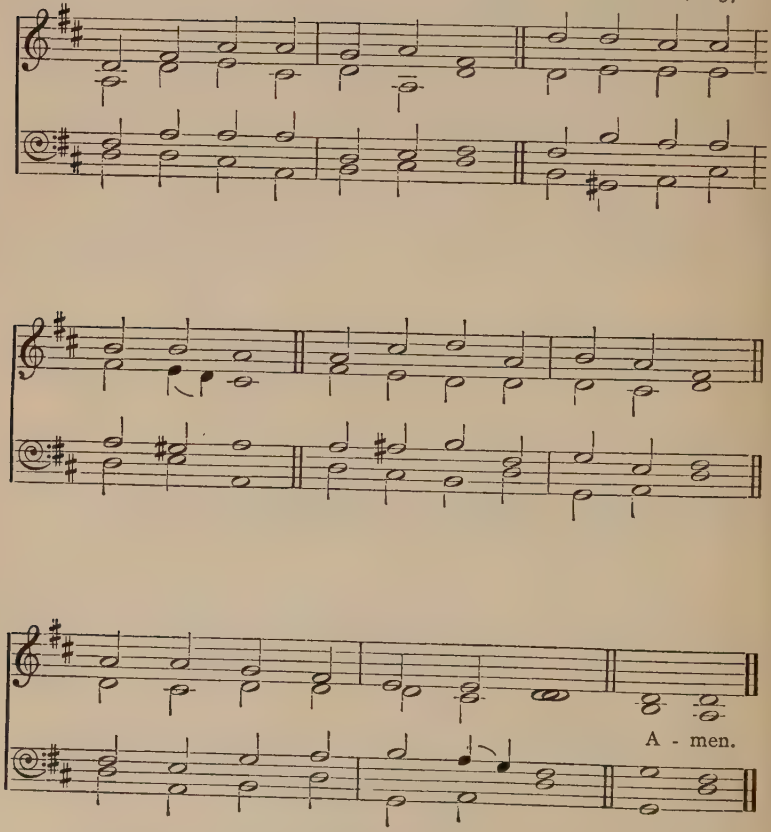
He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high:
He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat:
Mercy and truth are all His ways;
O give to God immortal praise.

Cento from Isaac Watts (1674—1748).

84

CULBACH. *From J. Scheffler's Hirtenlieder*, 1657.



Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No, the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

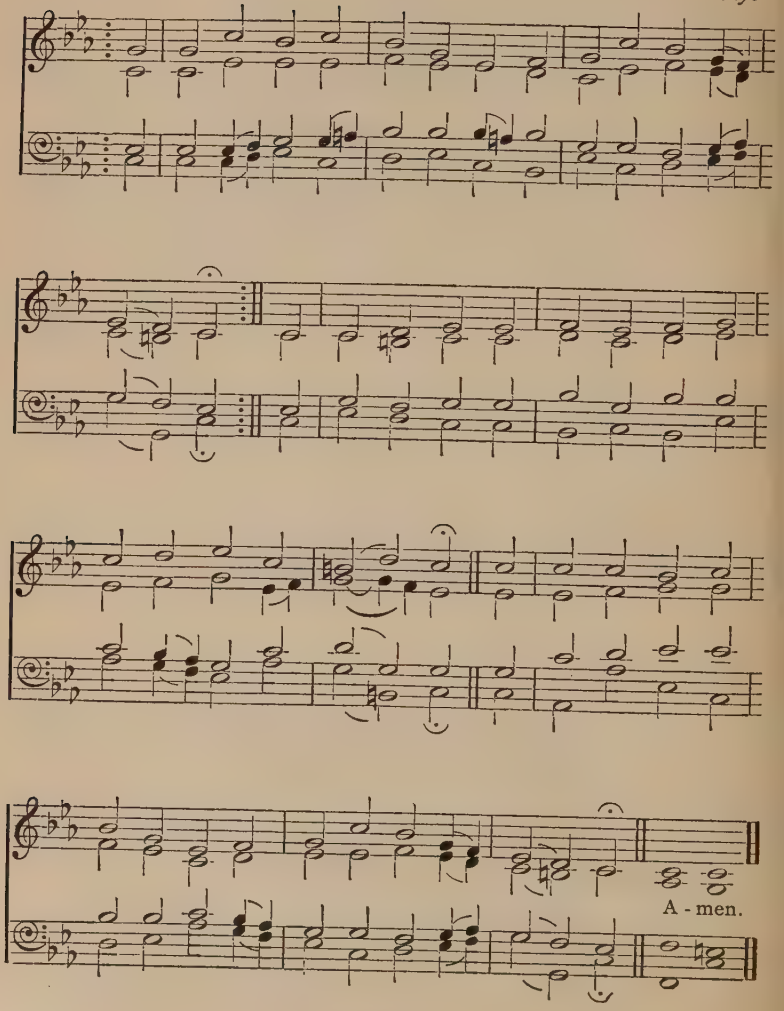
Saints below with heart and voice
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here by faith and love
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1819.

85

LLANSANNAN. *Welsh Melody.*



O Thou, great Lord of many a name,
Blind Nature's ship Who steerest,
To Whom of all that Thou did'st frame
We mortal men are dearest,
Hail! King of kings, Thy sons are we;
Of creatures under Heaven,
A voice to tell the praise of Thee
To us alone was given.

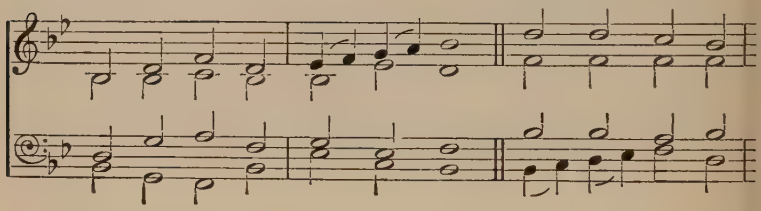
The suns that through the spaces roll
'Tis Thy right hand that leads them:
Thy law it guides the moons and tides,
Thy law it stays or speeds them:
In Thy control, one mighty whole,
The Universe it spinneth,
All move in Thee, earth, sky, and sea,
All save the soul that sinneth.

Turn, Father, turn Thy children's feet,
That wander from Thy kindness;
O pour Thy light on our black night,
Thy beauty on our blindness;
That all may know, above, below,
How 'tis Thy creatures' glory
To gaze with awe upon Thy Law,
And hymn the wondrous story.

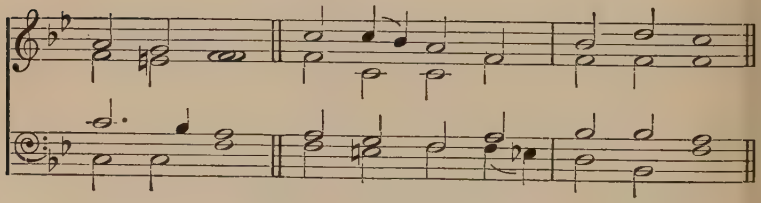
John Bain, Asst. Master 1879—1883, 1886—1913.
A paraphrase from 'The Hymn of Cleanthes.'

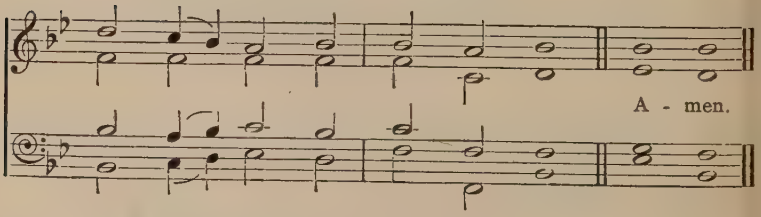
86

MONKLAND. *Arr. by John Wilkes*, 1861.



CHORUS.





(Psalm CXXXVI.)

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

* Who by His all-commanding might
Did fill the new-made world with light:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

* And caused the golden-tressèd sun
All the day long his course to run:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

* The hornèd moon to shine by night
Amongst her spangled sisters bright:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

* All living creatures He doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

That His mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

John Milton (1608—1674).

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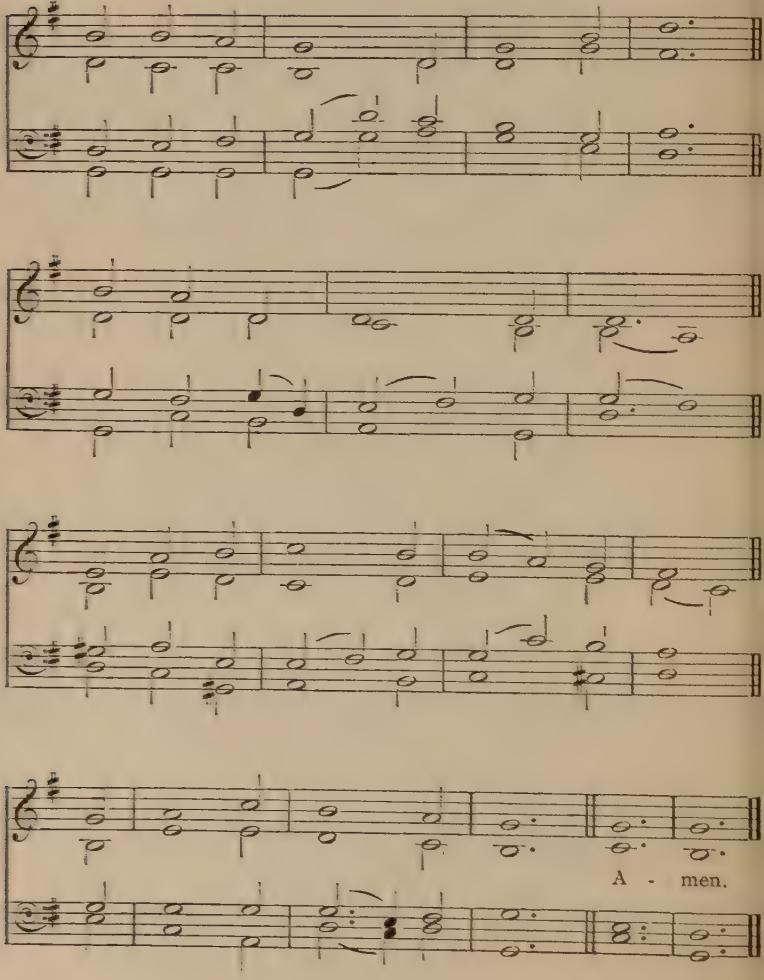
* Choir alone.

Sexagesima.

87

GERONTIUS. *J. B. Dykes* (1823—1876).



PRAISE to the Holiest in the height
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive, and should prevail;

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,—
God's Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all-divine.

O generous love! that He, who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo,

And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

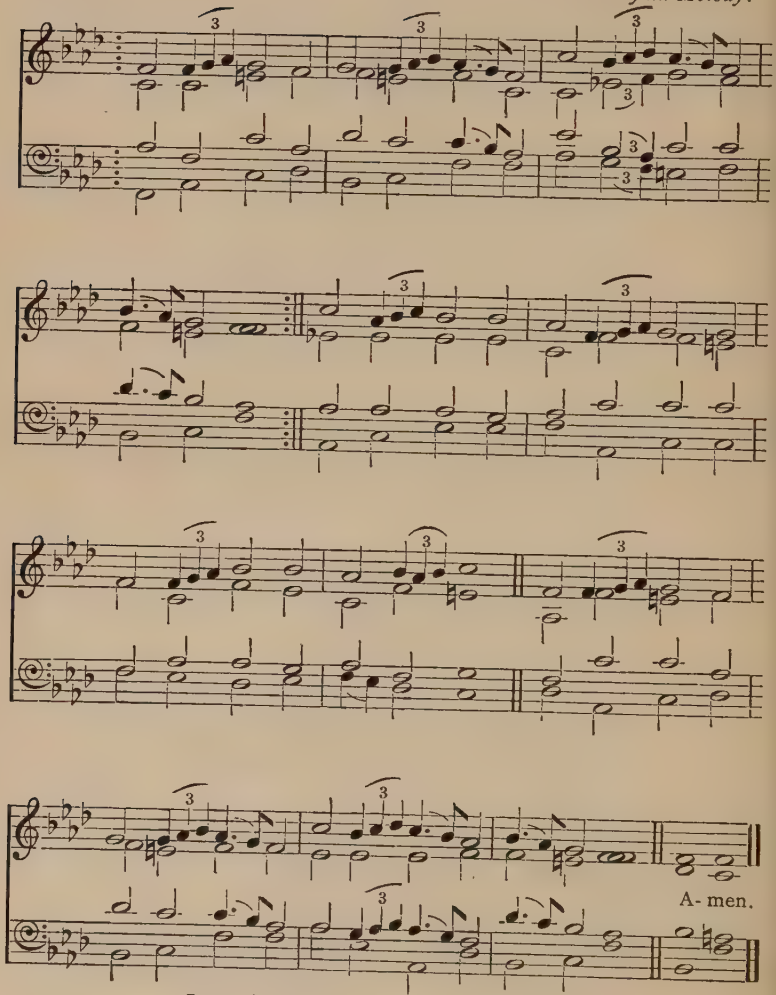
Praise to the Holiest in the height
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

Cardinal (John Henry) Newman (1801—1890).
From his poem 'The Dream of Gerontius,' 1868.

88

EBENEZER.

Welsh Hymn Melody.



By permission of W. Gwenlyn Evans, Carnarvon.

Love Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

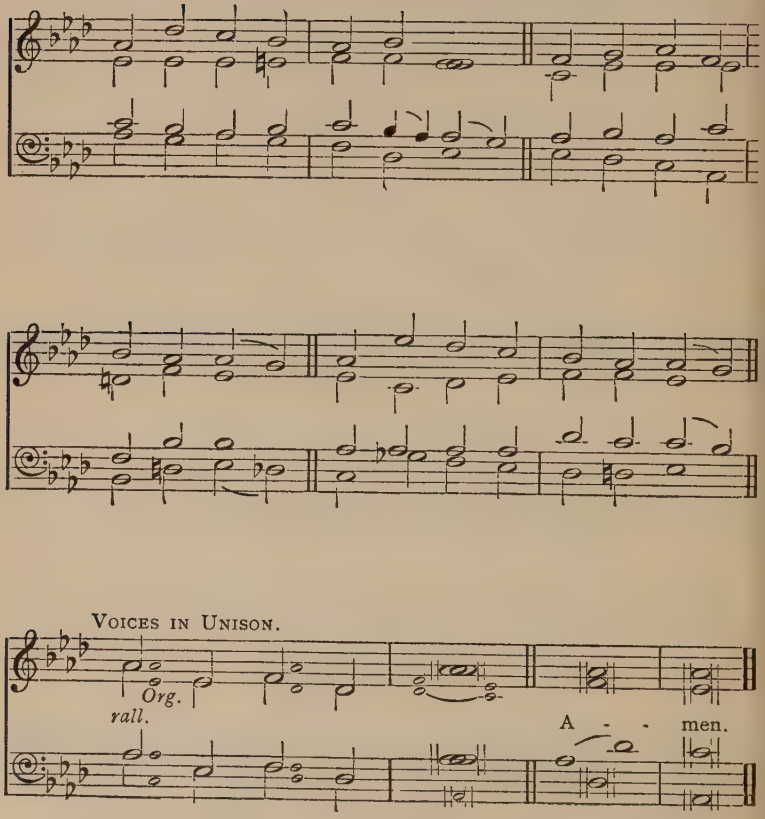
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never—
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be;
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored by Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley (1707—1788), 1747.

89

CHARITY. *Sir J. Stainer* (1840—1901).



GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most,
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore give us love.

Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore give us love.

Faith will vanish into sight,
Hope be emptied in delight,
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore give us love.

Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three
And the best is love.

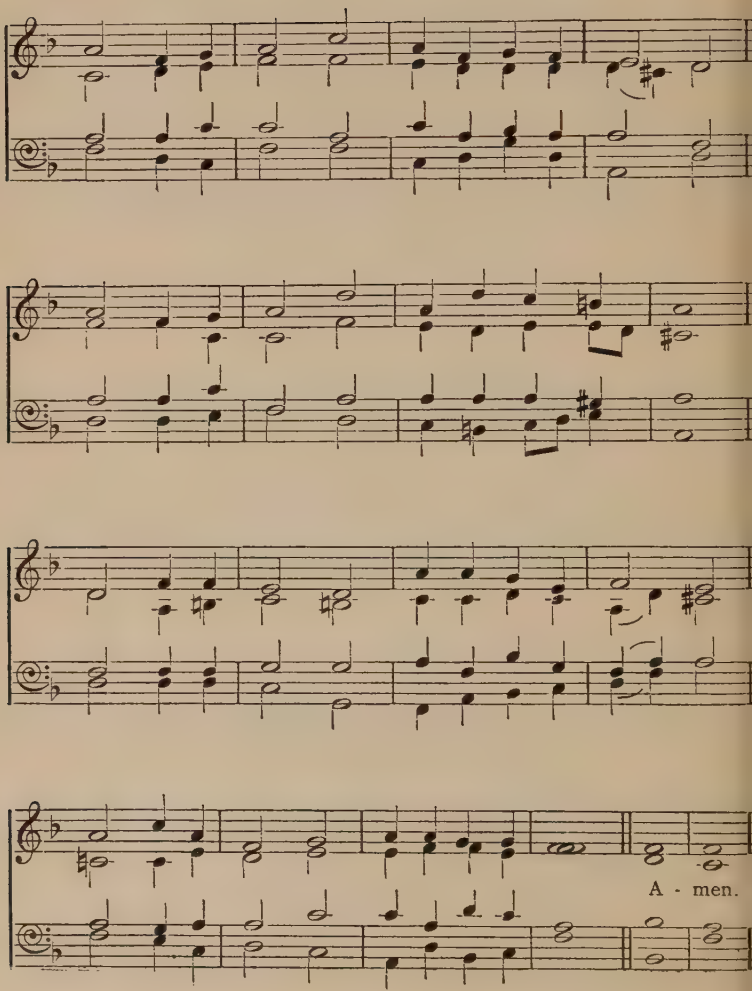
From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth (1807—1885), 1862.

90

From the Genevan Psalter, 1551.
Arr. by J. W. I.

DONNE SECOURS.



O BROTHER man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was 'doing good';
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

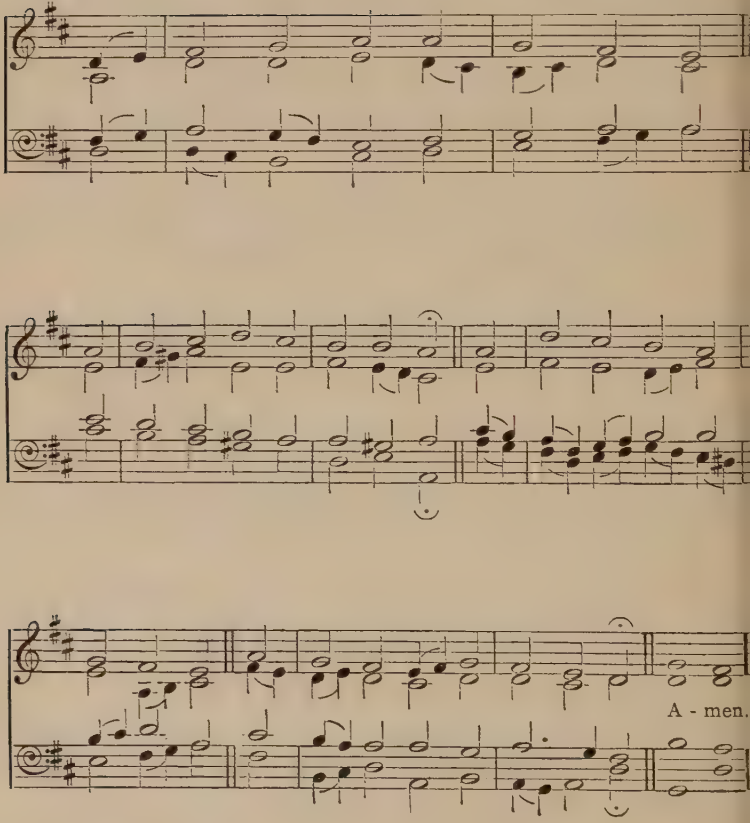
For he whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken:
The holier worship which He deigns to bless
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

And such the service the benignant Father
Requireth at His earthly children's hands:
Not the poor offering of vain rites, but rather
The simple duty man from man demands.

Adapted from poem 'Worship' by J. G. Whittier (1807—1892).

91

EISENACH. *J. H. Schein* (1586—1630).



O LOVE, how deep, how broad, how high,
How passing thought and fantasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

He sent no angel to our race,
Of higher or of lower place,
But veiled in robe of human frame
Himself as man to man's world came.

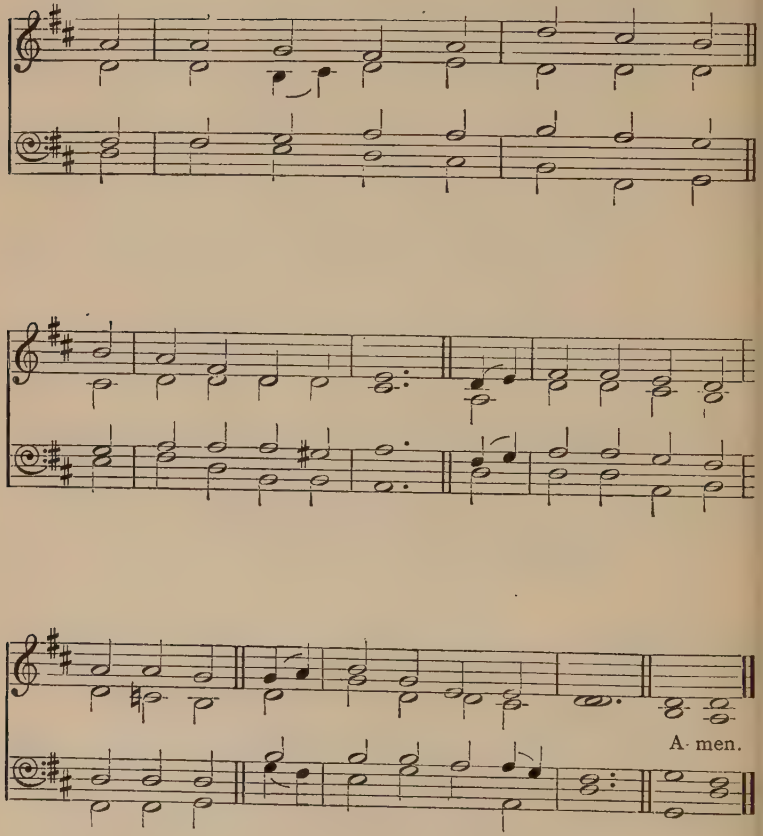
For us baptised, for us He bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore;
For us temptations sharp He knew,
For us the tempter overthrew;

For us by wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in crown of thorns arrayed,
He died the cross's death of pain,
Yet risen still for us doth reign.

Benjamin Webb (1819–1885), 1854.
Varied from a translation of a Latin Hymn, 15th century (?).

92

MENDIP. *English Traditional Melody.*



My God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Are lost eternally.

Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Why do I love Thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

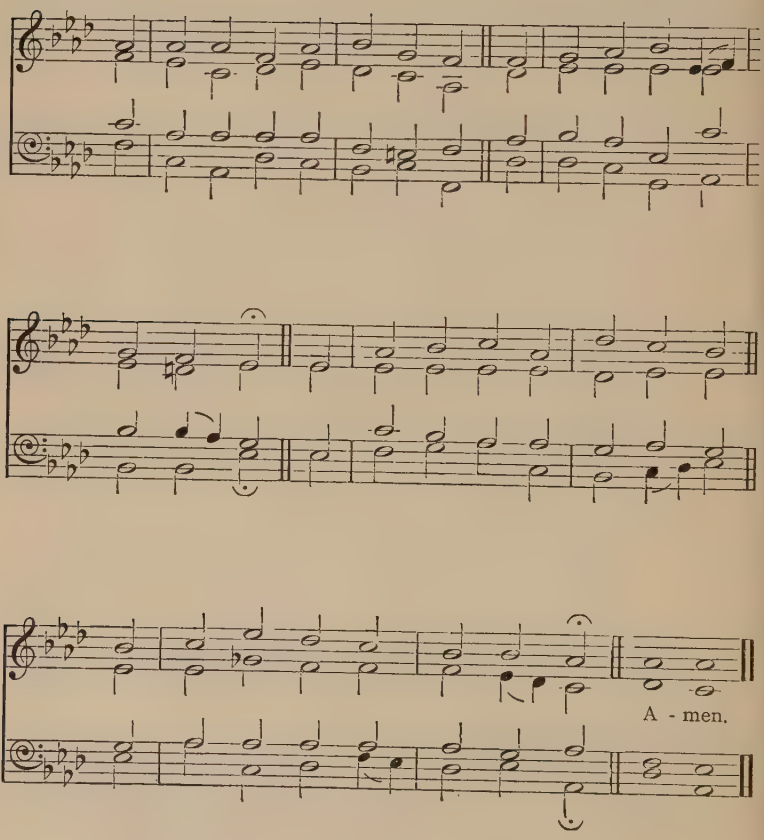
Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever loving Lord,

E'en so I love Thee and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing,
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my most loving King.

Varied from the translation by Edward Caswall (1814—1878), 1849, *of the Hymn 'O Deus, ego amo te,' probably by St. Francis Xavier* (+ 1552).

93

BRESLAU. *Old German.*



'TAKE up the cross,' the Saviour said,
'If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me.'

Take up the cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

Take up the cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured
To save thy soul from death and hell.

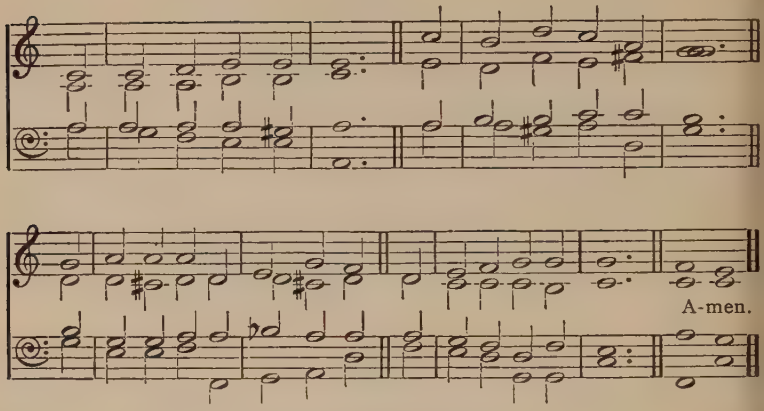
Take up the cross then in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
It guides thee to a better home,
And gives thee victory o'er the grave.

Take up the cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to win and wear the crown.

Varied from Charles William Everest (U.S.A., 1814—1877), 1833.

94

AINGER. *John W. Ivimey.*



Not ours to mourn and weep
In life's first joyous years:
How shall we strive the fast to keep
With better gifts than tears?

Not ours to offer gold:
What then can we afford
Of higher worth than gems untold
To deck Thine altar, Lord?

We come with hearts intent
Thy great law to fulfil:
Through all the solemn time of Lent
We come to do Thy will.

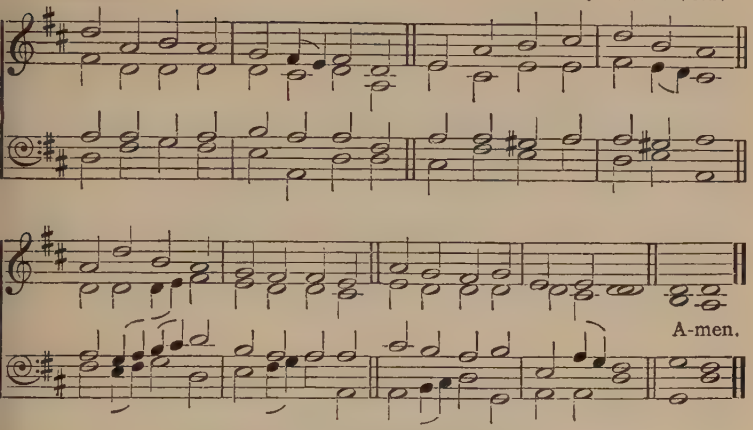
Each thought, each word, each deed,
From all defilement free,
Our daily care for others' need
We sacrifice to Thee.

So may we keep the fast
With better gifts than tears,
Strong in Thy service to the last
Through all life's coming years.

A. C. Ainger (1841—1919).

95

WYCHBOLD. *W. G. Whinfield.*



SAVIOUR, when temptations try us,
And our strength is like to fail,
May the thought that Thou art by us
Lend us courage to prevail.

If the foe has dared to enter,
Fought, and turned at last to flee,
Take away our pride, and centre
All our gratitude on Thee.

If the conflict overtake us,
And we fight and fail to win,
Banish blind despair, and make us
Braver in the war with sin.

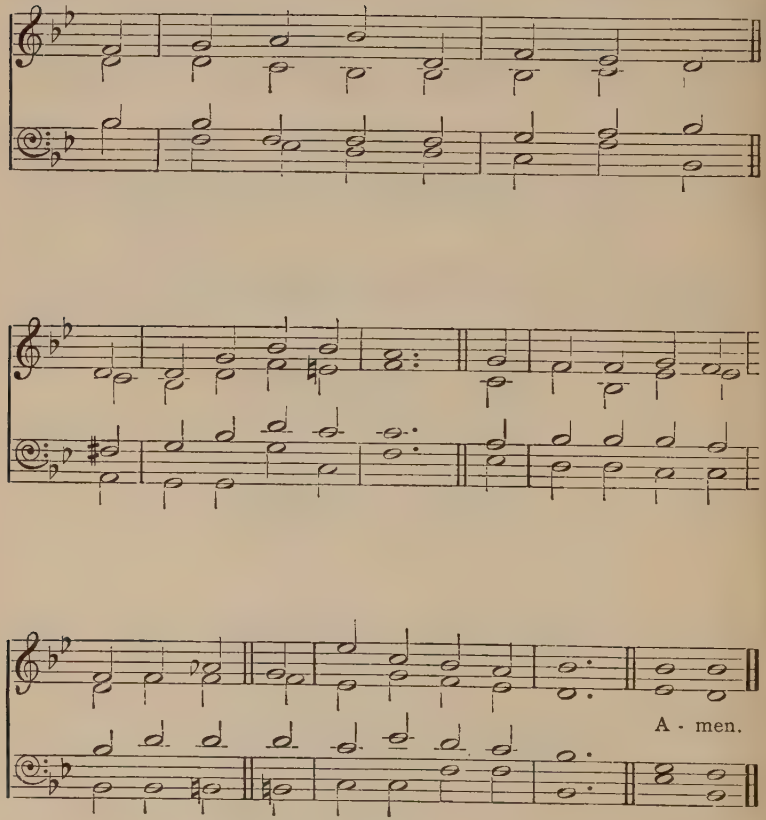
Should we e'er in mean submission
Basely yield without a blow,
May the tears of true contrition
Testify our shame and woe.

Saviour, Thou hast known temptation,
Thou hast felt its deadly power;
Succour us with Thy salvation,
Aid us in the evil hour.

E. W. Howson, 1881.

96

HARROW. *John W. Ivimey.*



O HELP us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

O help us when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

O help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still, the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

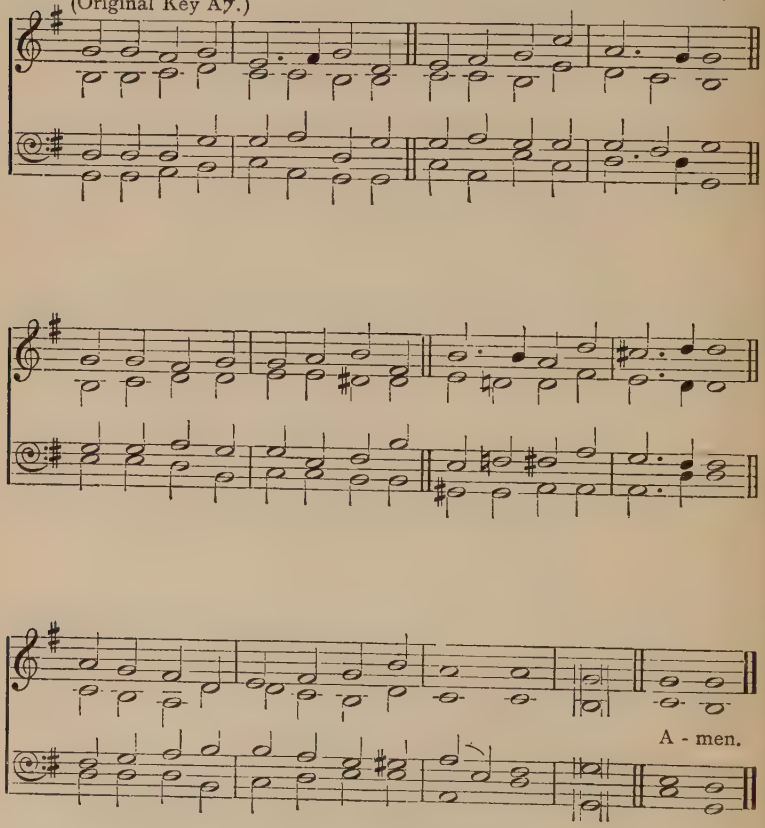
O help us, Saviour, from on high;
We know no help but Thee:
O help us so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be.

Dean Milman (1791—1868), 1827.

97

St. Raphael.
(Original Key A♭.)

E. J. Hopkins (1818—1901).



JESUS, Lord, we kneel before Thee,
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear:
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our time of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

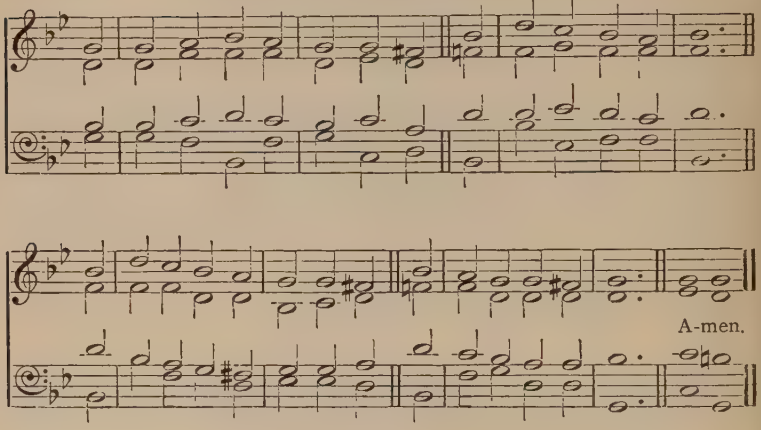
In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful Judgement-day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our hope and stay:
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

James John Cummins (1795—1867), 1819.

98

WINDSOR. *Founded on a melody by Christopher Tye* (*c.* 1497—1572).



LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

Help us through good report and ill
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

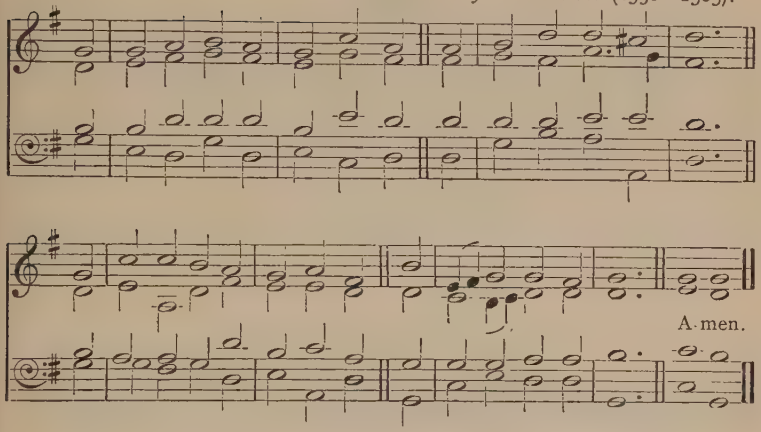
If joy should at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
'Father, Thy will be done.'

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.

John Hampden Gurney (1802—1862), 1838.

99

FARRANT. *From an anthem by W. Farrant* (1530—1585).



TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every evil heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

When to the right or left we stray,
Pity Thy helpless sheep,
Bring back our feet into the way,
And there Thy wanderers keep.

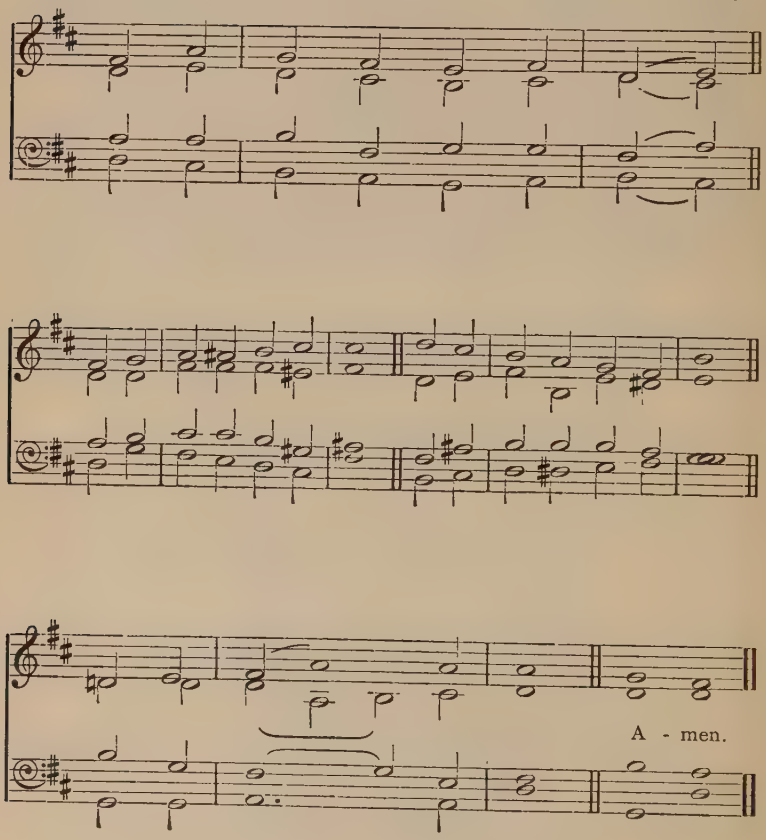
Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford
To soothe his brother's care.

Help us to build each other up,
Help us ourselves to prove;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

Charles Wesley (1707—1788), 1742.

100

HUDDERSFIELD. *Sir Walter Parratt.*



Lord of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the Life and Light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite,
Jesus, hear and save.

Mighty monarch, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save.

Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save.

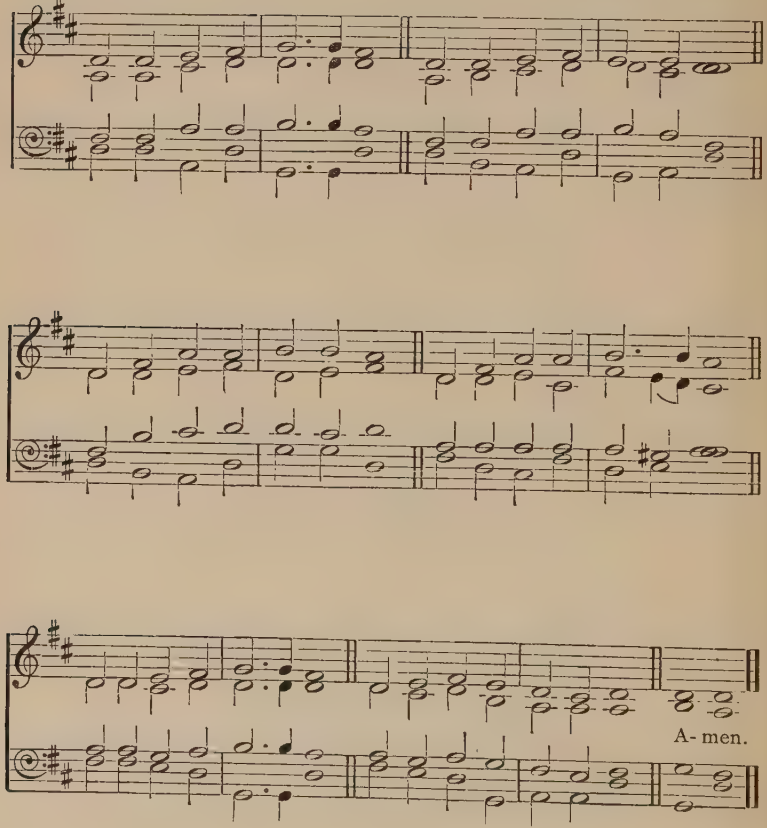
Who shalt yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us, help us when we cry:
Jesus, hear and save.

Bishop Heber (1783—1826), 1811.

101

REDHEAD, No. 76.

R. Redhead (1823—1901).



Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

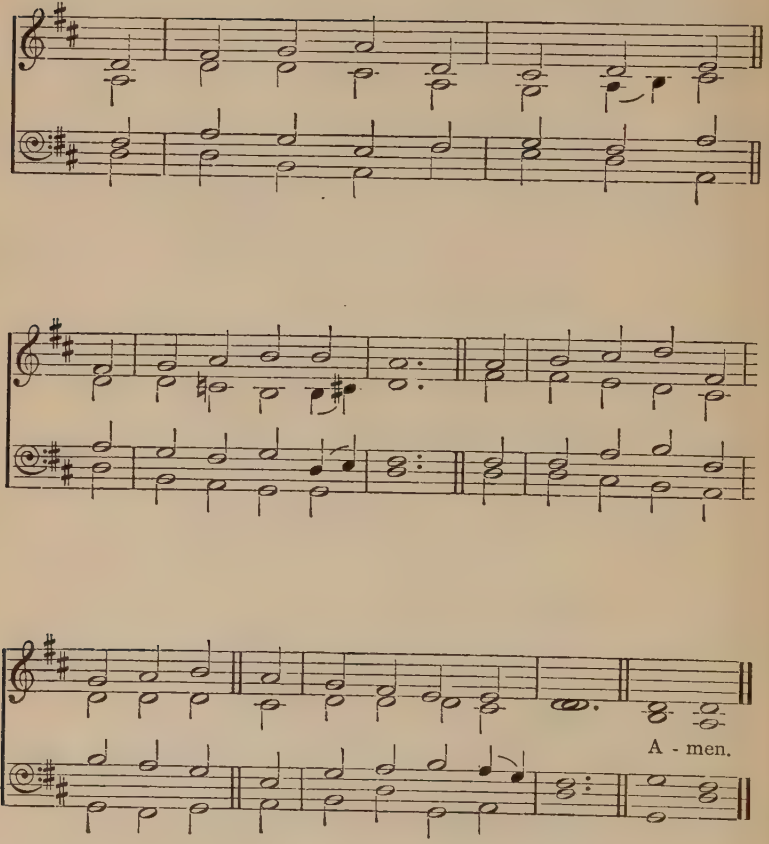
Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling:
Could my zeal no languor know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgement throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Varied from Augustus Montague Toplady (1740—1778), 1776.

102

CAITHNESS. *Scottish Psalter* (1635).



LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, let me be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

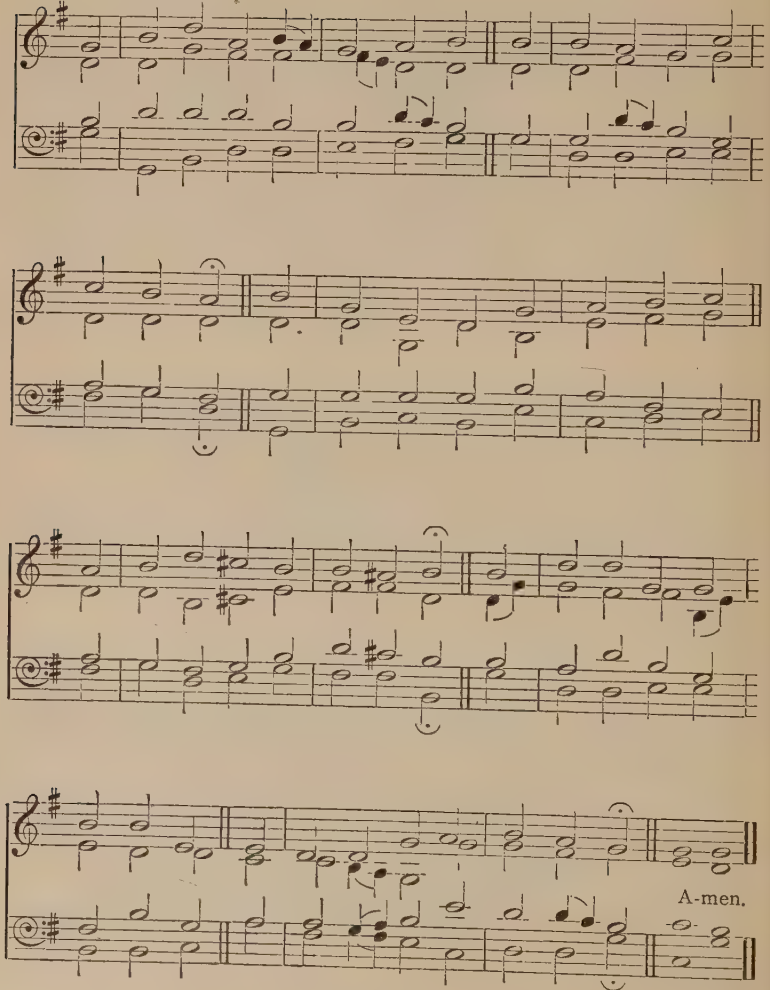
Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be!

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all
And I shall be with Him.

Varied from Richard Baxter (1615—1691), 1681

103

WRESTLING JACOB. *S. S. Wesley* (1810—1876).



(Genesis XXXII. 24—30.)

Come, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee:
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable Name?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer:
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy Name is Love.

'Tis Love! 'Tis Love! Thou diedst for me;
I hear Thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure universal Love Thou art:
To me, to all, Thy mercies move;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

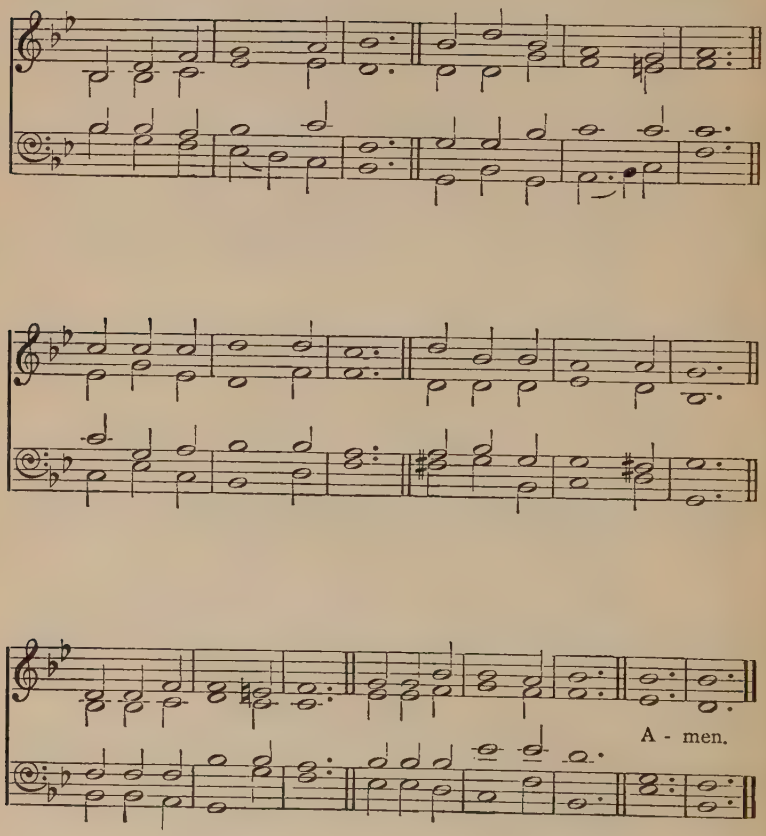
My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see Thee face to face,
I see Thee face to face, and live:
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,—
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay, and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

Charles Wesley (1707—1788), 1742

104

PETER. *C. Peter*, c. 1674.



'I GAVE My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead:
I gave My life for thee;
What hast thou given for Me?

'I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,
That an eternity
Of joy thou mightest know:
I spent long years for thee;
Hast thou spent one for Me?

'My Father's home of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone:
I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for Me?

'I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue may tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell:
I suffered much for thee;
What canst thou bear for Me?

'And I have brought to thee
Down from My home above
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love:
Great gifts I brought to thee;
What hast thou brought to Me?

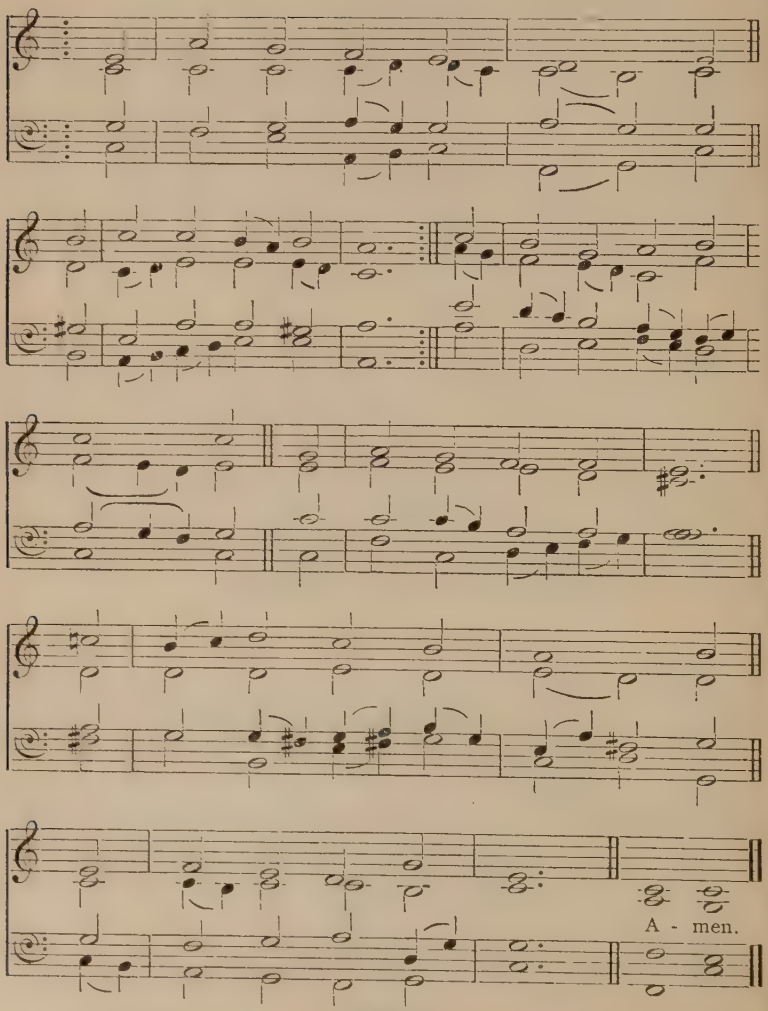
'O let thy life be given,
Thy years for Me be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent:
I gave Myself for thee;
Give thou thyself to Me.'

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836—1879), 1858.

105

PASSION CHORALE.

Melody by H. L. Hassler (1564—1612).
Adapted and harmonized by J. S. Bach.



O Jesu, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His Name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

O Jesu, Thou art knocking,
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

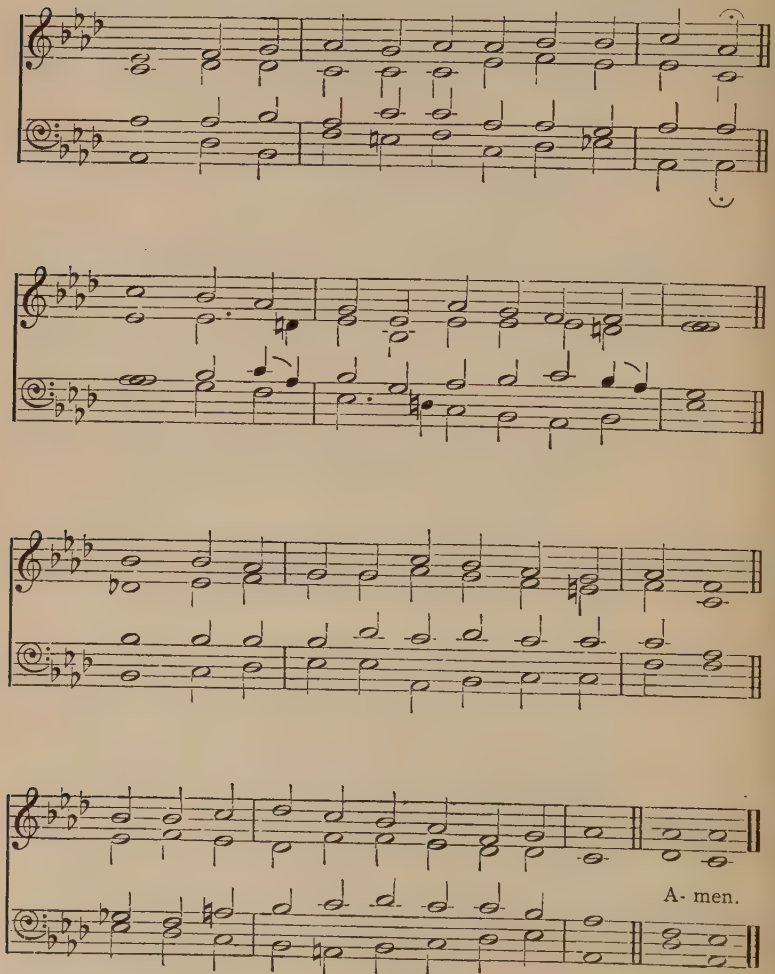
O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
'I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?'
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

Bishop Walsham How (1823—1897), 1867.

106

O WORD OF PITY.

J. Schicht (1753—1823).



"Father, forgive them."

O WORD of pity, for our pardon pleading,
Breathed in the hour of loneliness and pain;
O voice, which through the ages interceding
Calls us to fellowship with God again.

O word of comfort, through the silence stealing,
As the dread act of sacrifice began;
O infinite compassion, still revealing
The infinite forgiveness won for man.

O word of hope, to raise us nearer heaven,
When courage fails us, and when faith is dim;
The souls for whom Christ prays to Christ are given,
To find their pardon and their joy in Him.

O Intercessor, Who art ever living
To plead for dying souls that they may live,
Teach us to know the sin which needs forgiving,
Teach us to know the love which can forgive.

Ada Rundall Greenaway.

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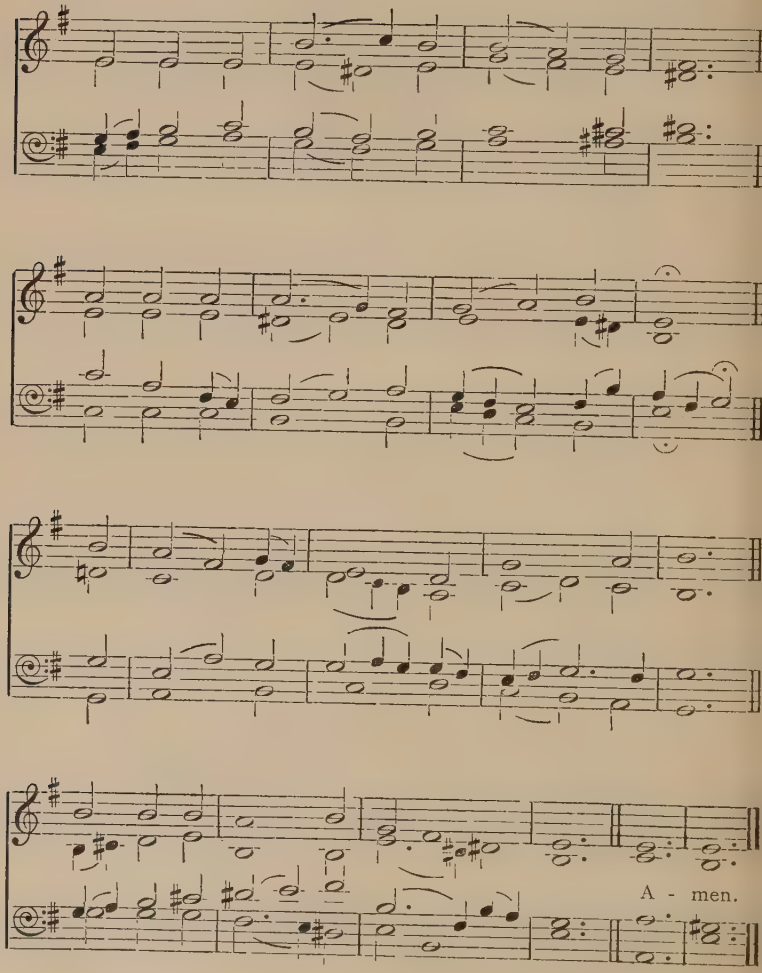
107

O COME AND MOURN.

German Traditional Melody.
Harm. by E. W. Goldsmith.



O come and mourn with me awhile,
O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come, together let us mourn:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

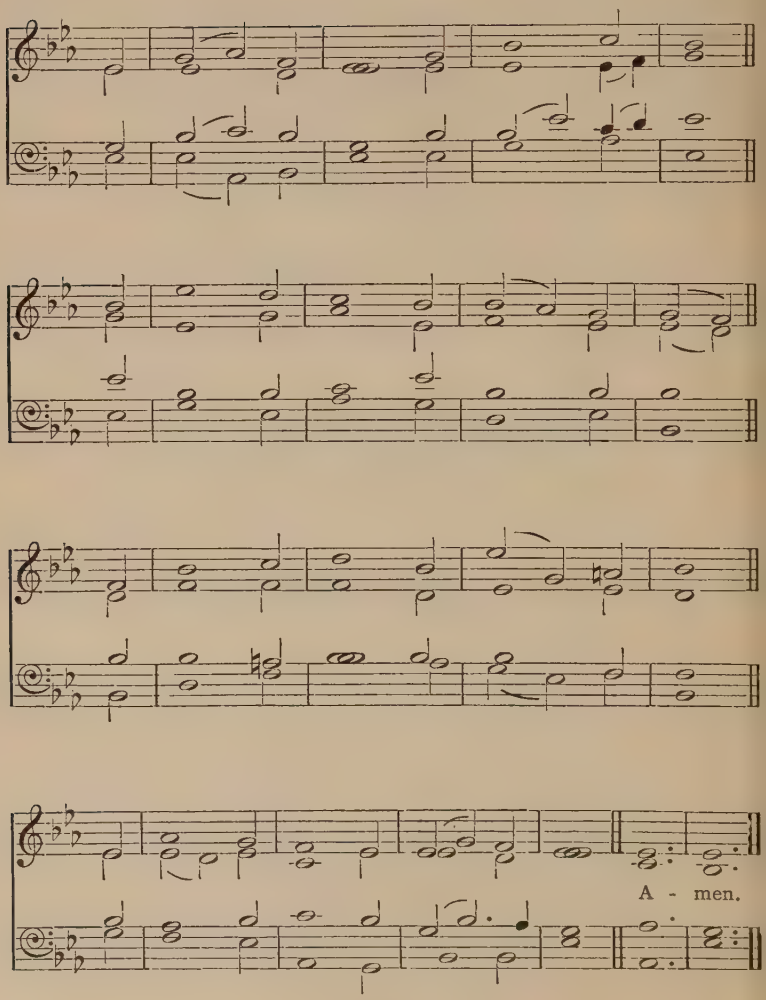
A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's cradle is:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

O love of God, O sin of man,
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Frederick William Faber (1814—1863), 1849.

108

ROCKINGHAM. *E. Miller* (1735—1807).



When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

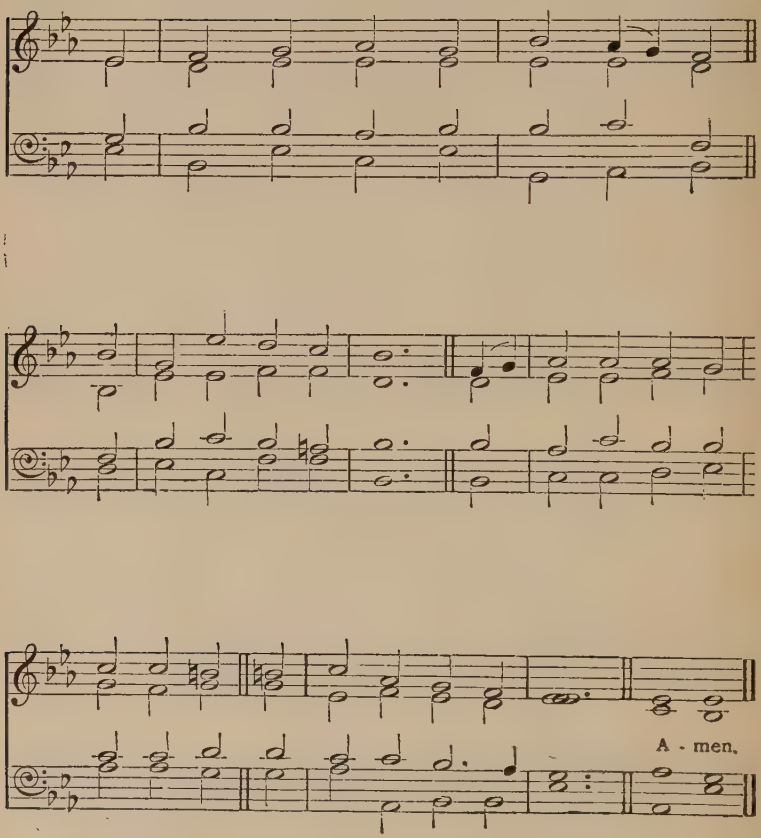
See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709.

109

HORSLEY. *W. Horsley* (1774—1858).



THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good;
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

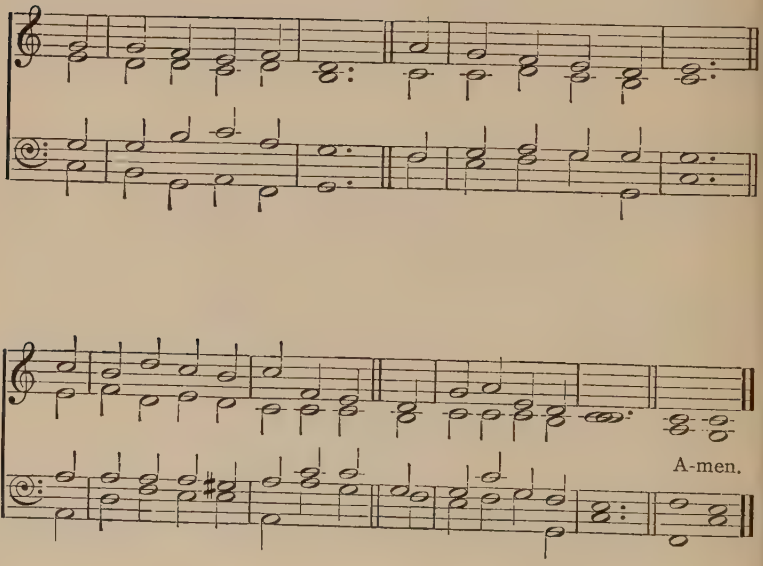
O, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander (1823—1895), 1848.

110

ST. PAUL'S.

Sir J. Stainer (1840—1901).



Lord Jesus, think on me,
And purge away my sin;
From earth-born passions set me free,
And make me pure within.

Lord Jesus, think on me,
With many a care oppressed;
Let me Thy loving servant be,
And taste Thy promised rest.

Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray;
Through darkness and perplexity
Point Thou the heavenly way.

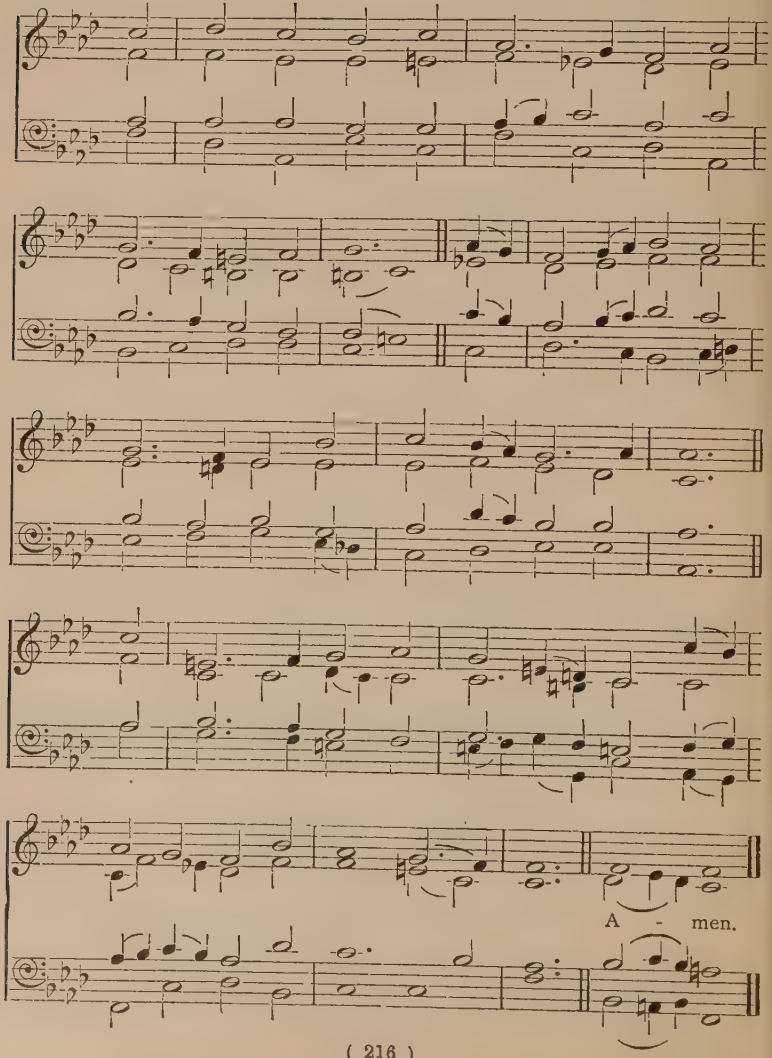
Lord Jesus, think on me,
When flows the tempest high:
When on doth rush the enemy,
O Saviour, be Thou nigh.

Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is past,
I may the eternal brightness see,
And share Thy joy at last.

Abbreviated and varied from the original by Rev. A. W. Chatfield, 1876, after 'Synesius,' Bishop of Ptolemais (375—430).

111

HYMN OF TRUST. *Melodeien* (*Halle*, 1767).



A HYMN OF TRUST.

ALONE, with none but Thee, my God,
I journey on my way:
What need I fear, when Thou art near,
O King of night and day?
More safe am I within Thy hand,
Than if a host did round me stand.

My destined time is fixed by Thee,
And Death doth know his hour;
Did warriors strong around me throng,
They could not stop his power;
No walls of stone can man defend
When Thou Thy messenger dost send.

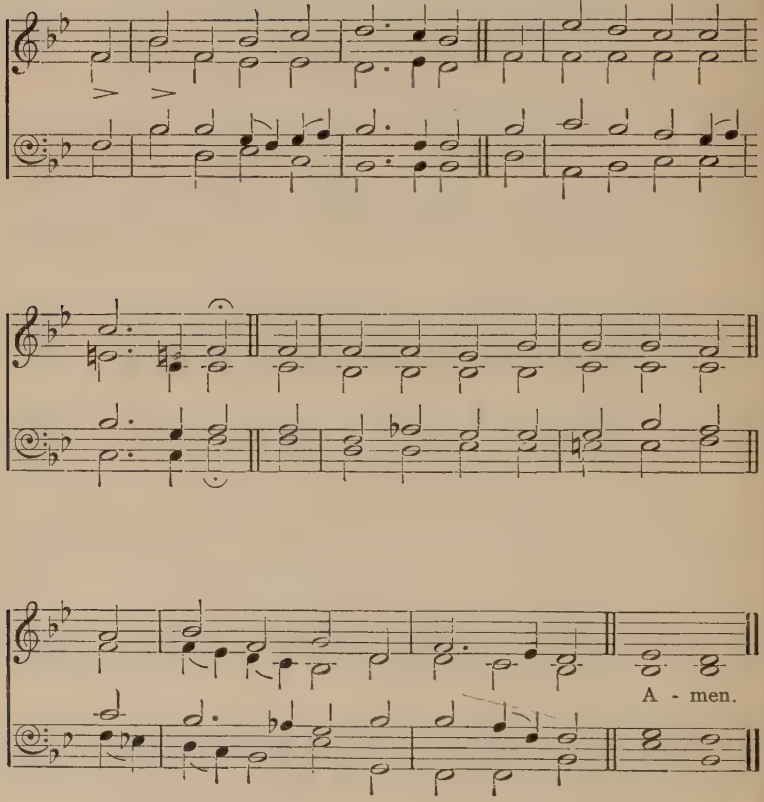
My life I yield to Thy decree,
And bow to Thy control
In peaceful calm, for from Thine arm
No power can wrest my soul.
Could earthly omens e'er appal
A man that heeds the heavenly call?

The child of God can fear no ill,
His chosen dread no foe;
We leave our fate with Thee, and wait
Thy bidding when to go.
'Tis not from chance our comfort springs,
Thou art our Trust, O King of kings.

From the Latin, attributed to St. Columba (521—597).

112

ST. DROSTANE. *J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.* (1823—1876).



Ride on, ride on in majesty;
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry:
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on, ride on in majesty;
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on, ride on in majesty;
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching Sacrifice.

Ride on, ride on in majesty;
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His sapphire throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.

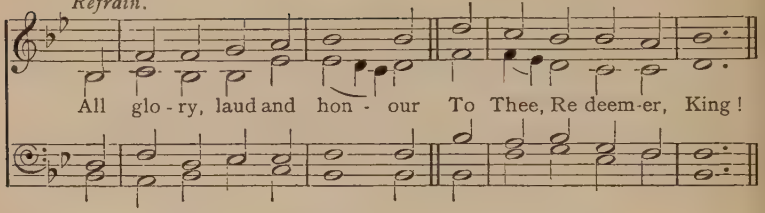
Ride on, ride on in majesty;
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

Varied from Dean Milman (1791—1868), 1827.

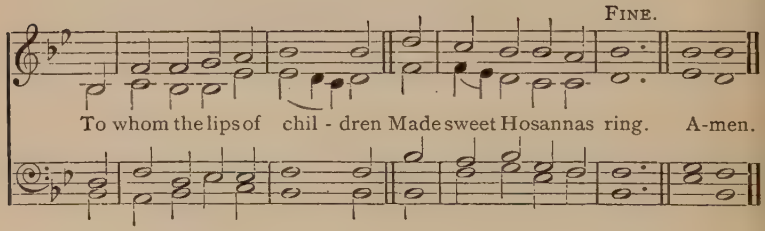
113

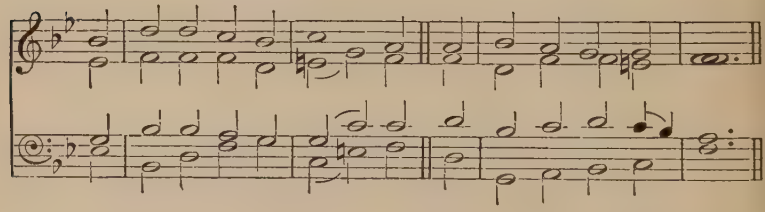
ST. THEODULPH. *Melchior Teschner* (c. 1613).

Refrain.

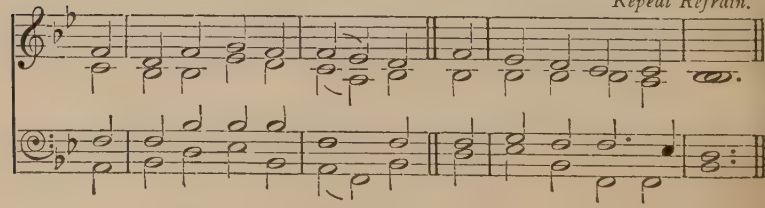


FINE.





Repeat Refrain.



All glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessèd One.
All glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.

The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

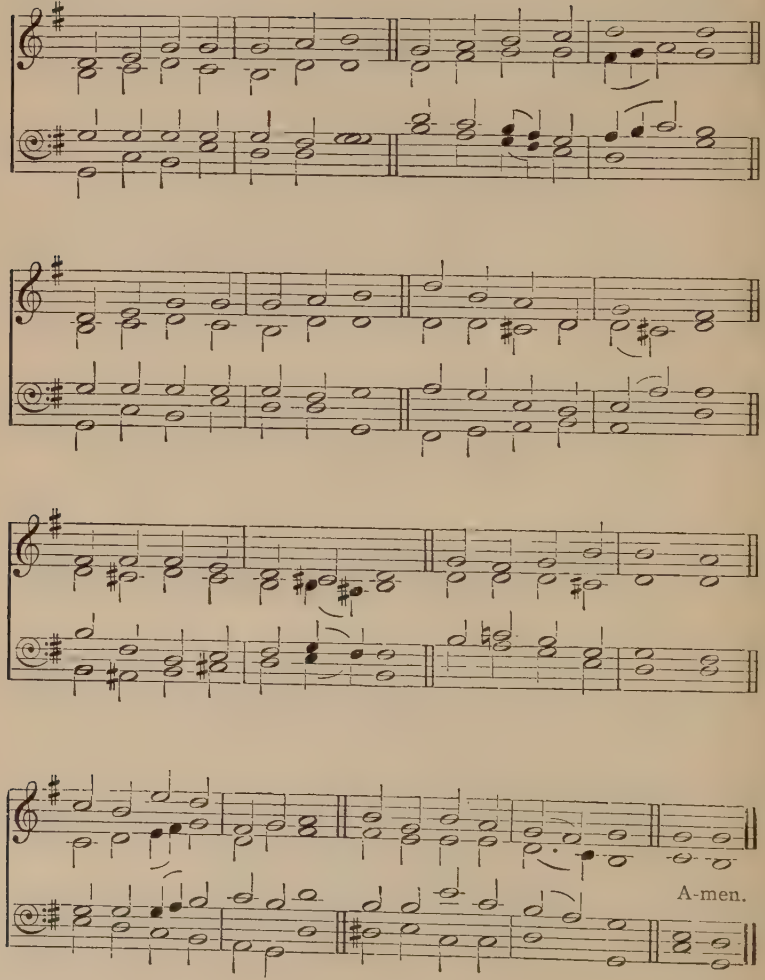
To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.

Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

John Mason Neale (1818—1866), 1859. *From the Hymn, 'Gloria, laus, et honor' of St. Theodulph of Orleans*, + 821.

114

ST. JOHN DAMASCENE. *A. H. Brown.*



COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness;
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoisten'd foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

'Tis the spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendour,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesu's Resurrection.

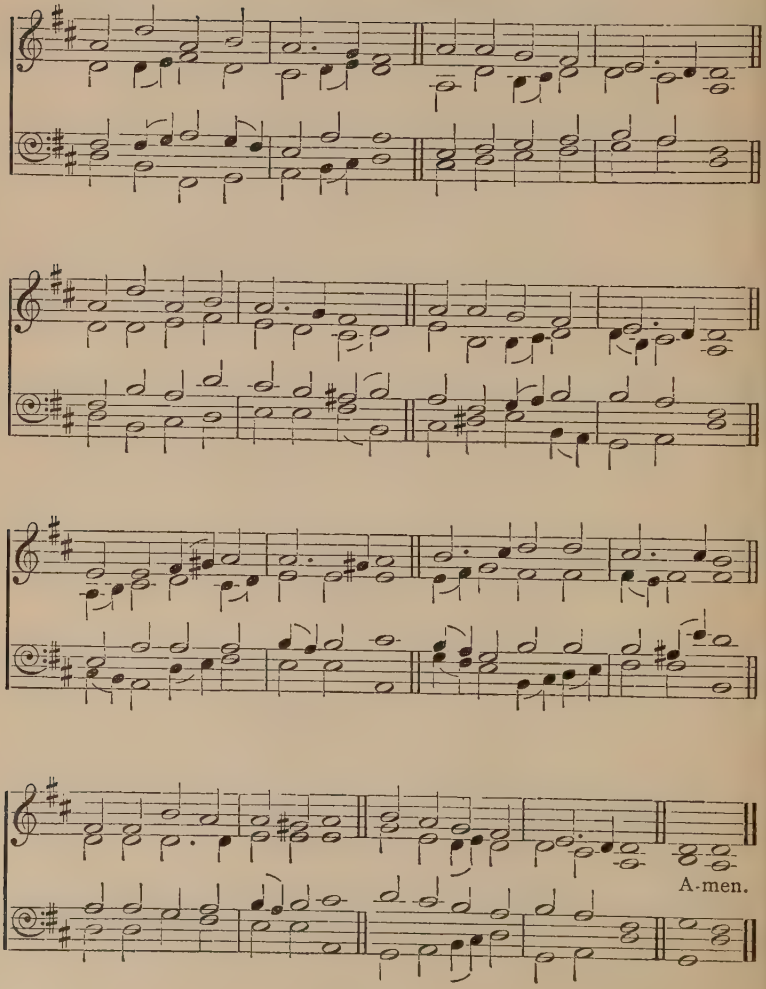
Alleluia now we cry
To our King Immortal,
Who triumphant burst the bars
Of the tomb's dark portal;
Alleluia, with the Son
God the Father praising;
Alleluia yet again
To the Spirit raising.

John Mason Neale (1818—1866), 1859. *From the Hymn* 'Αισωμεν πάντες λαοί' *of St. John of Damascus, + c.* 780; *last verse by compilers of Hymns A. and M.*

115

SALZBURG.

J. Hintze.
From "Praxis Pietatis Melica, 1678.



At the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from His piercèd side.
Praise we Him, whose love divine
Gives His guests His blood for wine,
Gives His body for the feast;
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.

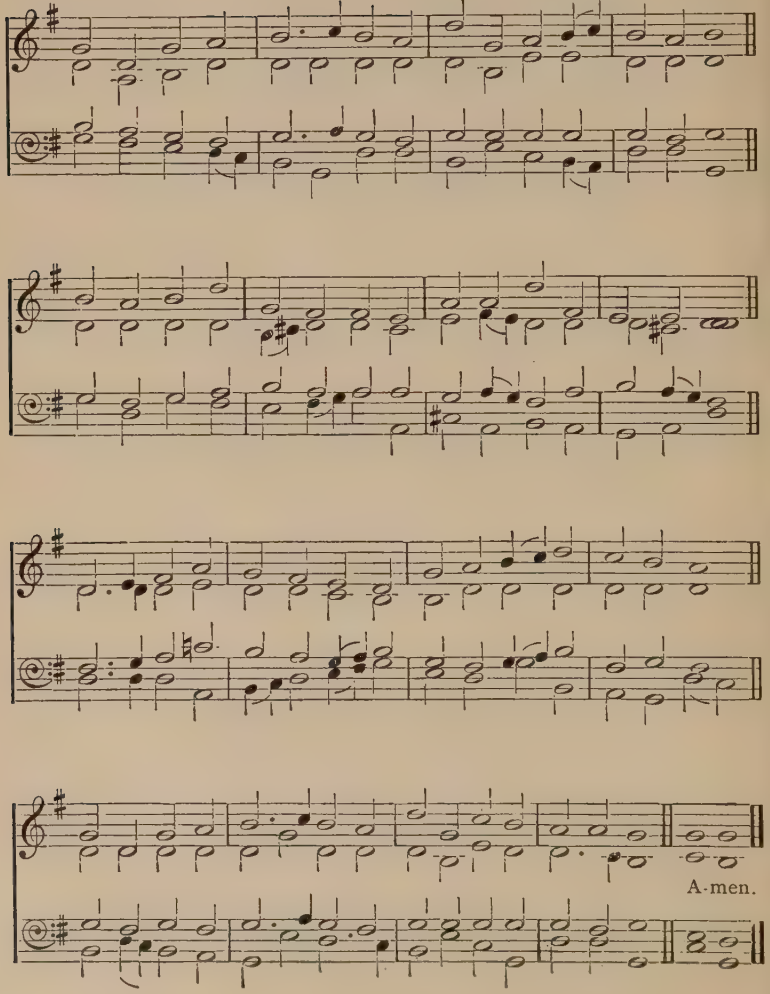
Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight;
Thou hast brought us life and light;
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthral;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise;
Risen Lord, all praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be.

Robert Campbell (1814—1868), 1849. *From the Hymn 'Ad regias Agni dapes,' recast by Urban VIII*, 1629, *from the Hymn, 'Ad coenam Agni providi,' of the eighth century or earlier.*

116

REX GLORIAE. *Henry Smart* (1813—1879).



Alleluia! Alleluia! hearts and voices heavenward raise;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness, sing to God a hymn of praise:
He, who on the Cross a victim for the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of Glory, now is risen from the dead.

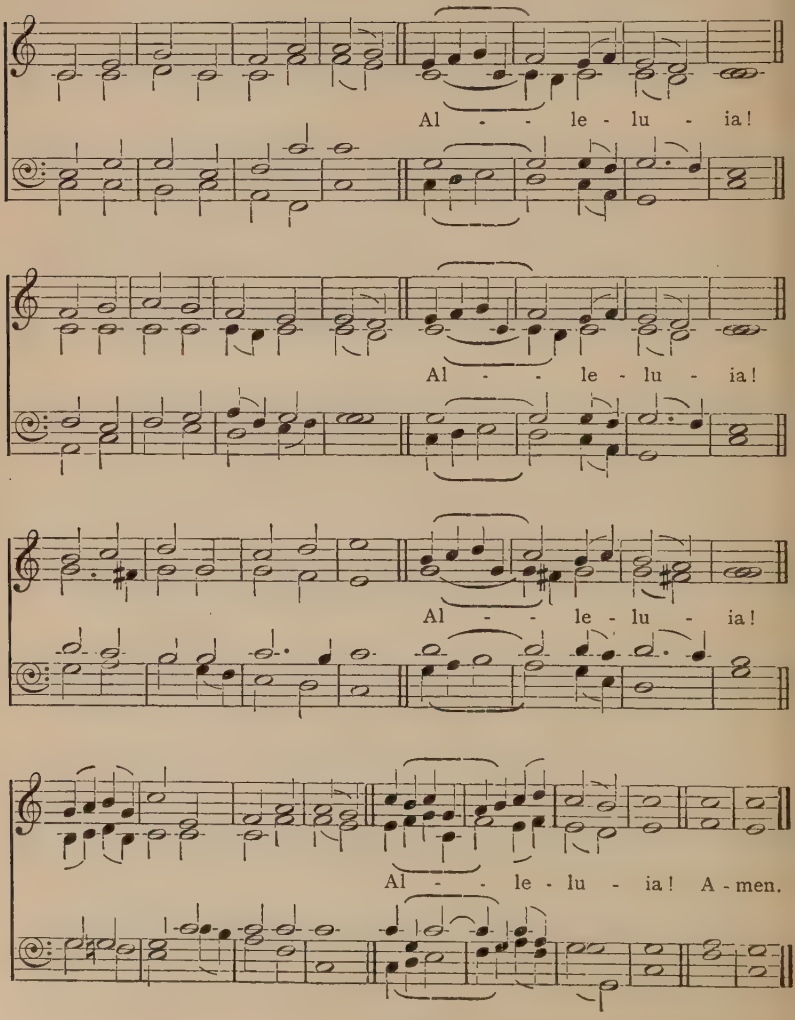
Christ is risen, Christ the firstfruits of the holy harvest-field,
Which shall all its full abundance at His second coming yield:
Then the golden ears of harvest shall their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine from the furrows of the grave.

Christ is risen; we are risen; shed on us Thy quickening grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory from the brightness of Thy face;
That, with hearts in heaven dwelling, we on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered safe for evermore with Thee.

Varied from Bishop Christopher Wordsworth (1807—1885), 1862.

117

EASTER HYMN. *From "Lyra Davidica," 1708.*



Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy-day, Alleluia!
Who did once upon the Cross Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing Alleluia!
Unto Christ our heavenly King, Alleluia!
Who endured the Cross and grave Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!

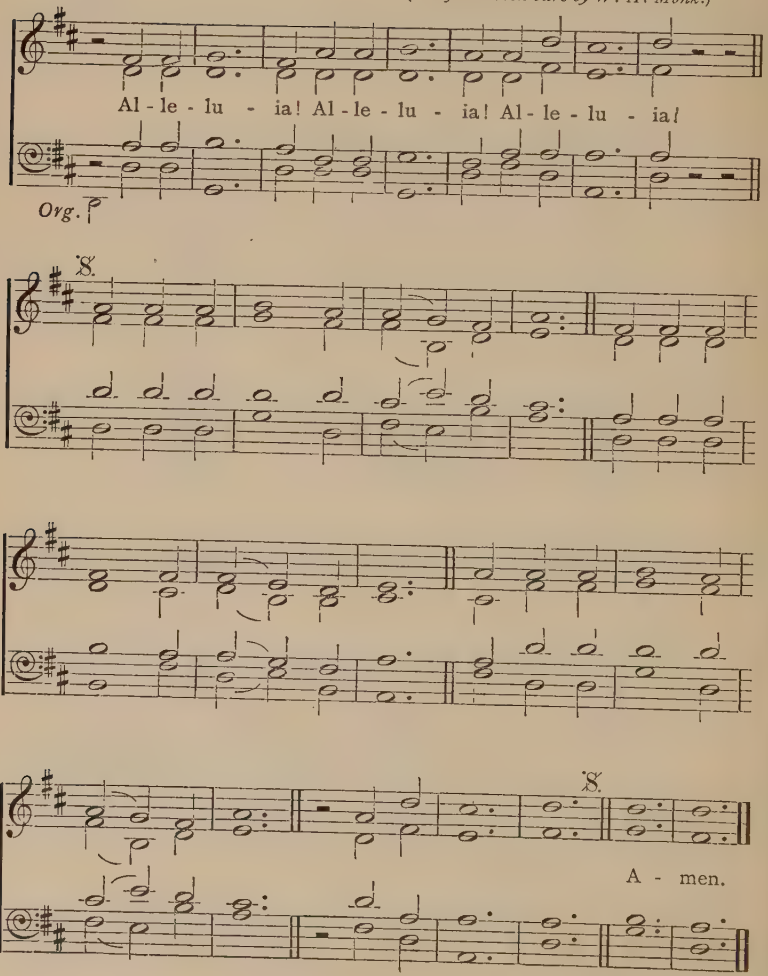
But the pains which He endured Alleluia!
Our salvation have procured: Alleluia!
Now above the sky He's King, Alleluia!
Where the angels ever sing, Alleluia!

By unknown authors, 1708, 1749; *varied later. First verse founded on the Hymn 'Surrexit Christus hodie,' of the fourteenth century.*

118

VICTORY.

Adapted from Palestrina (1525—1594).
(The first seven bars by W. H. Monk.)



ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!
THE strife is o'er, the battle done,
The triumph of the Lord is won;
O let the song of praise be sung,
Alleluia!

The powers of death have done their worst,
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst,
Alleluia!

On that third morn He rose again
In glorious majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain,
Alleluia!

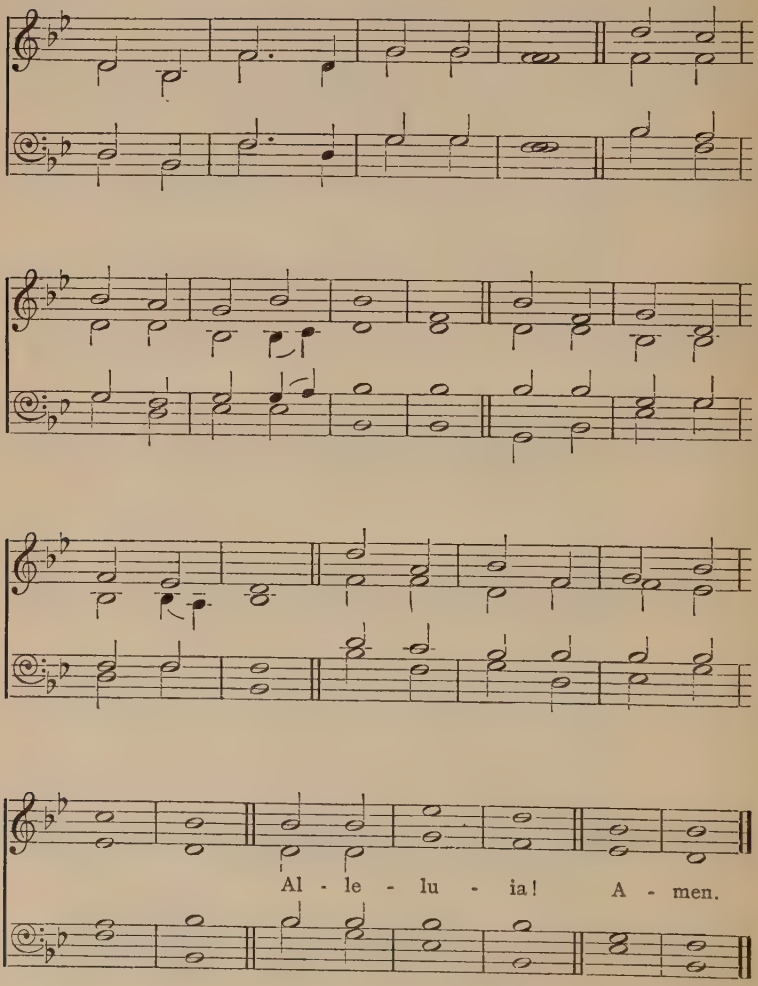
He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let songs of joy His triumph tell,
Alleluia!

Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee
Alleluia!

Francis Pott (1832—1909), 1860. *From the Hymn 'Finita jam sunt proelia,' perhaps of the twelfth century.*

119

ST. ALBINUS. *H. J. Gauntlett* (1805—1876).



JESUS lives; thy terrors now
Can no longer, Death, appal us:
Jesus lives; by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthral us.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives; henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives; for us He died;
Then alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

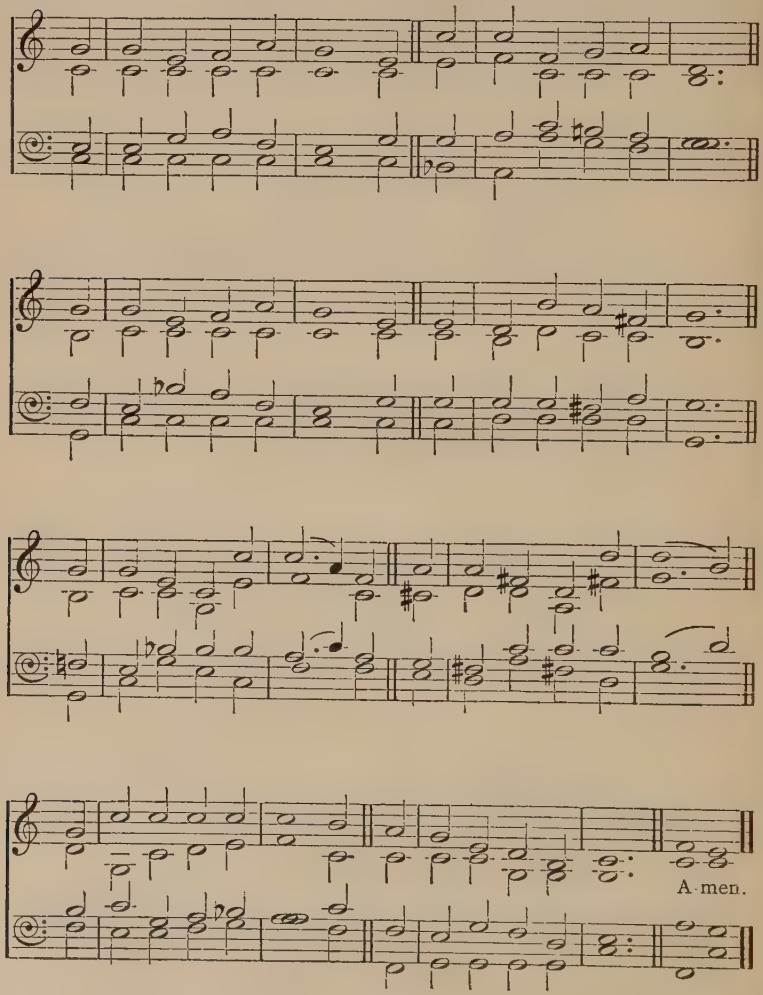
Jesus lives; our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever,
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives; to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia!

Varied from Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1841.
From the German of Christian F. Gellert, 1757.

120

LANCASHIRE. *Henry Smart* (1813—1879).



THE day of Resurrection!
  Earth, tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness,
  The Passover of God!
From death to life eternal,
  From this world to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
  With hymns of victory.

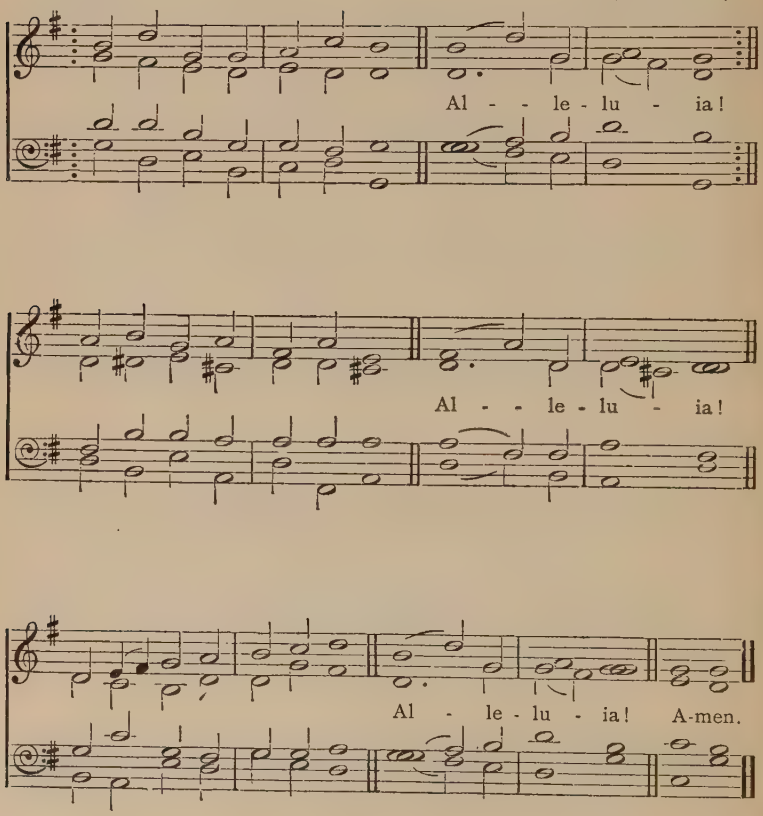
Our hearts be pure from evil,
  That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
  Of Resurrection light;
And, listening to His accents,
  May hear, so calm and plain,
His own 'All hail!'—and, hearing,
  May raise the victor strain.

Now let the heavens be joyful,
  Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
  And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible
  Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
  Our joy that hath no end.

John Mason Neale (1818—1866), 1862. *From the Hymn* '*Ἀναστάσεως ἡμέρα*' *of St. John of Damascus, + c.* 780.

121

ASCENSION. *W. H. Monk* (1823—1889).



HAIL the day that sees Him rise Alleluia!
Glorious to His native skies! Alleluia!
Christ, awhile to mortals given, Alleluia!
Enters now the highest heaven. Alleluia!

There the glorious triumph waits; Alleluia!
Lift your heads, eternal gates: Alleluia!
Christ has vanquished death and sin, Alleluia!
Take the King of Glory in. Alleluia!

Lo! the heaven its Lord receives, Alleluia!
Yet He loves the earth He leaves; Alleluia!
Though returning to His throne, Alleluia!
Still He calls mankind His own. Alleluia!

Still for us He intercedes; Alleluia!
His prevailing death He pleads; Alleluia!
Near Himself prepares our place, Alleluia!
Harbinger of human race. Alleluia!

Lord, though parted from our sight, Alleluia!
Far above the starry height, Alleluia!
Grant our hearts may thither rise, Alleluia!
Seeking Thee above the skies. Alleluia!

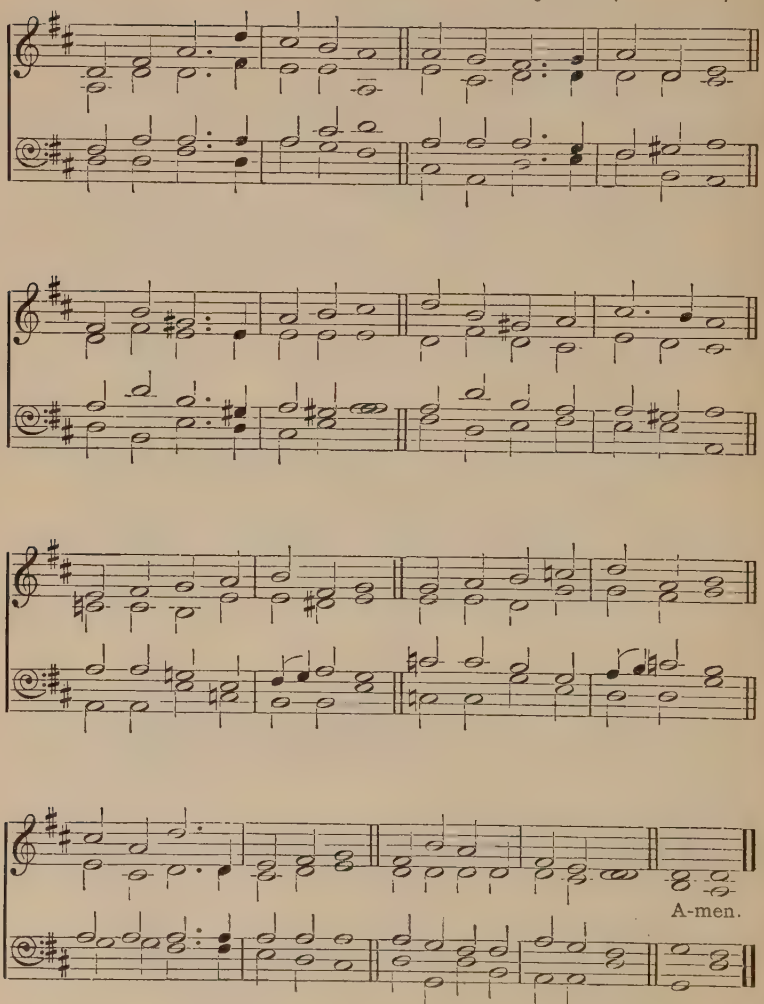
There we shall with Thee remain Alleluia!
Partners of Thy endless reign, Alleluia!
There Thy face unclouded see, Alleluia!
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee. Alleluia!

Charles Wesley (1707—1788), 1739.
Varied by Thomas Cotterill, 1820.

122

Goss.

Sir J. Goss (1800—1880).



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He is gone: a cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight;
High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor angel's ken;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone: but we once more
Shall behold Him as before,
In the heaven of heavens the same
As on earth He went and came:
In the many mansions there,
Place for us He will prepare;
In that world, unseen, unknown,
He and we shall yet be one.

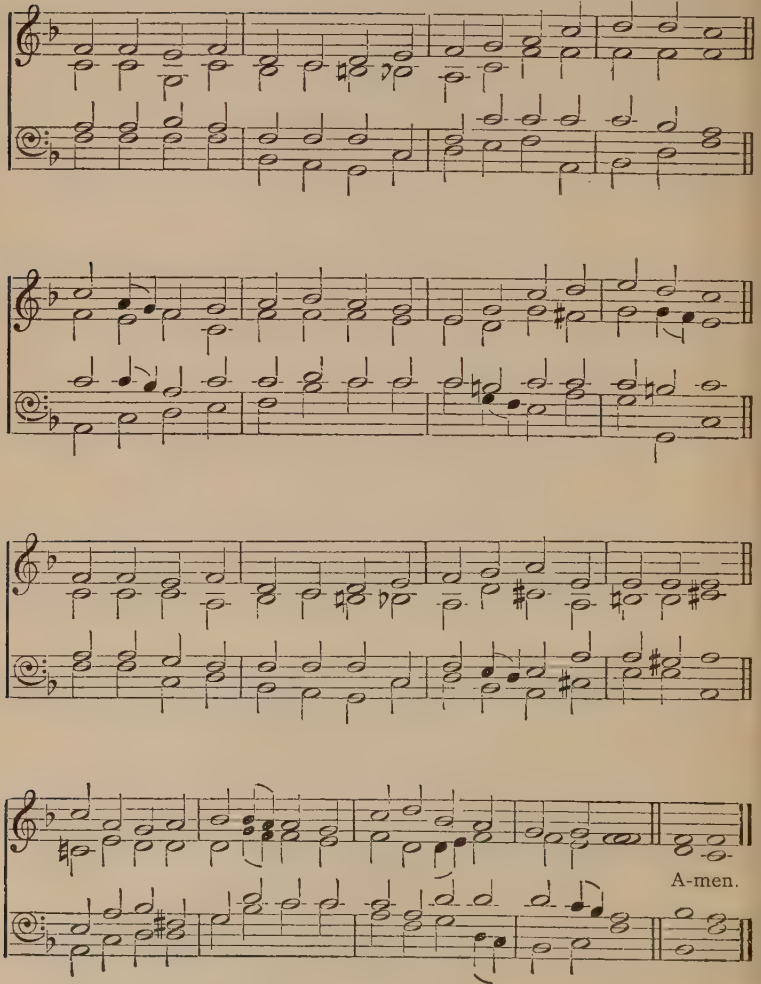
He is gone: we heard Him say,
'Good that I should go away.'
Gone is that dear Form and Face,
But not gone His present grace.
Though Himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be—
No! His Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

Abbreviated and slightly varied from Dean Stanley (1815—1881), 1859.

123

ALLELUIA.

S. S. Wesley (1810—1876).



ALLELUIA! sing to Jesus,
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone:
Hark! the songs of holy Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood,
'Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by His blood.'

Alleluia! not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how:
Though the cloud from sight received Him
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget His promise,
'I am with you evermore'?

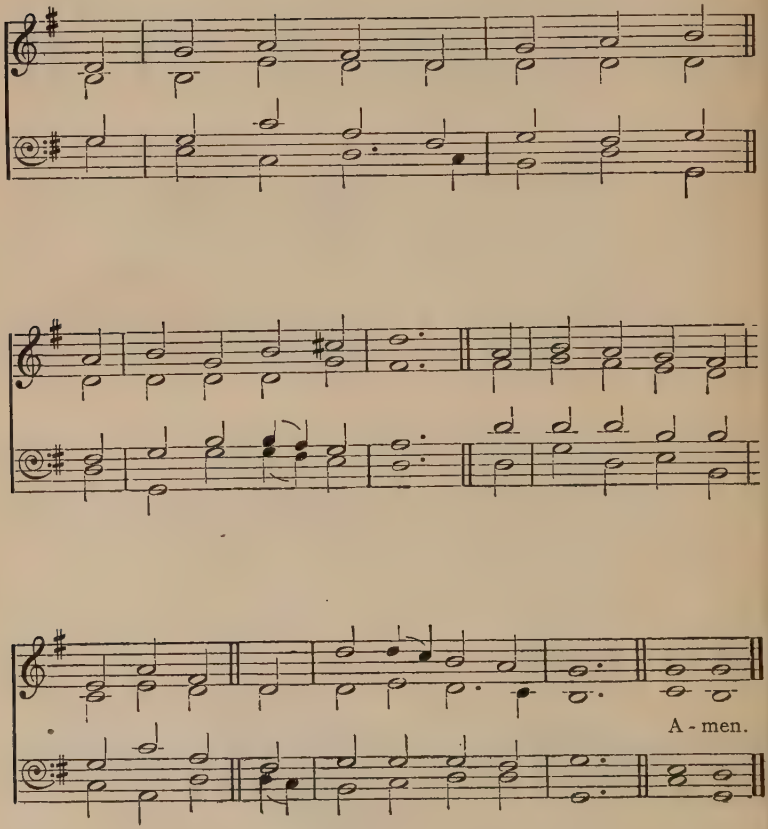
Alleluia! Bread of angels,
Thou on earth our food, our stay;
Alleluia! here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day:
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

Alleluia! sing to Jesus,
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone:
Hark! the songs of peaceful Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood,
'Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by His blood.'

William Chatterton Dix (1837—1898), 1866.

124

ST. MAGNUS. *Jeremiah Clarke* (c. 1669—1707).



THE Head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

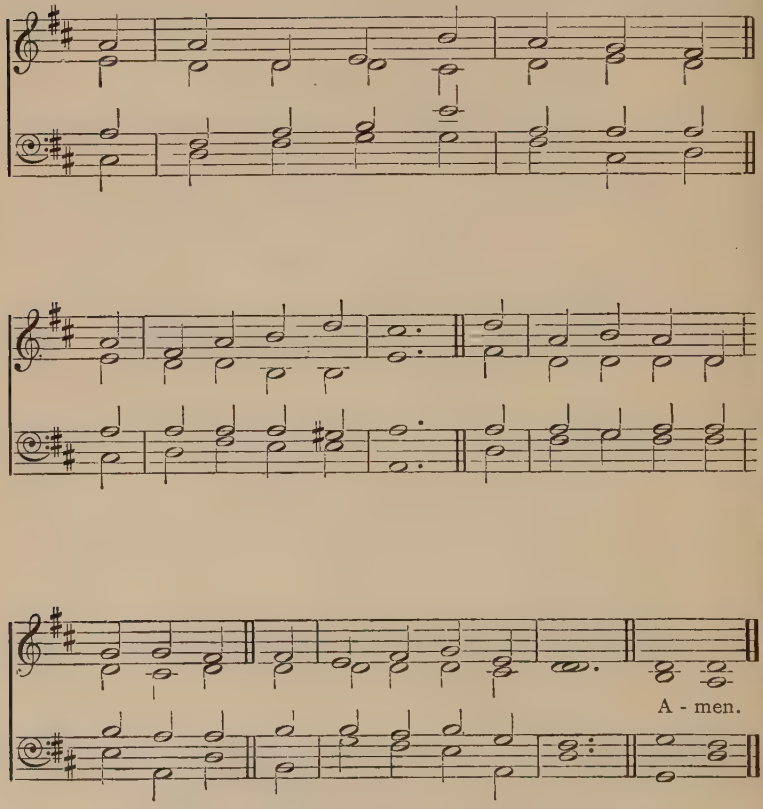
They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

The Cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

T. Kelly (1769—1854), 1820.

125

ST. FULBERT. *H. J. Gauntlett* (1805—1876).



THE eternal gates lift up their heads,
The doors are opened wide;
The King of Glory is gone up
Unto His Father's side.

Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.

And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veils Thee from our eyes.

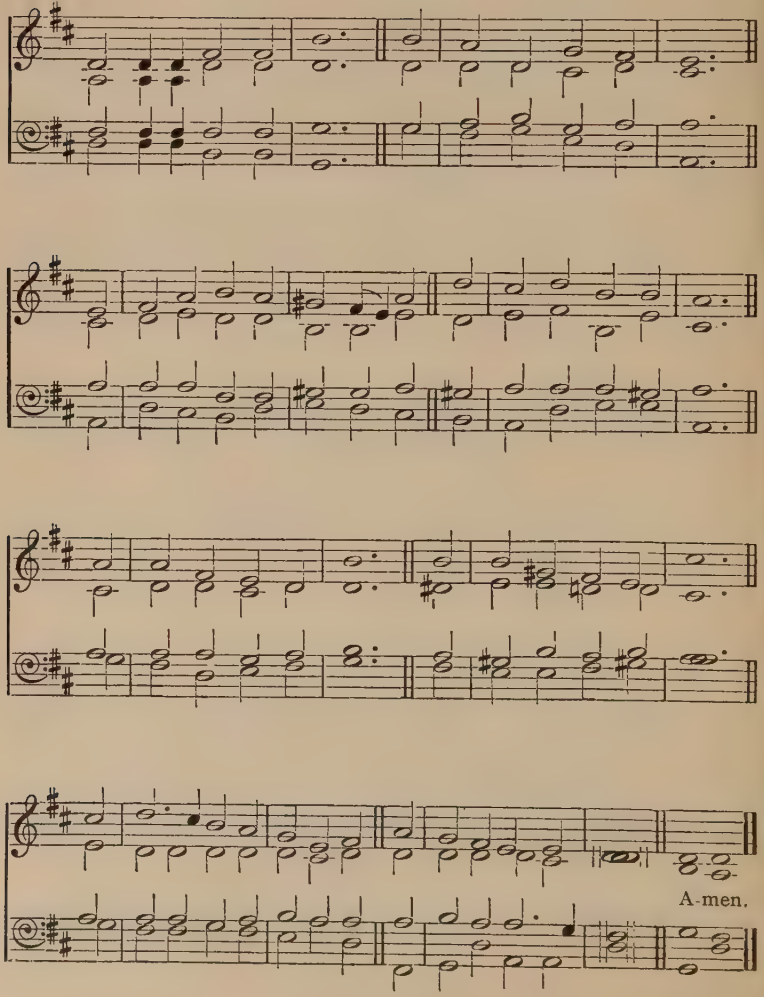
Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
And let Thy grace be given,
That, while we linger yet below,
Our treasure be in heaven;

That, where Thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love, may be:
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

Cecil Frances Alexander (1823—1895), 1852

126

DIADEMATA. *Sir George J. Elvey* (1816—1893).



Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save:
His glories now we sing,
Who died and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

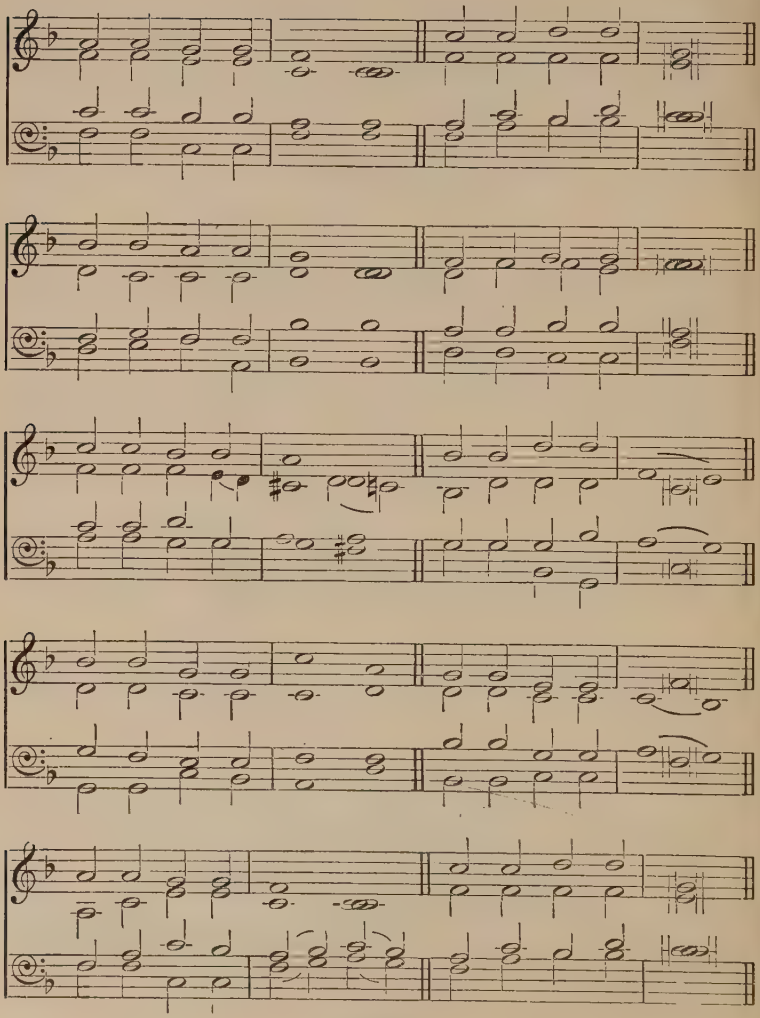
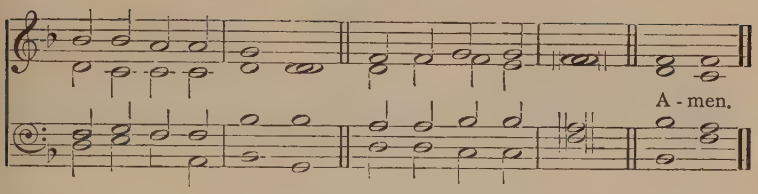
Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began;
And ye who tread where He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of Man,
Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.

Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime:
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

Adapted from M. Bridges (1800—1894).
G. Thring (1823—1893), 1851.

127

HAYDN.

F. J. Haydn (1732—1809).



GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King.
Christ the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended,
Glory to our King!

He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.

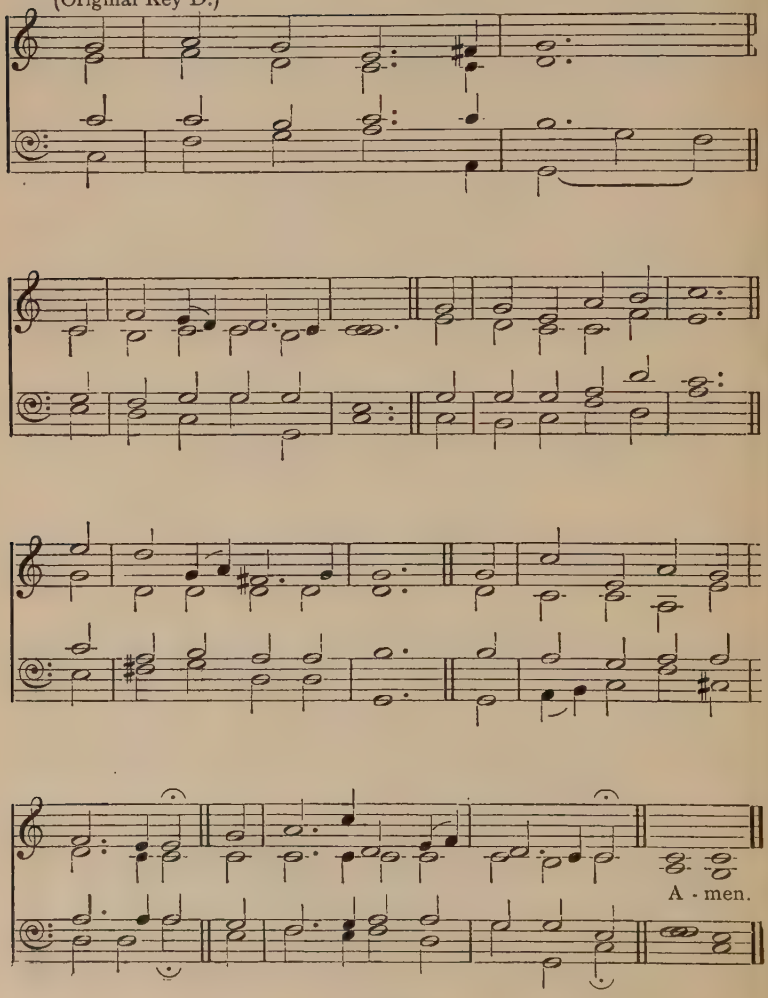
Praying for His children
In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace,
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you,
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836—1879), 1871.

128

G. F. Handel (1685—1759).
(From the Fitzwilliam MS.)

GOPSAL.
(Original Key D.)



REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, Rejoice!

Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.

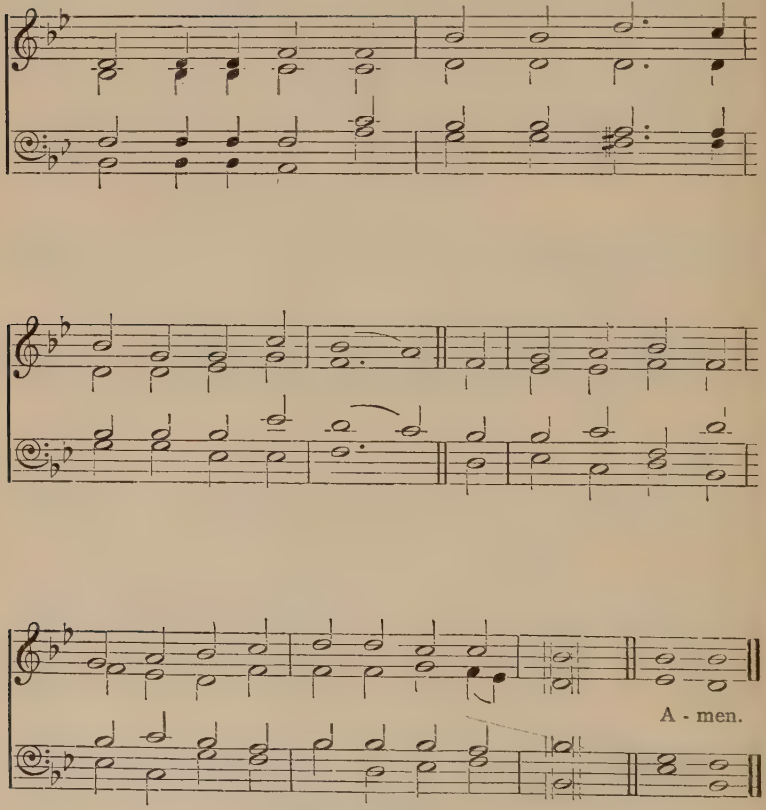
His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given.

He sits at God's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.

Charles Wesley (1707—1788), 1746.

129

NATIVITY. *H. Lahee* (1826—1912), 1855.



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(Rev. V. 11—13.)

Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus!'
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For He was slain for us!'

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

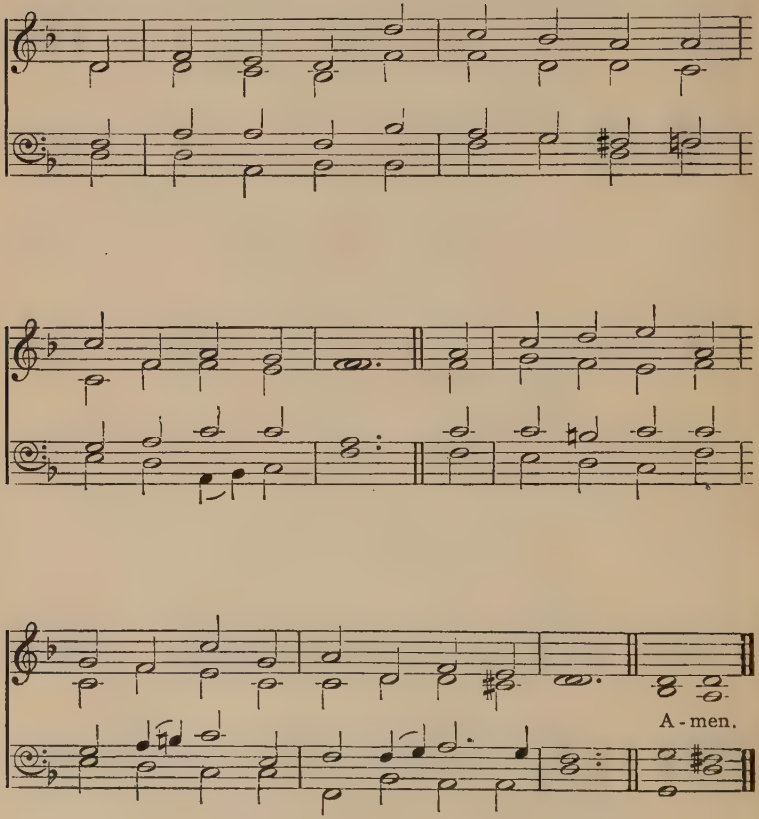
Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise:

The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1707.

130

PLAYFORD'S ST. MARY. *From Prys's Psalter*, 1621.



When God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame:

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrill'd from the deep, dark cloud,

So when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

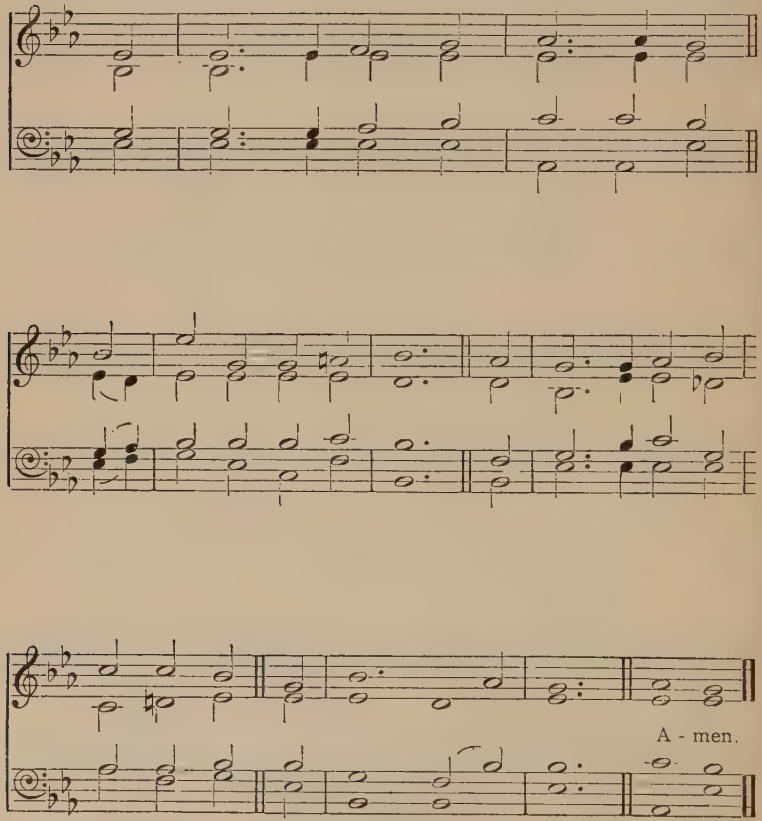
It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

Come, Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power.
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

John Keble (1792—1866), 1827.

131

ST. CUTHBERT. *J. B. Dykes* (1823—1876).



Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

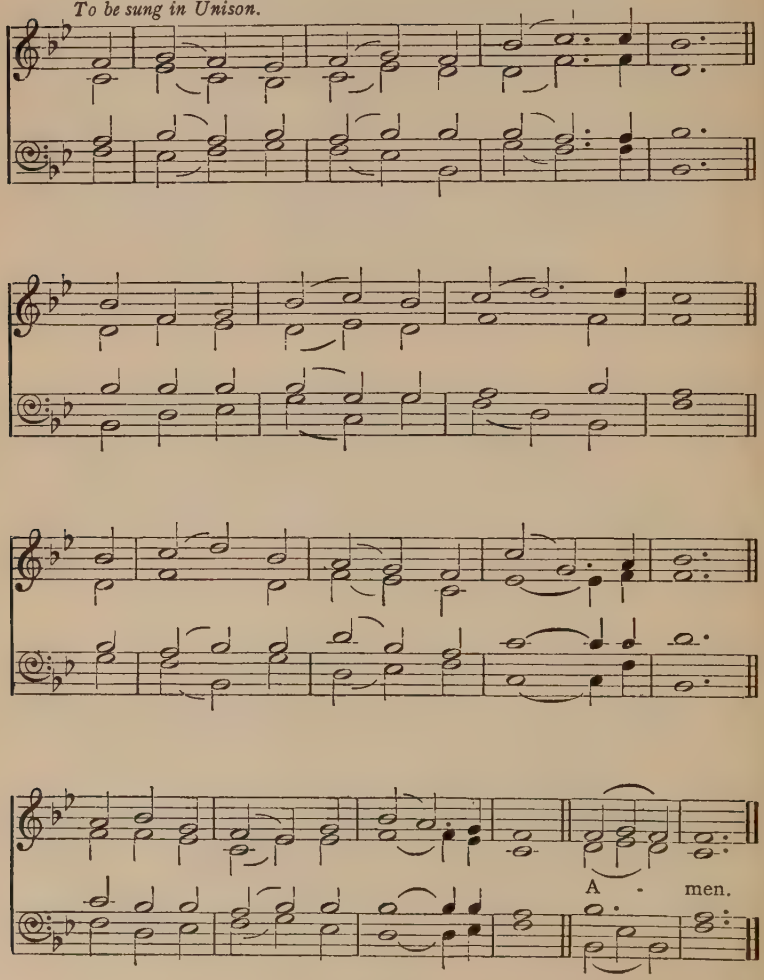
Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling place,
And meet for Thee.

Harriet Auber (1773—1862), 1829.

132

VENI CREATOR (Mechlin Version). *Melody from 'Vesperale Romanum.'*

To be sung in Unison.



VENI, Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita,
Imple superna gratia
Quae tu creasti pectora.

Qui Paraclitus diceris,
Donum Dei altissimi,
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
Et spiritalis unctio;

Tu septiformis munere,
Dextrae Dei tu digitus,
Tu rite promissum Patris,
Sermone ditans guttura,

Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus,
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus,
Ductore sic te praevio
Vitemus omne noxium.

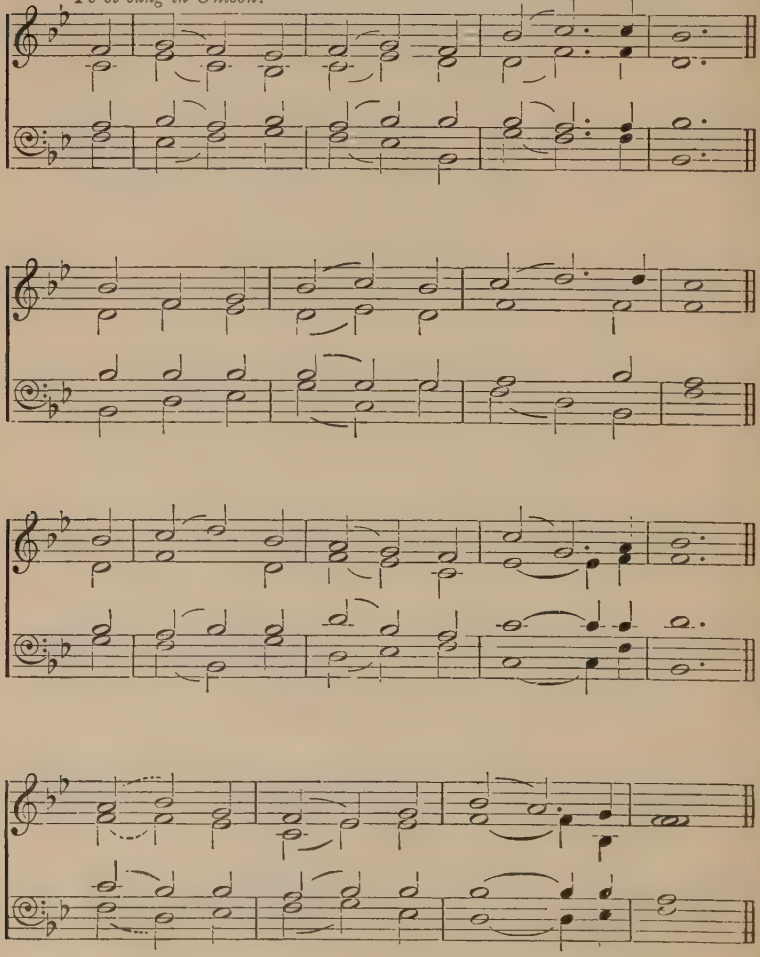
Per te sciamus da Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Te utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

Hymn of the tenth century or earlier.

133

VENI CREATOR (Mechlin Version). *Melody from 'Vesperale Romanum.'*

To be sung in Unison.

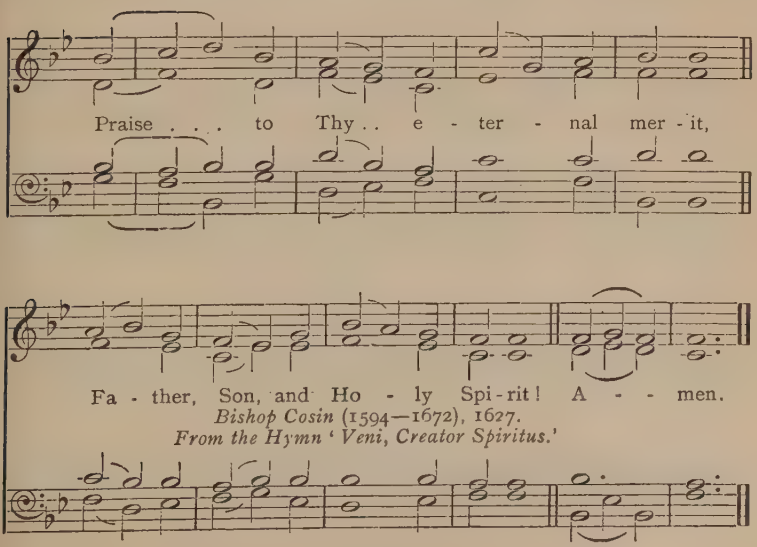


COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

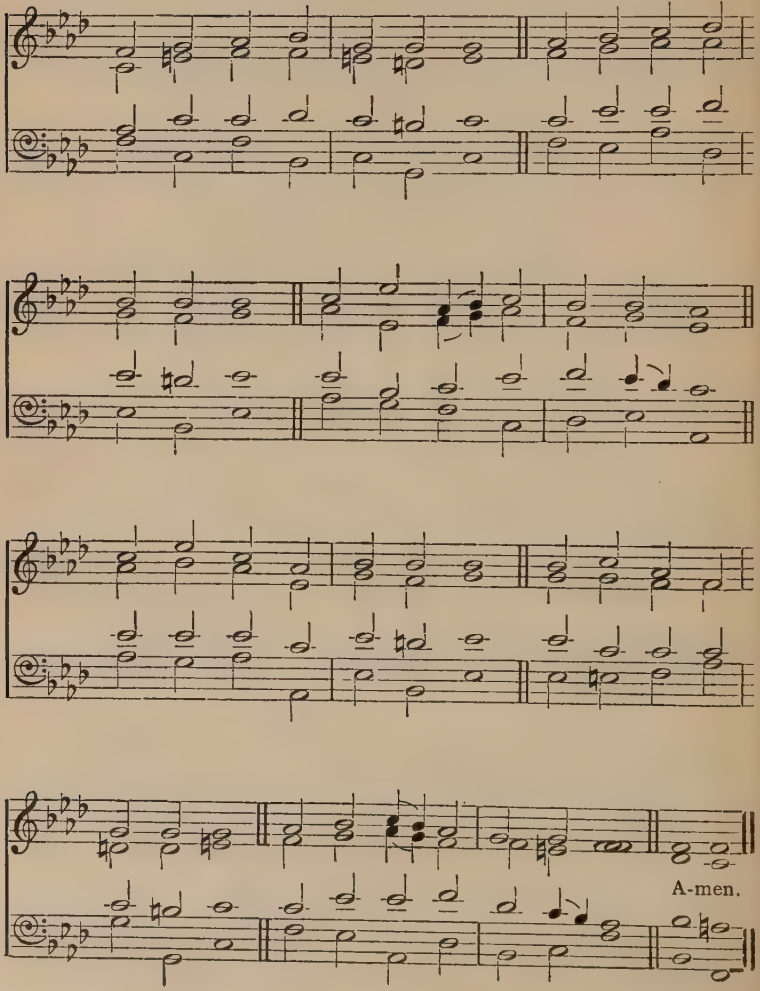
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but One:
That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song,



Bishop Cosin (1594—1672), 1627.
From the Hymn 'Veni, Creator Spiritus.'

134

LUXEMBURG. *From the Luxemburg Hymn Book.*



VENI, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte caelitus
Lucis tuae radium.

Veni, Pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
Veni, lumen cordium:

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animae,
Dulce refrigerium:

In labore requies,
In aestu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

O Lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium.

Sine tuo numine
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium;

Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium.

Da tuis fidelibus
In te confidentibus
Sacrum septenarium;

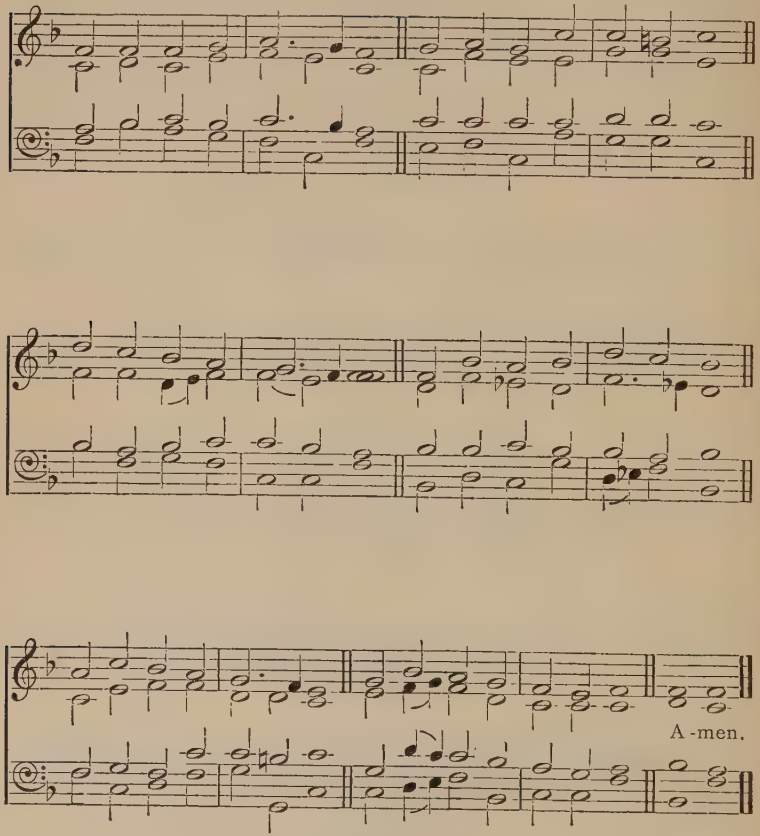
Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium.

Attributed to Pope Innocent III (1161—1216).

135

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS.

S. Webbe (1740—1816).



COME, Thou Holy Spirit, come;
And from Thy celestial home
Shed a ray of light divine;
Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come, Thou Source of all our store,
Come, within our bosoms shine.

Thou of comforters the best,
Thou the soul's most welcome Guest,
Sweet refreshment here below;
In our labour rest most sweet,
Grateful coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

O most blessèd Light divine,
Shine within these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill;
Where Thou art not, man hath nought,
Nothing good in deed or thought,
Nothing free from taint of ill.

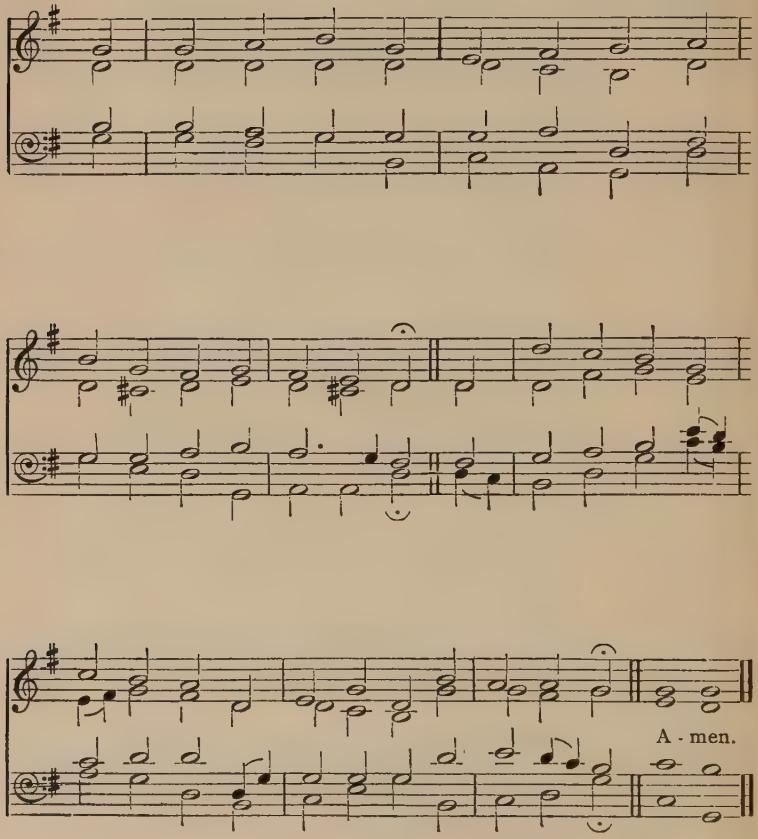
Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away:
Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

On the faithful, who adore
And confess Thee evermore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend:
Give them virtue's sure reward,
Give them Thy salvation, Lord,
Give them joys that never end.

E. Caswall (1814—1878) *and others, from the Latin.*

136

ELY. *Bishop Turton* (1780—1864).



Spirit of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed Thine influence from above,
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

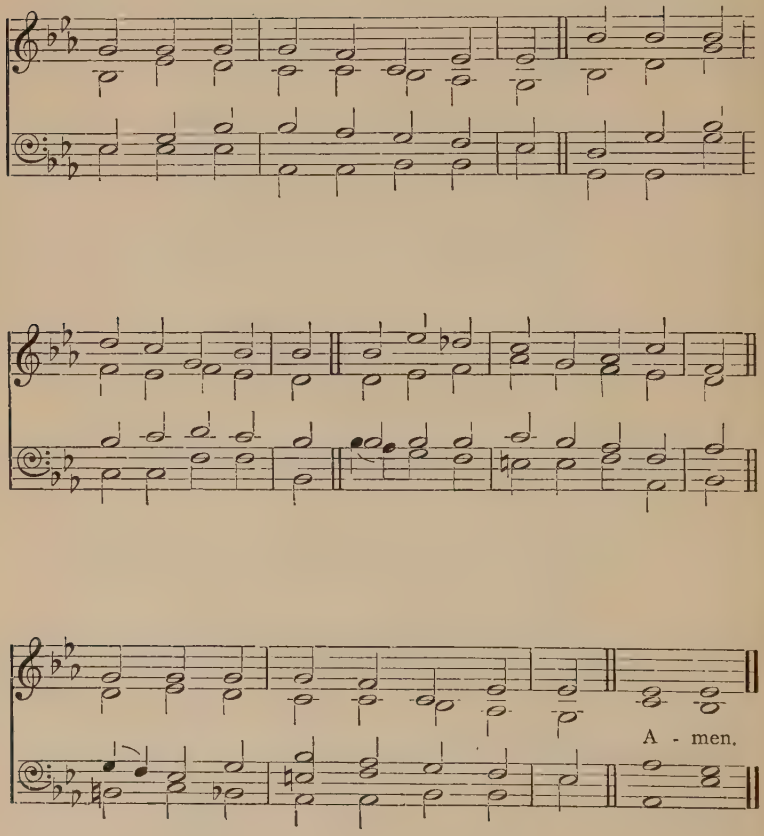
In every clime, by every tongue
Be God's surpassing glory sung;
Let all the listening earth be taught
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.

Unfailing Comfort, Heavenly Guide,
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

Author unknown, 1774.

137

FRAINSBY. *G. Dyson.*



COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

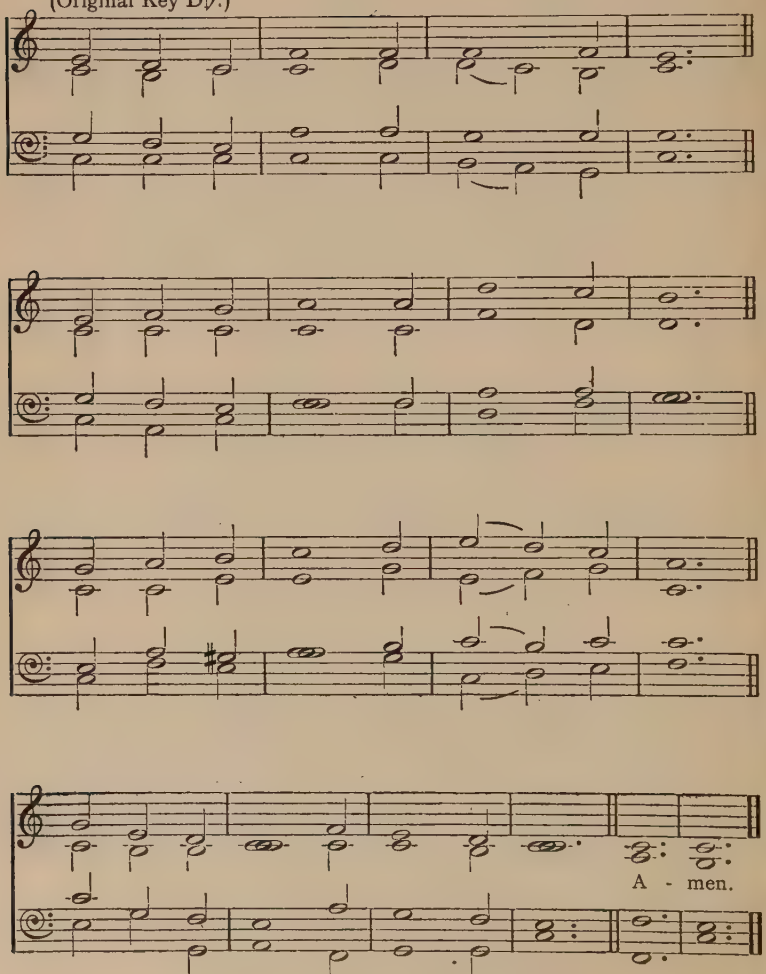
Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray;
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest.

Varied from Simon Browne (1680—1732), 1720.

138

OMBERSLEY.
(Original Key D♭.)

W. H. Gladstone (1845—1891).



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

Spirit of God, that moved of old
Upon the waters' darkened face,
Come, when our faithless hearts are cold,
And stir them with an inward grace.

Thou, that art Power and Peace combined,
All highest Strength, all purest Love,
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove,

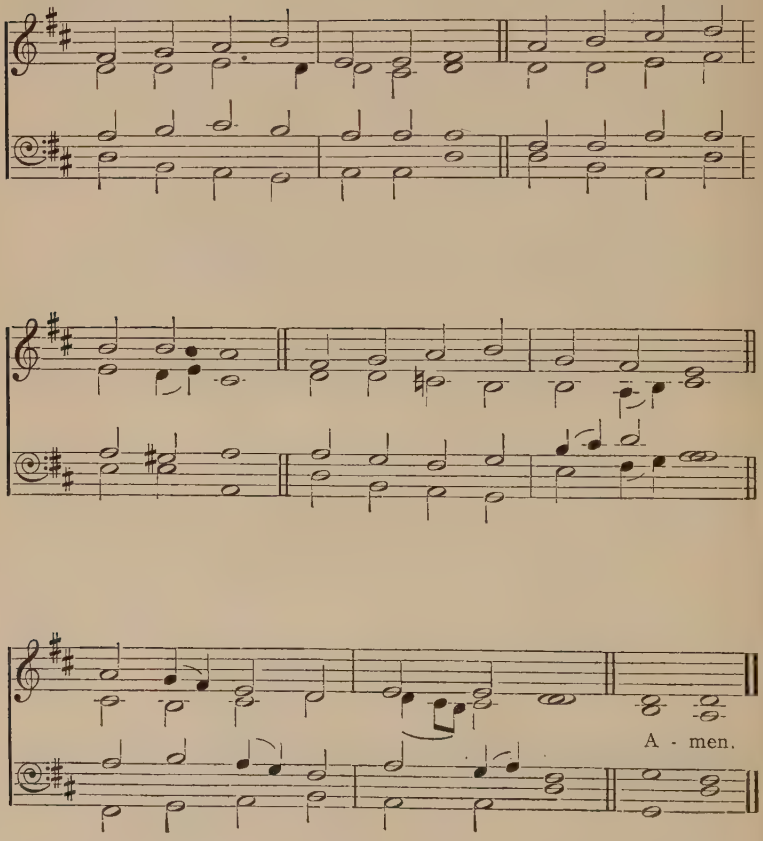
O give us still Thy powerful aid,
And urge us on, and keep us Thine;
Nor leave the hearts that once were made
Fit temples for Thy grace divine.

Nor let us quench Thy sevenfold light;
But still with softest breathings stir
Our wayward souls, and lead us right,
O Holy Ghost, our Comforter.

Cecil Frances Alexander (1823—1895), 1852.

139

CANTERBURY. *Orlando Gibbons* (1583—1625).



Holy Spirit, Truth divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Voice of God, and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Power divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right divine,
Reign within this soul of mine;
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.

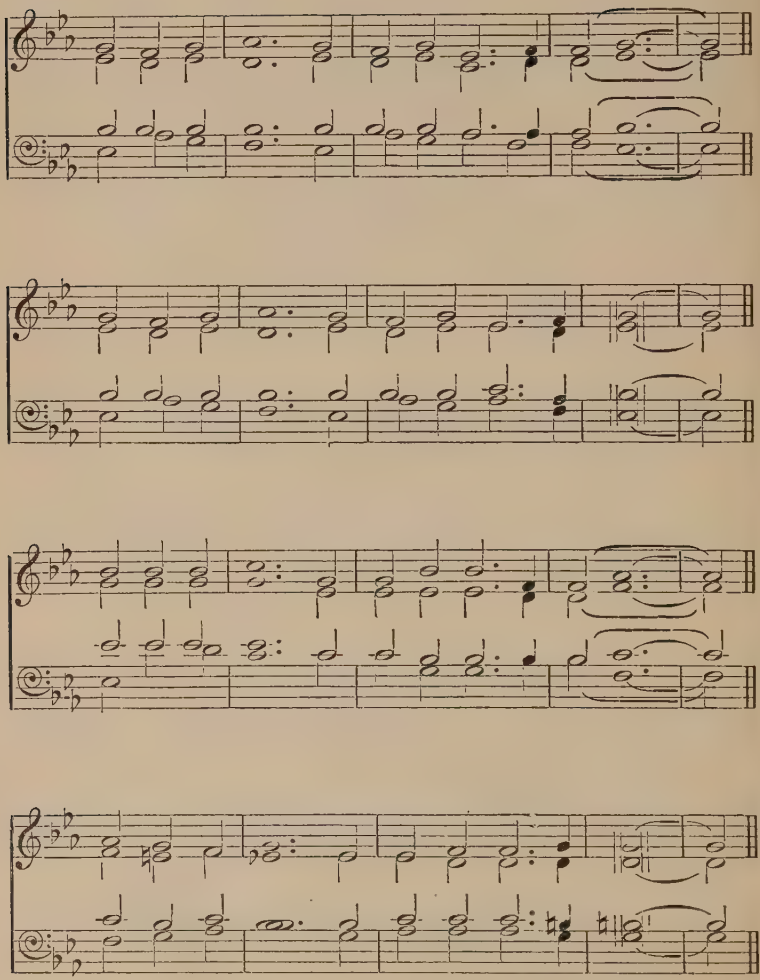
Holy Spirit, Peace divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

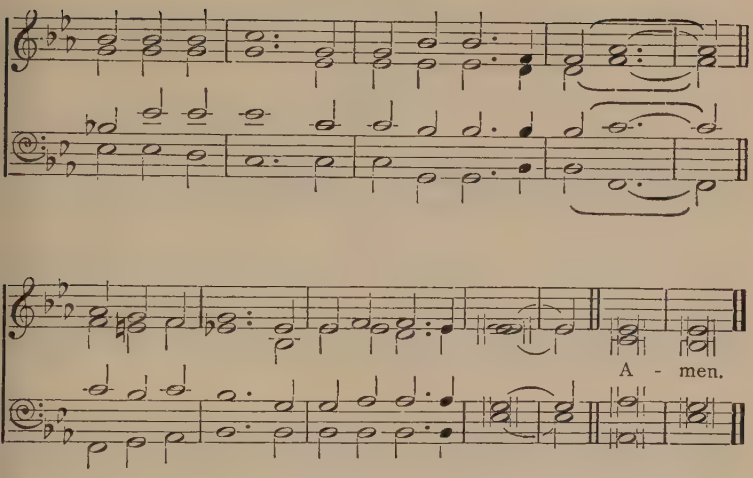
Holy Spirit, Love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire,
Perish self in Thy pure fire.

Samuel Longfellow (1819—1892). 1864.

140

FINLANDIA. *J. Sibelius.*





Be still, my soul, the Lord is on thy side;
Bear patiently thy cross of grief and pain;
Leave to thy God to order and provide,
In every change He faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul: thy best, thy heavenly Friend
Through stormy ways leads to a joyful end.

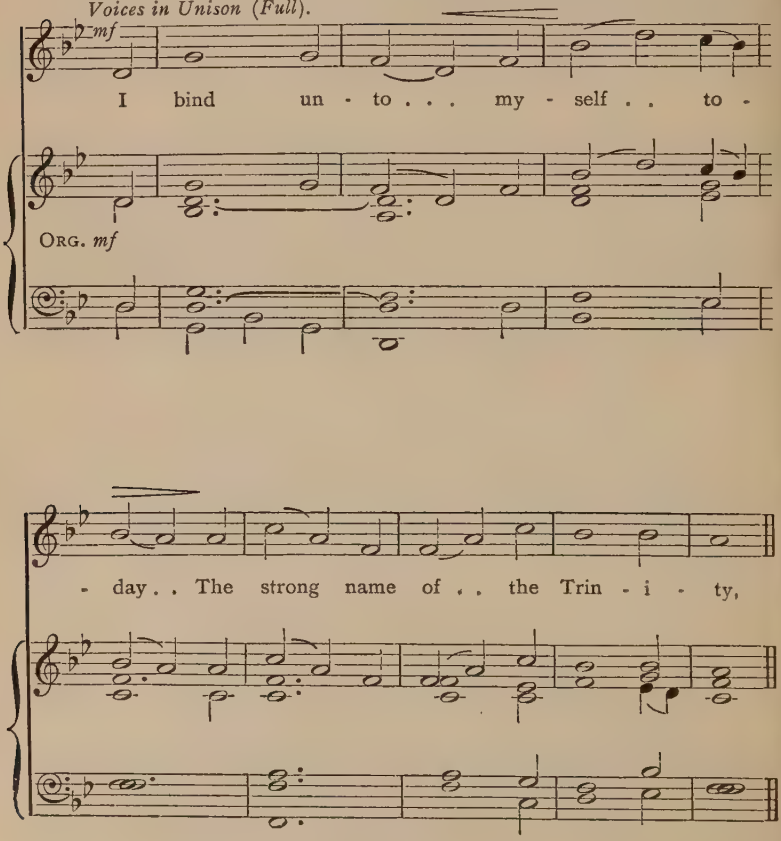
Be still, my soul: thy God doth undertake
To guide the future as He has the past;
Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing shake,
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still, my soul: the winds and waves shall know
His voice who ruled them when He dwelt below.

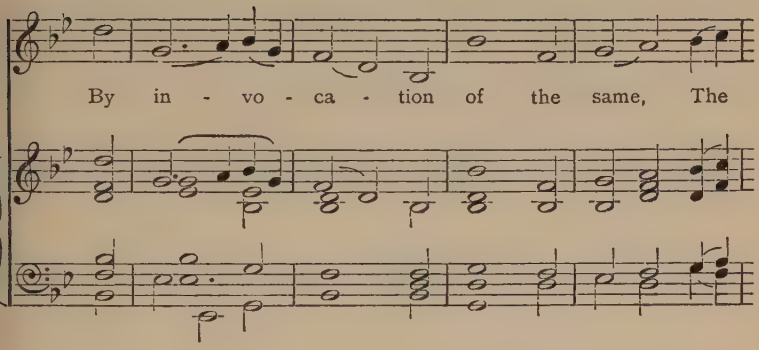
'*Hymns from the Land of Luther.*' *From the German of Katherine von Schlegel, b.* 1697; *translated by Jane Borthwick,* 1855.

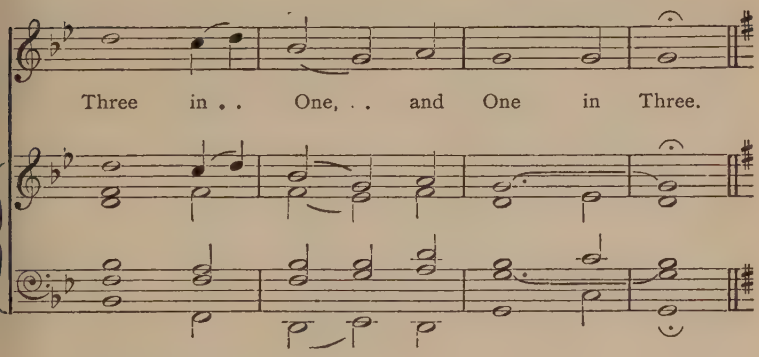
141

Adapted from two Ancient Irish Melodies.
(1) *St. Patrick*, (2) *Deirdre.*

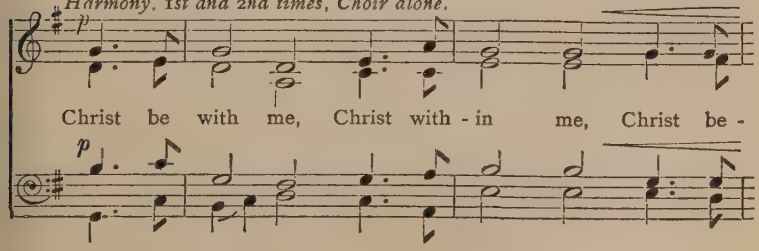
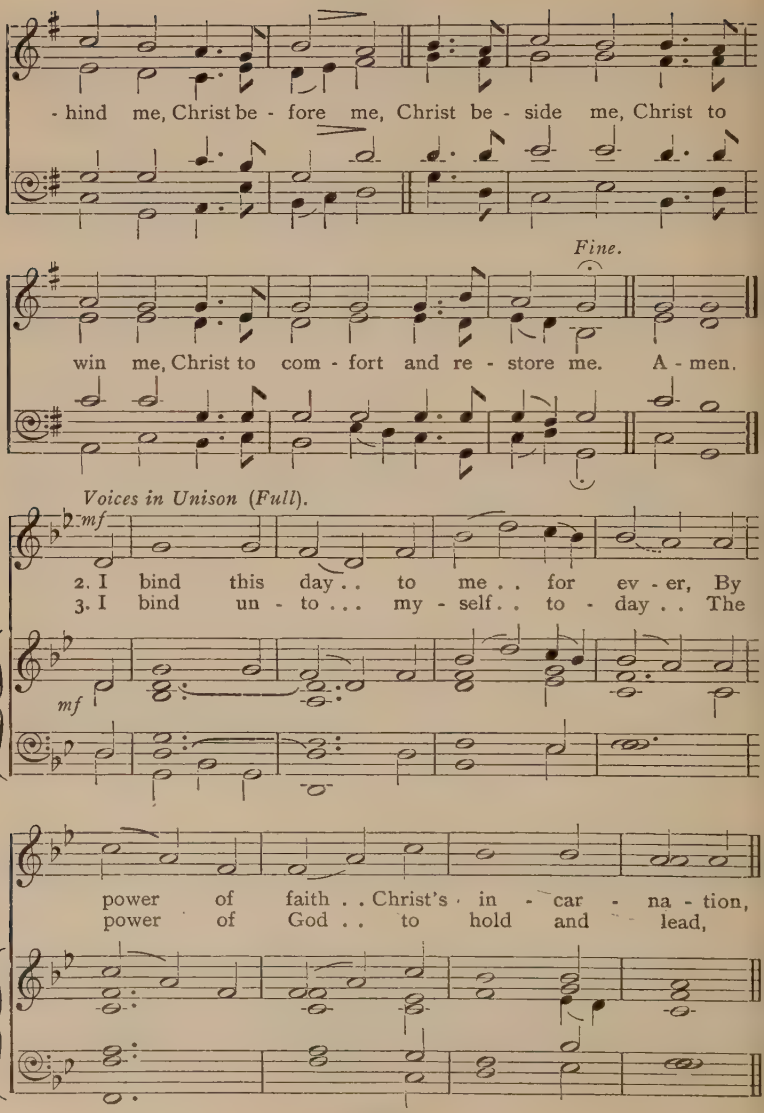
ST. PATRICK'S BREASTPLATE.
Voices in Unison (Full).

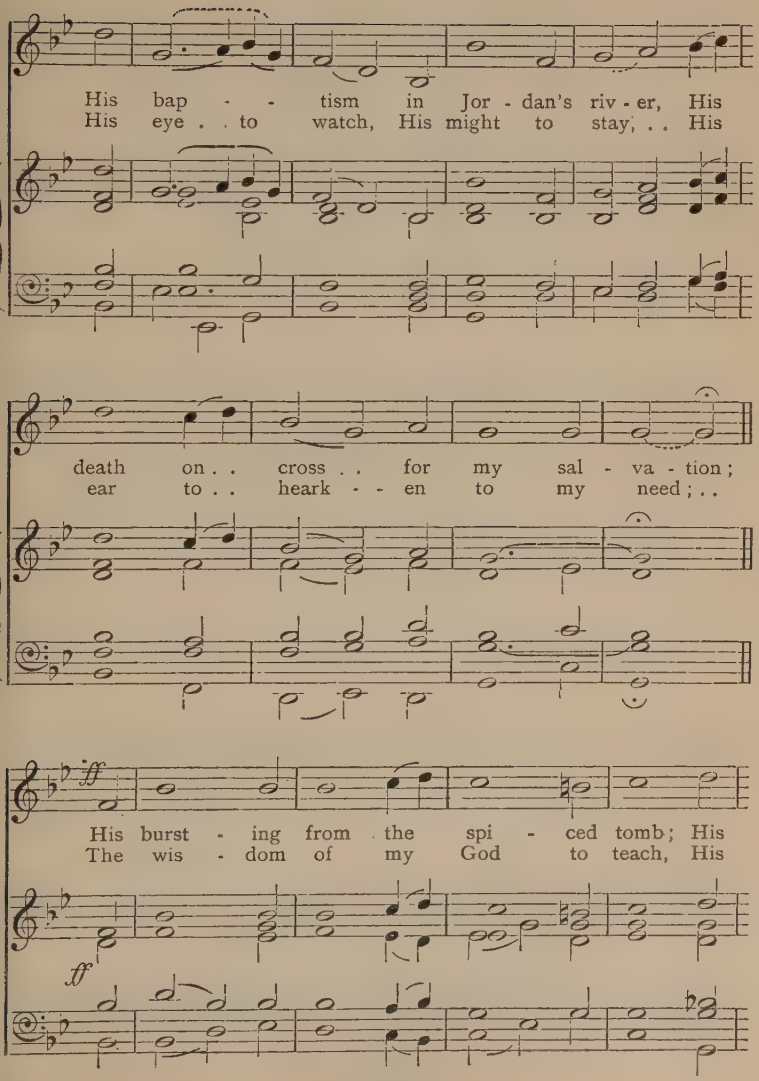


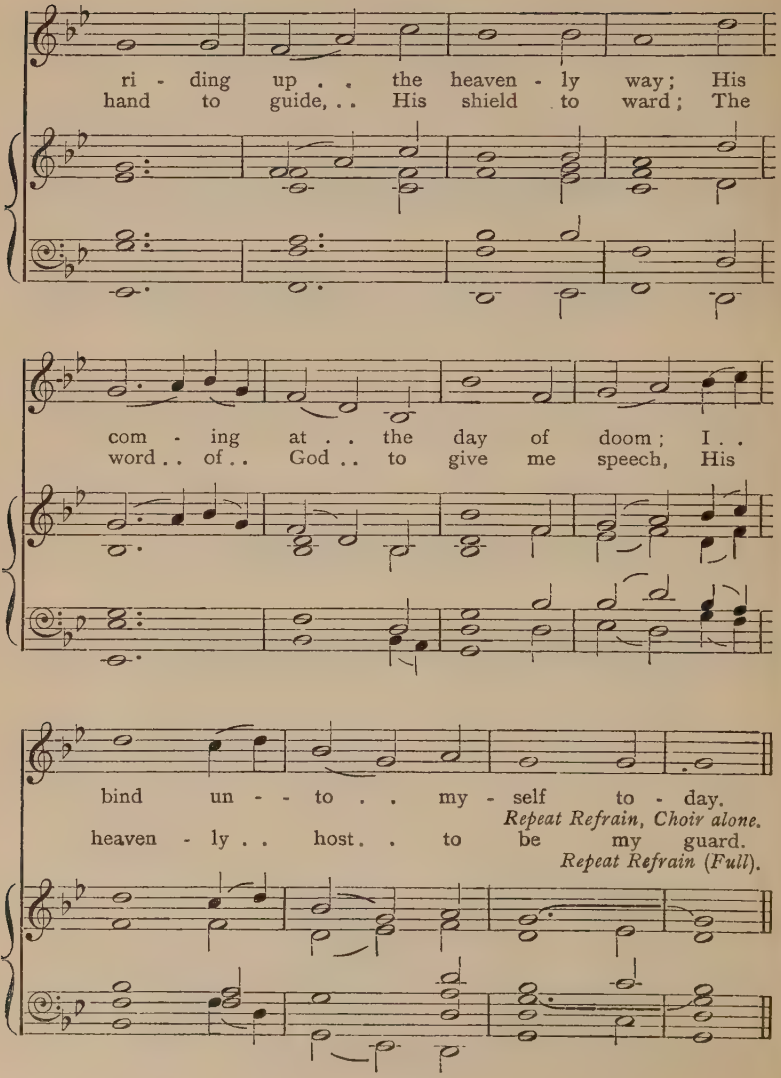




℣ *Refrain.* (*Deirdre.*)
Harmony. 1st and 2nd times, Choir alone.



- hind me, Christ be - fore me, Christ be - side me, Christ to
Fine.
win me, Christ to com - fort and re - store me. A - men.
Voices in Unison (Full).
mf
2. I bind this day . . to me . . for ev - er, By
3. I bind un - to . . . my - self . . to - day . . The
mf
power of faith . . Christ's in - car - na - tion,
power of God . . to hold and lead,

His bap - - tism in Jor - dan's riv - er, His
His eye . . to watch, His might to stay; . . His
death on . . cross . . for my sal - va - tion;
ear to . . heark - - en to my need; . .
ff
His burst - ing from the spi - ced tomb; His
The wis - dom of my God to teach, His
ff


ri - ding up . . the heaven - ly way; His
hand to guide, . . His shield to ward; The
com - ing at . . the day of doom; I . .
word . . of . . God . . to give me speech, His
bind un - - to . . my - self to - day.
Repeat Refrain, Choir alone.
heaven - ly . . host . . to be my guard.
Repeat Refrain (Full).

ST. PATRICK'S BREASTPLATE.

I BIND unto myself to-day
The strong name of the Trinity,
By invocation of the same,
The Three in One and One in Three.

* Christ be with me, Christ within me,
Christ behind me, Christ before me,
Christ beside me, Christ to win me,
Christ to comfort and restore me.

I bind this day to me for ever,
By power of faith Christ's incarnation,
His baptism in Jordan's river,
His death on cross for my salvation;
His bursting from the spiced tomb;
His riding up the heavenly way;
His coming at the day of doom;
I bind unto myself to-day.

* Christ be with me, Christ within me,
Christ behind me, Christ before me,
Christ beside me, Christ to win me,
Christ to comfort and restore me.

I bind unto myself to-day
The power of God to hold and lead,
His eye to watch, His might to stay,
His ear to hearken to my need;
The wisdom of my God to teach,
His hand to guide, His shield to ward;
The word of God to give me speech,
His heavenly host to be my guard.

Christ be with me, Christ within me,
Christ behind me, Christ before me,
Christ beside me, Christ to win me,
Christ to comfort and restore me.

From translation by Mrs. C. F. Alexander (1823—1895), 1889.

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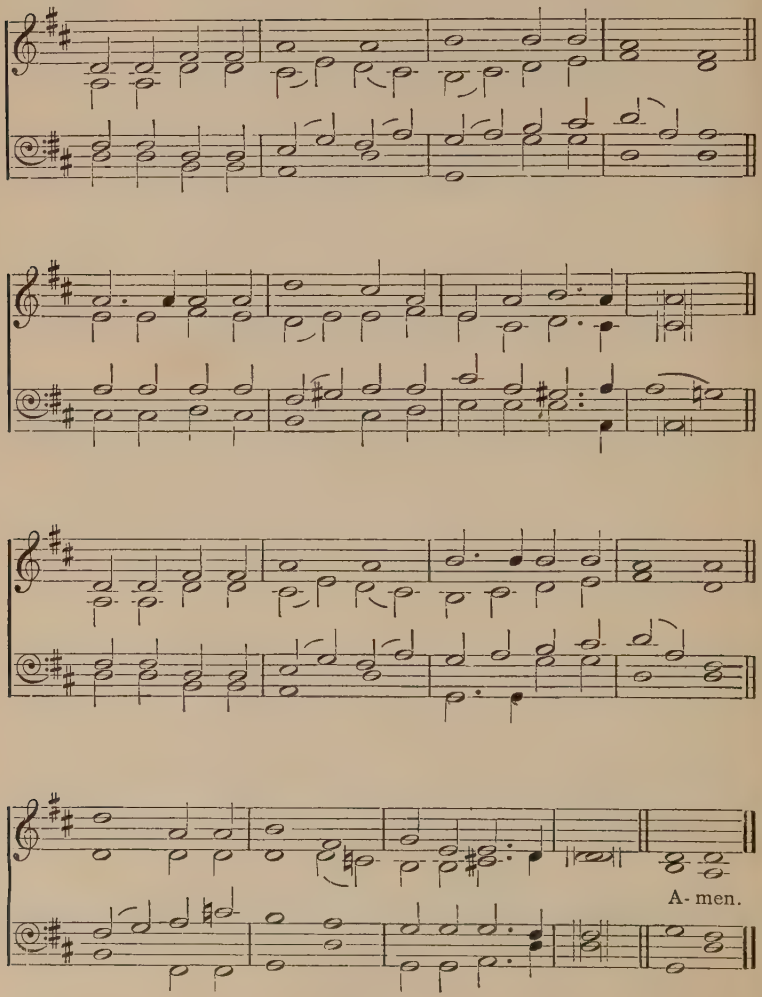
* Choir alone.

142

NICAEA. *J. B. Dykes* (1823—1876).



Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

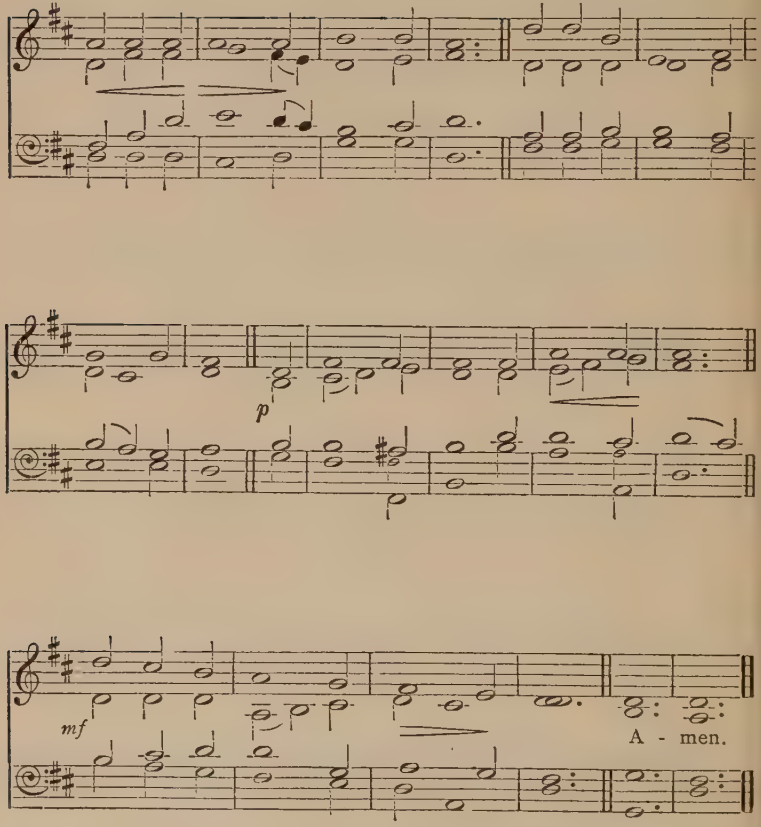
Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy Glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

Bishop Heber (1783—1826).

143

RIVAULX. *J. B. Dykes* (1823—1876).



FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

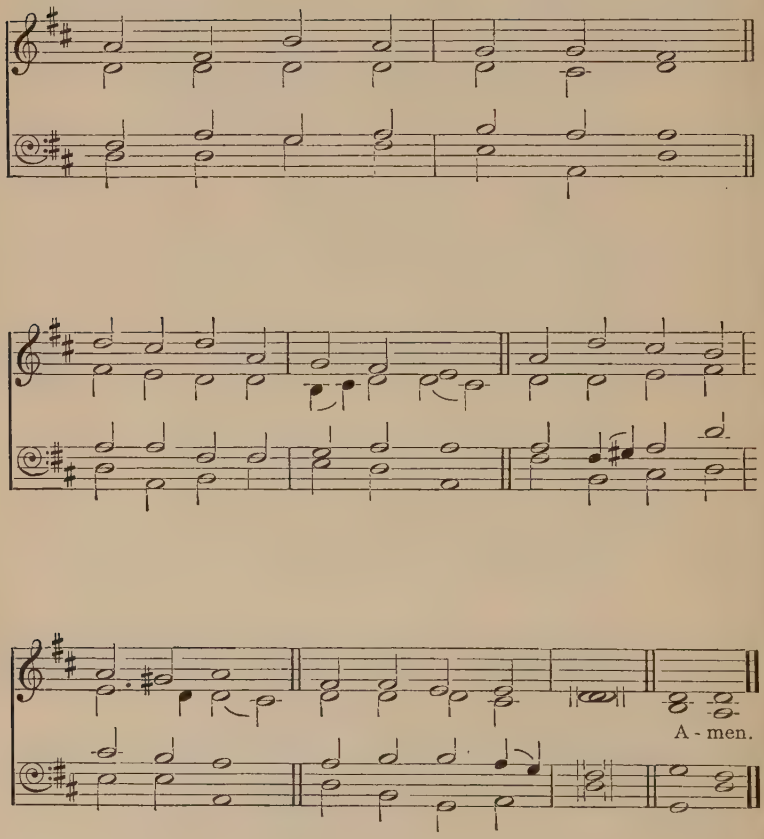
Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son—
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

Edward Cooper (1770—1833), 1805.

144

CAPETOWN. *Fr. Filitz* (1804—1876).



THREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

Light of lights, with morning shine;
Lift on us Thy light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

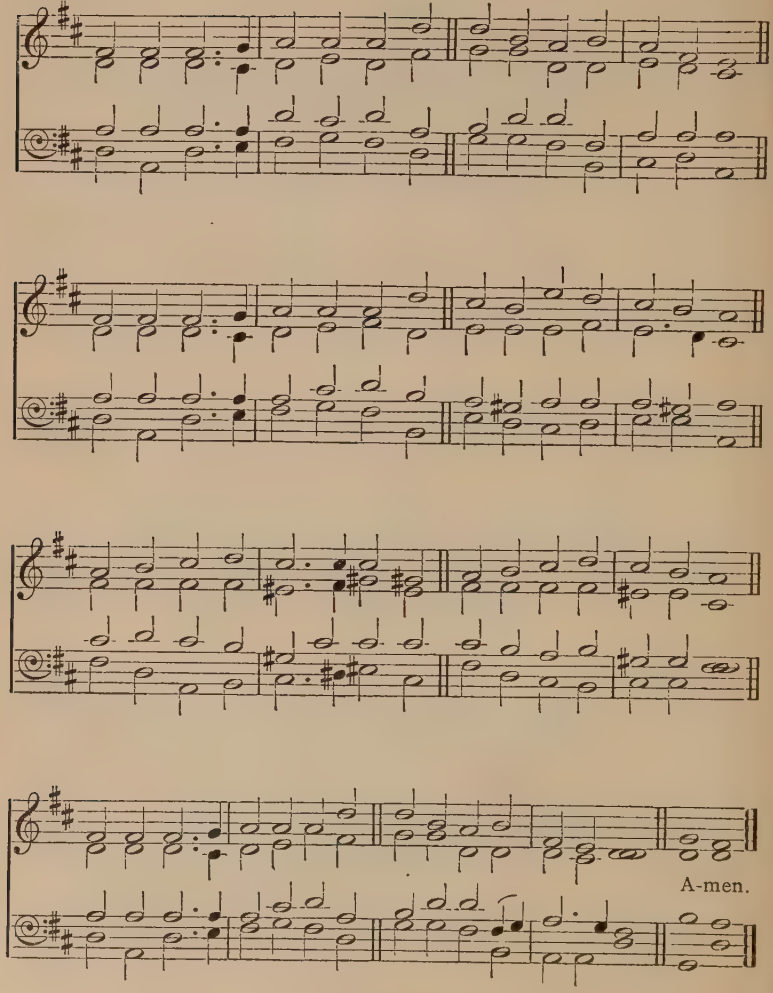
Light of lights, when falls the even,
Let it close on sins forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a holy calm.

Three in One, and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

Gilbert Rorison (1821—1869), 1849,
based on two Latin Hymns.

145

ST. ASAPH. *W. S. Bambridge.*



God and Father, great and holy,
  Fearing nought we come to Thee,
Fearing nought, though weak and lowly,
  For Thy love hath made us free;
By the blue sky bending o'er us,
  By the green earth's flowery zone,
Teach us, Lord, the angel chorus,
  'Thou art love, and love alone.'

Father, Lord of all creation,
  Holy, blest, eternal Son,
Spirit, source of inspiration,
  Awful Godhead, Three in One,
With the notes which high ascending
  Ring around the sapphire throne
May Thy sons the song be blending,
  'Thou art love, and love alone.'

Though the world in flames should perish,
  Suns and stars in ruin fall,
Trust in Thee our hearts would cherish,
  Thou to us be all in all:
Yea, though heavens Thy Name are praising,
  Seraphs hymn no sweeter tone
Than the song our hearts are raising,
  'Thou art love, and love alone.'

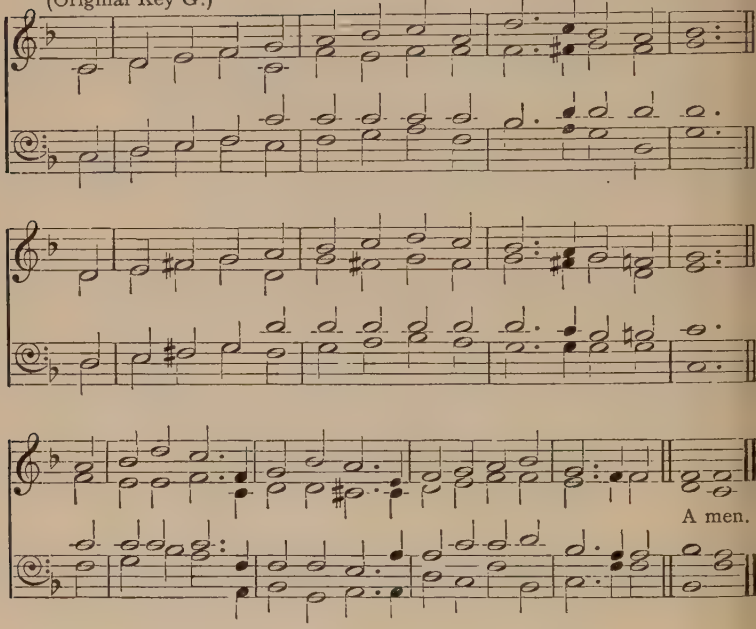
Dean Farrar (1831—1903), 1856.
Master, 1871—1876.

Commemoration.

146

AGLEN. (Original Key G.)

W. S. Bambridge.



THUS far the Hand that loves to guide
Has brought us on our way,
And for His constant aid supplied
We thank our God to-day;
For hopes attained, for vanquished fears,
For all the blessings of past years.

If bright our annals shine, we claim
No merit for success,
But render to the heavenly Name
Our meed of thankfulness;
The husbandman the seed may sow,
God's rain and sun must make it grow.

Then let us grateful voices raise
To Him who blest our School
With guardians in her early days
So wise and strong to rule;
The sower's anxious toil was theirs,
We reap the harvest of their prayers.

O Christ, on Thee our hearts rely
To keep them ever true
To that high mission which we try
Together to pursue;
Let Duty like a beacon burn
For those who teach and those who learn.

O keep us simple, keep us pure
From taint of worldly guile;
Let Faith through all mischance endure,
Hope on each failure smile,
And Love, chief sister of the three,
Turn e'en defeat to victory.

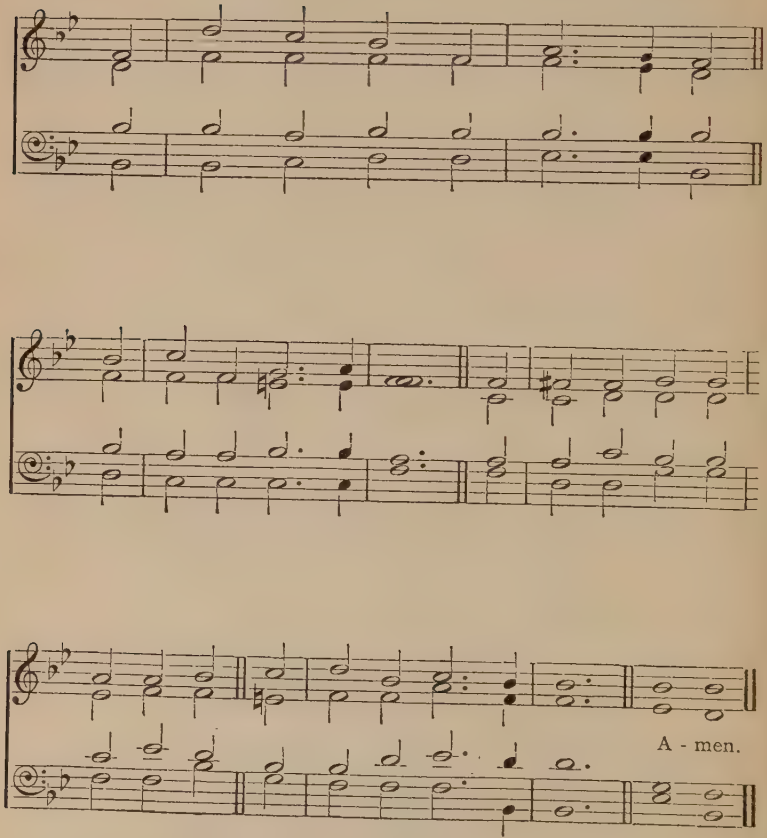
For still we run the race, and fight
The fight of faith below;
But some, where faith is lost in sight,
Have triumphed o'er the foe,
And from a happy place look down
On those still striving for the crown.

Then let, with theirs, our praises rise;
Sing voices, organ peal!
Till, thrilled by solemn harmonies,
Each spirit glows, to feel
Drawn closer to the place we love,
In union with the saints above.

Archdeacon Aglen (1836—1908); *O.M.* (*B.*1.), 1852—1856; *Asst. Master*, 1860—1865. *Slightly varied and abbreviated from the original written for the Jubilee of Marlborough College*, 1893.

147

WALSHAM. *W. S. Bambridge.*



O Jesu, strong and pure and true,
Before Thy feet we bow;
The grace of earlier years renew,
And lead us onward now.

The fresh young life that year by year
Within these halls is stored,
The golden hope, the gladsome cheer,
We bring to Thee, O Lord.

Our faith endow with keener powers,
With warmer glow our love,
And draw these halting hearts of ours
From earth to things above.

In paths our bravest ones have trod
O make us strong to go,
That we may give our lives to God
In serving man below.

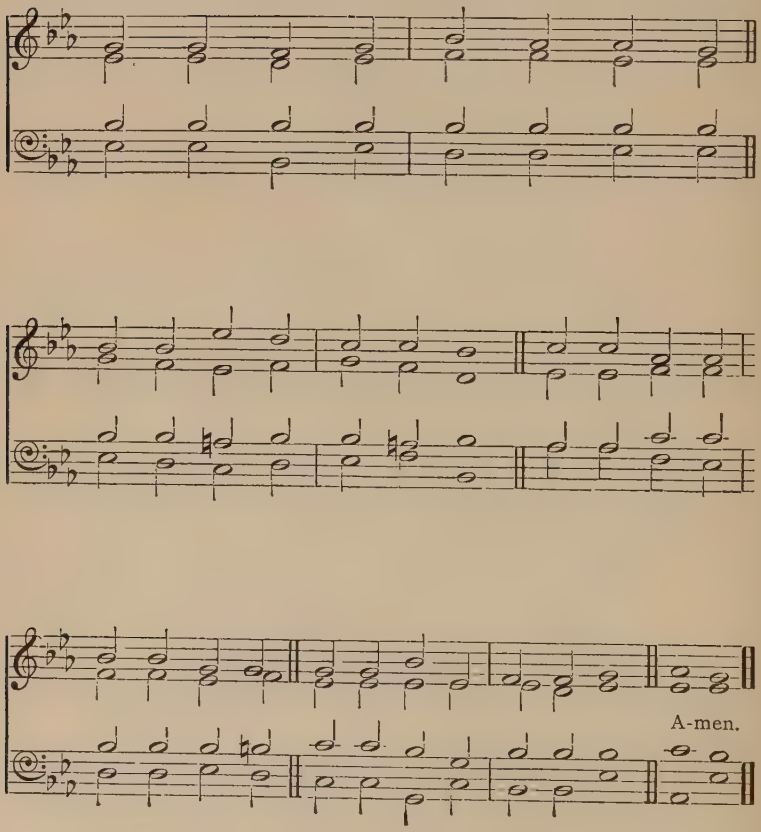
Scorn we the selfish aim or choice,
And love's high precept keep,—
'Rejoice with those that do rejoice,
And weep with those that weep.'

So hence shall flow fresh strength and grace,
As from a full-fed spring,
To make the world a better place,
And life a worthier thing.

Bishop Walsham How (1823—1897).
Written for the Jubilee of Marlborough College, 1893.

148

LITTLEFIELD. *W. S. Bambridge.*



FATHER, hear the thankful praises
On Thy children's lips to-day;
Grateful love our hearts upraises,
This our sacrifice to pay;—

Thanks for all Thy mercies given,
Stores of knowledge here unrolled,
Means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Unto us, Thy chosen fold.

Lord, Thy servants' spirits turning,
Mould them by Thy gracious sway:
Godliness and all good learning
May we follow day by day.

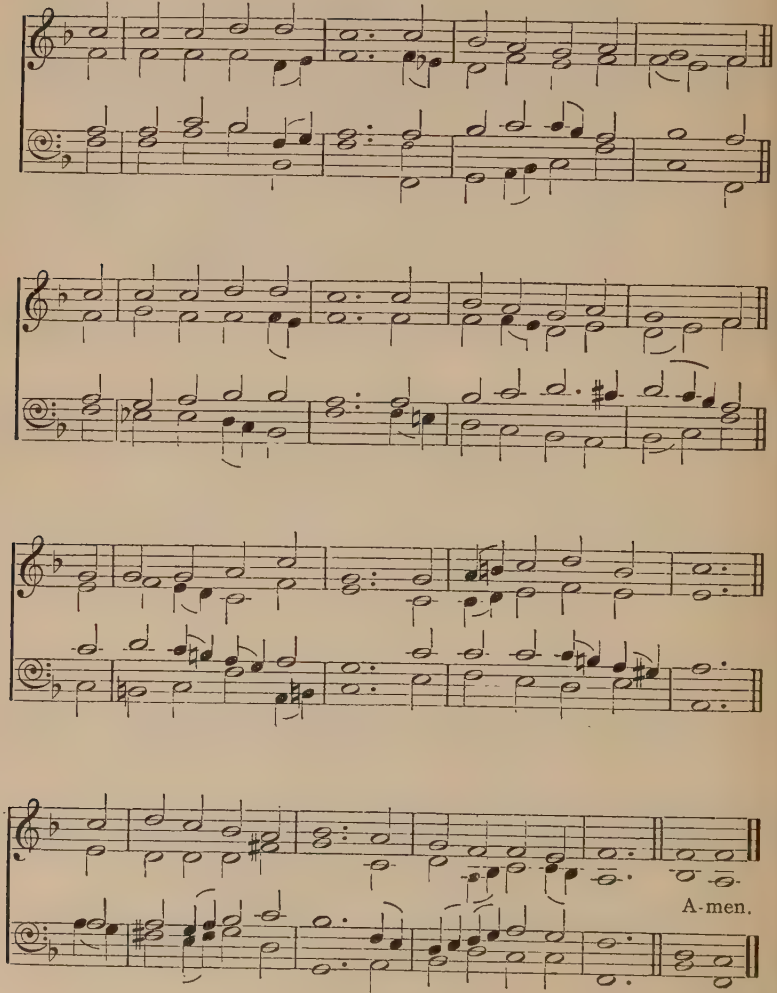
May we, these Thy bounties sharing,
Every talent use aright,
Still by earthly lore preparing,
Till our faith be turned to sight;

Till, undimmed by dark reflection,
Face to face shall Christ be shown;
Knowledge rise to full perfection—
Knowing e'en as we are known.

Varied from Henry James Buckoll (1803—1871), 1850.

149

NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT. *J. Crüger* (1598 – 1662.)



(Ecclus. L. 22—24.)

Now thank we all our God
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blest us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

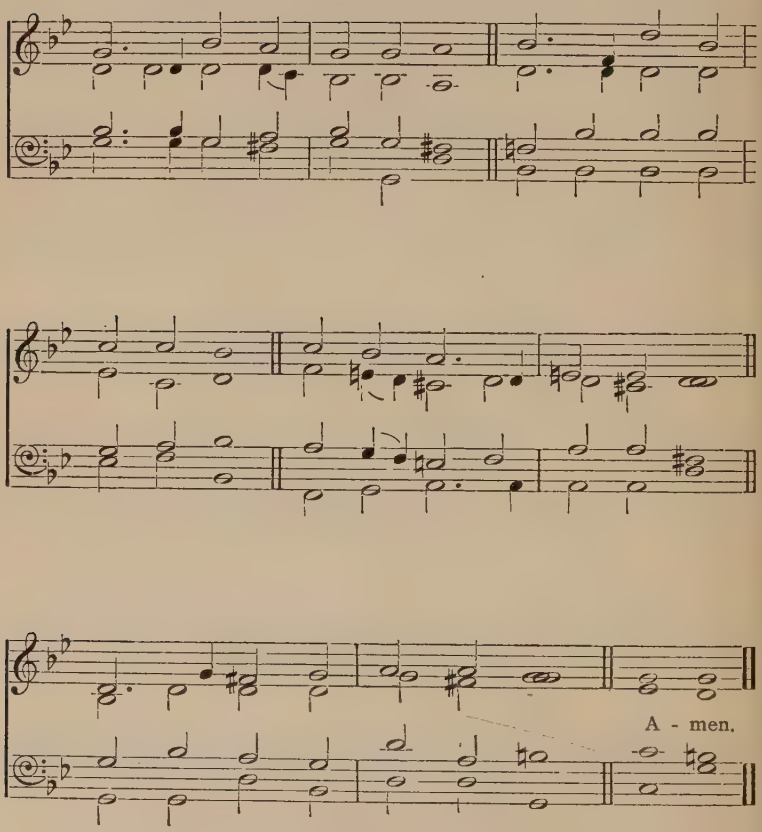
O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With Them in highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Catherine Winkworth (1829—1878), 1858. *From the Hymn 'Nun danket alle Gott,' of Martin Rinkart* (1586—1649).

150

VIEW ME, LORD. *Thomas Campion* (1567—1620).



VIEW me, Lord, a work of Thine:
Shall I then lie drowned in night?
Might Thy grace in me but shine,
I should seem made all of light.

Cleanse me, Lord, that I may kneel
At Thine altar, pure and white:
They that once Thy mercies feel
Gaze no more on earth's delight.

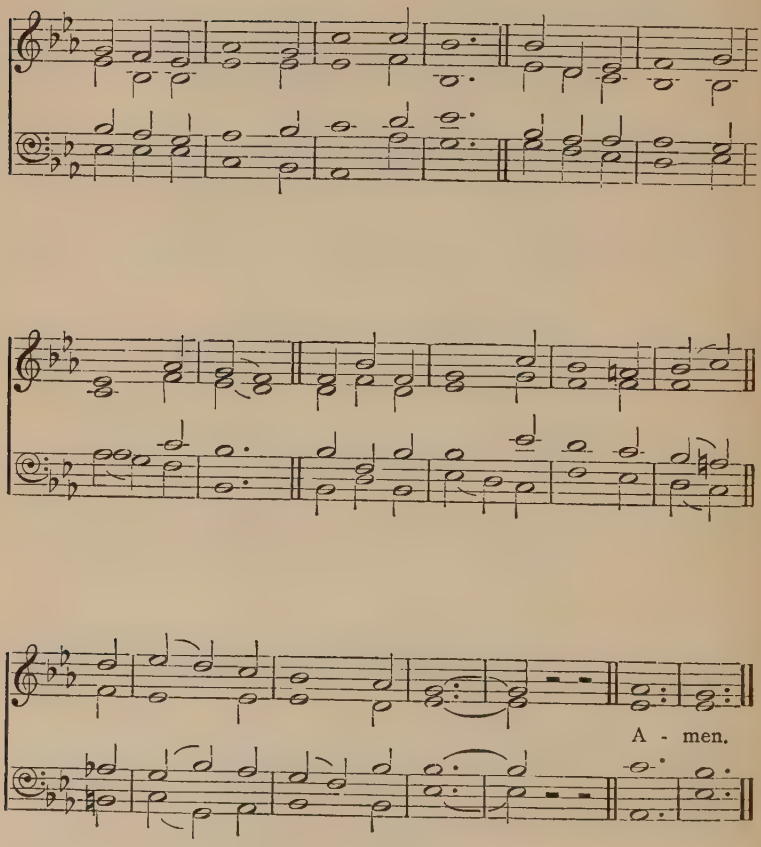
Worldly joys, like shadows, fade
When the heavenly light appears;
But the covenants Thou hast made,
Endless, know not days nor years.

In Thy word, Lord, is my trust;
To Thy mercies fast I fly;
Though I am but clay and dust,
Yet Thy grace can lift me high.

Thomas Campion, M.D. (1567—1620).

151

MISERICORDIA. *H. Smart* (1813—1879).



JUST as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

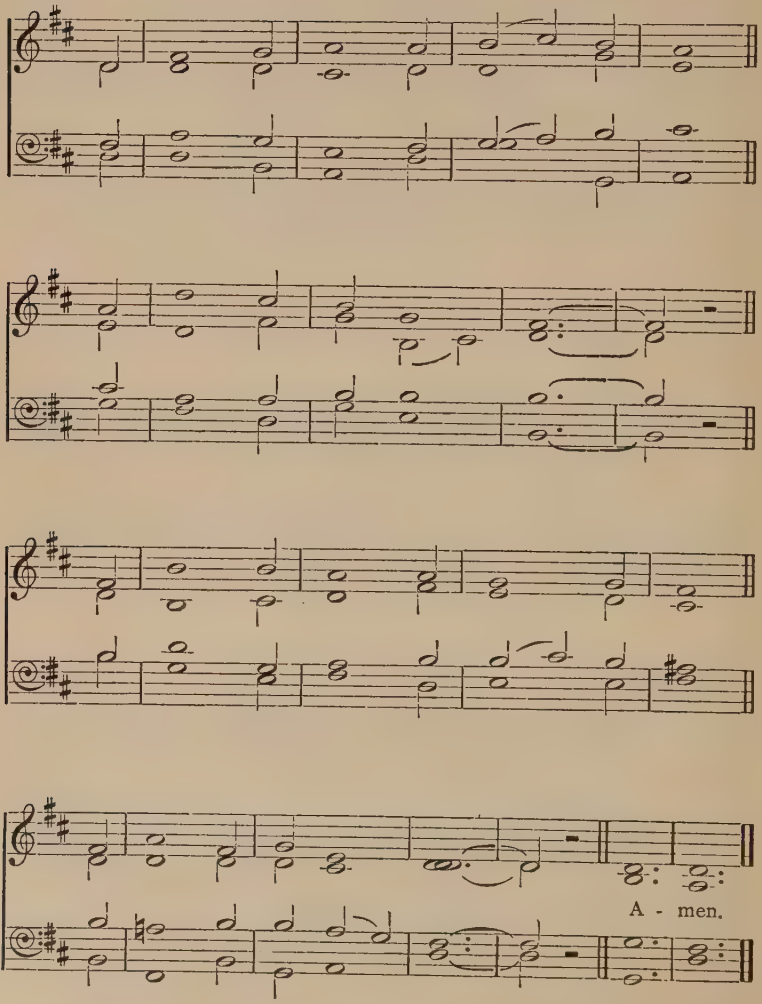
Just as I am (Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down),
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott (1789—1871), 1836.

152

THIS ENDRIS NYGHT. *Old English Carol, 15th century.*



O God, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel,
And thus inspired with holy fear
Before Thine altar kneel

Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow
The manna from above.

We come obedient to Thy word
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat the body of the Lord,
Our drink His precious blood.

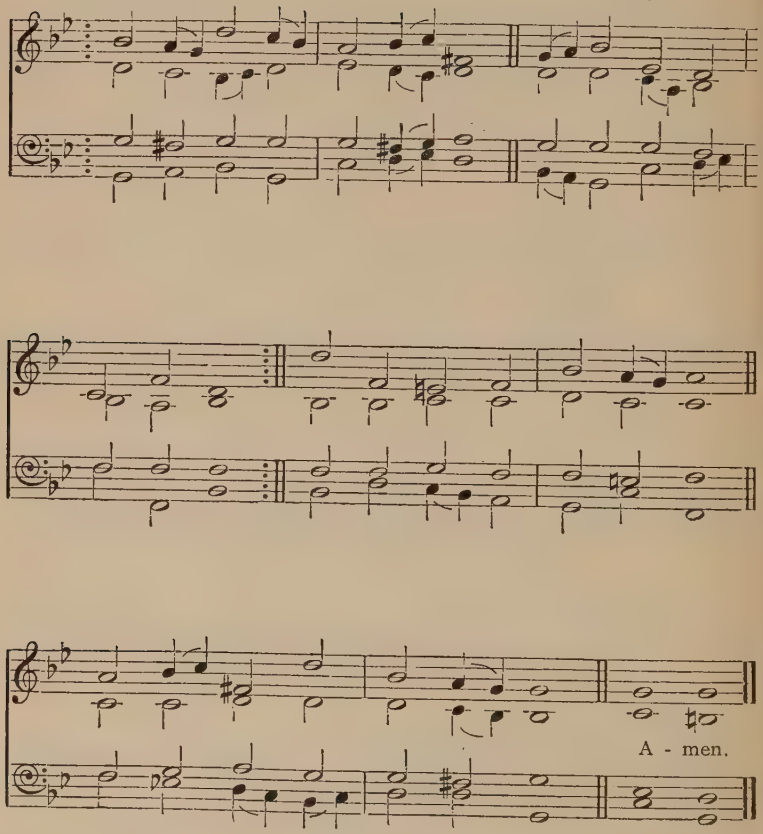
Thus would we all Thy words obey,
For we, O God, are Thine,
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

Edward Osler (1798—1863), 1837.

153

PANIS ANGELORUM.

J. S. Bach (1685—1750).
(Varied.)



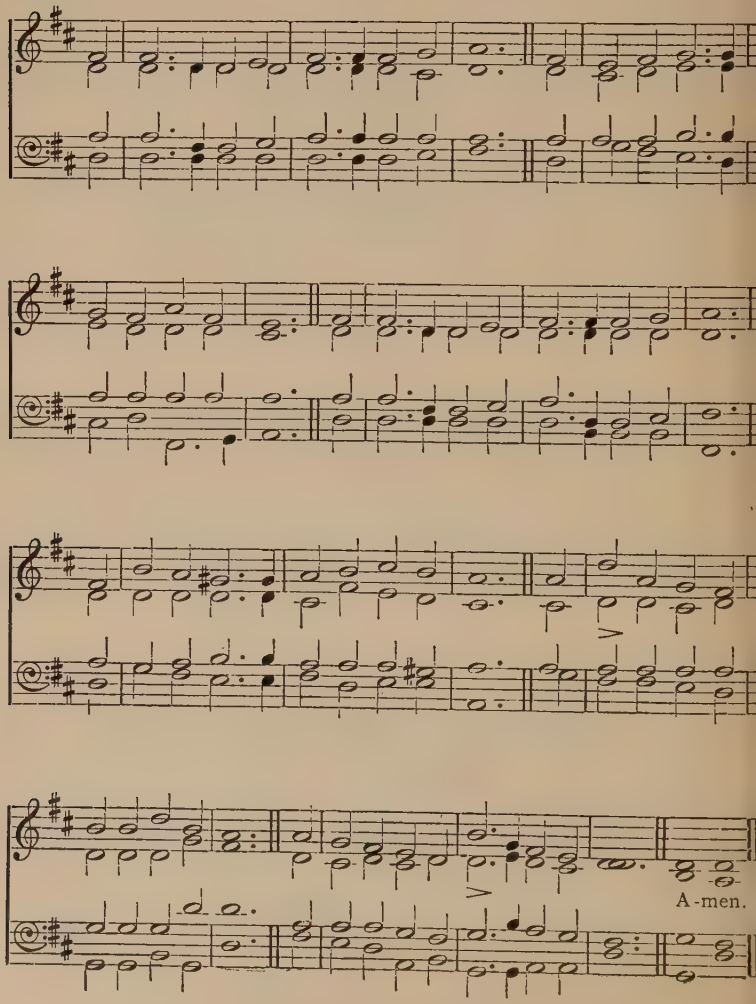
Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living bread,
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of Him who died.

Vine of heaven, Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,
To Thy cross we look and live:
Jesu, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

Varied from Josiah Conder (1789—1855), 1824.

154

UNDE ET MEMORES. *W. H. Monk* (1823—1889).



And now, O Father, mindful of the love
That bought us once for all on Calvary's tree,
And having with us Him that pleads above,
We here present, we here spread forth to Thee
That only Offering perfect in Thine eyes,
The one true, pure, immortal Sacrifice.

Look, Father, look on His anointed face,
And only look on us as found in Him;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim;
For lo! between our sins and their reward
We set the passion of Thy Son, our Lord.

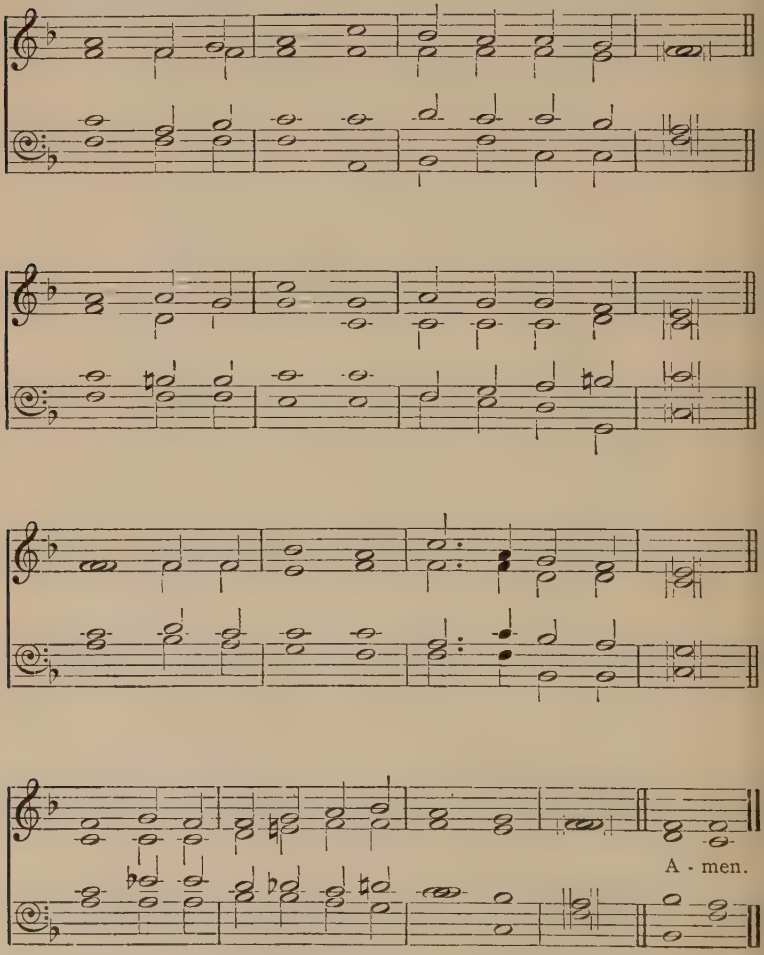
And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing Presence we appeal;
O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast,
O do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal;
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.

And so we come; O draw us to Thy feet,
Most patient Saviour, who canst love us still;
And by this food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill:
In Thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us never more to part with Thee.

William Bright (1824—1901), 1875.

155

ST. AGNES (LANGRAN). *J. Langran* (1835—1909).



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HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here faith can touch and handle things unseen;
Here would I grasp with firmer hand Thy grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load;
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

I have no help but Thine, nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood:
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,—
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.

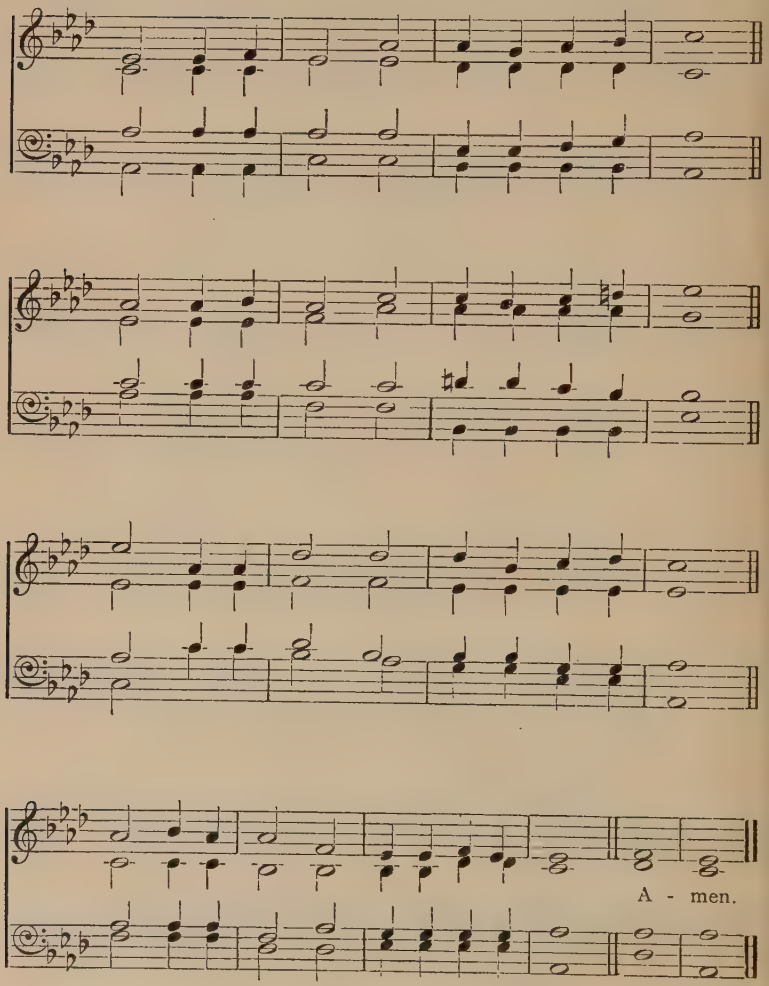
Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here
Nearer than ever—still my Shield and Sun.

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
Yet passing points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet fore-tastes of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal-feast of bliss and love.

Horatius Bonar (1808—1889), 1855.

156

ELLERS. *E. J. Hopkins* (1818—1901).



THEE we adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee
Who in Thy feast with us vouchsaf'st to be;
Both flesh and spirit at Thy presence fail,
Yet here Thy presence we devoutly hail.

O blest memorial of our dying Lord,
Who living bread to men doth here afford!
O may our souls for ever feed on Thee,
And Thou, O Christ, for ever precious be.

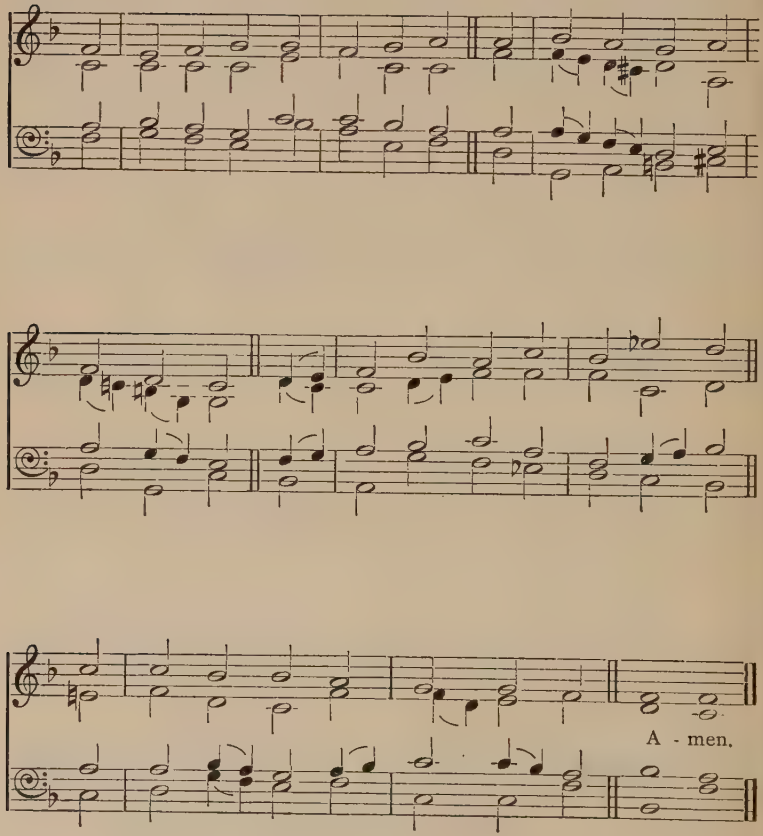
Fountain of goodness, Jesu, Lord and God,
Cleanse us, unclean, with Thy most cleansing blood:
Increase our faith and love, that we may know
The hope and peace which from Thy presence flow

O Christ, whom now beneath a veil we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion be,—
To gaze on Thee unveiled, and see Thy face,
The vision of Thy glory and Thy grace.

Bishop Woodford (1820—1885), 1850. *From the Hymn 'Adoro te devote' of St. Thomas Aquinas, + 1274.*

157

EALING. *Sir Herbert S. Oakeley* (1830—1903).



JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood:
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all.

We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast,
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

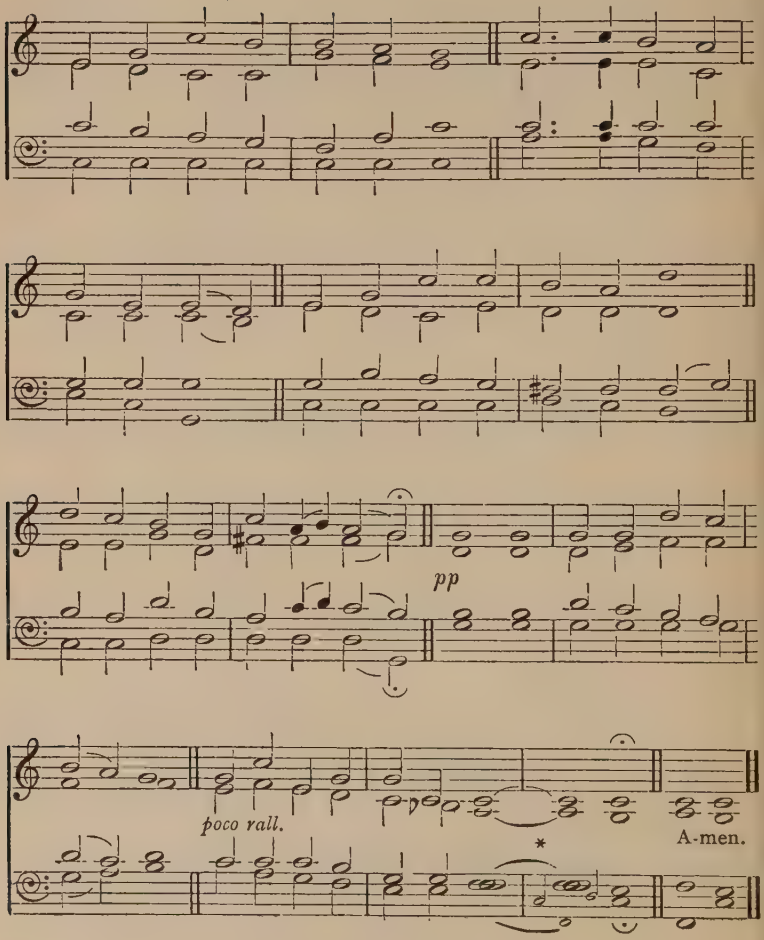
O Jesus, ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Ray Palmer (*U.S.A.* 1808—1887), 1858. *From the Hymn 'Jesu dulcis memoria,' by St. Bernard of Clairvaux* (1091—1153).

Funeral.

158

REQUIESCAT. *J. B. Dykes* (1823—1876).



* If there is no accompaniment, the small notes may be sung.

Now the labourer's task is o'er;
Now the battle-day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last:
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping

There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.

There the sinful souls, that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise.

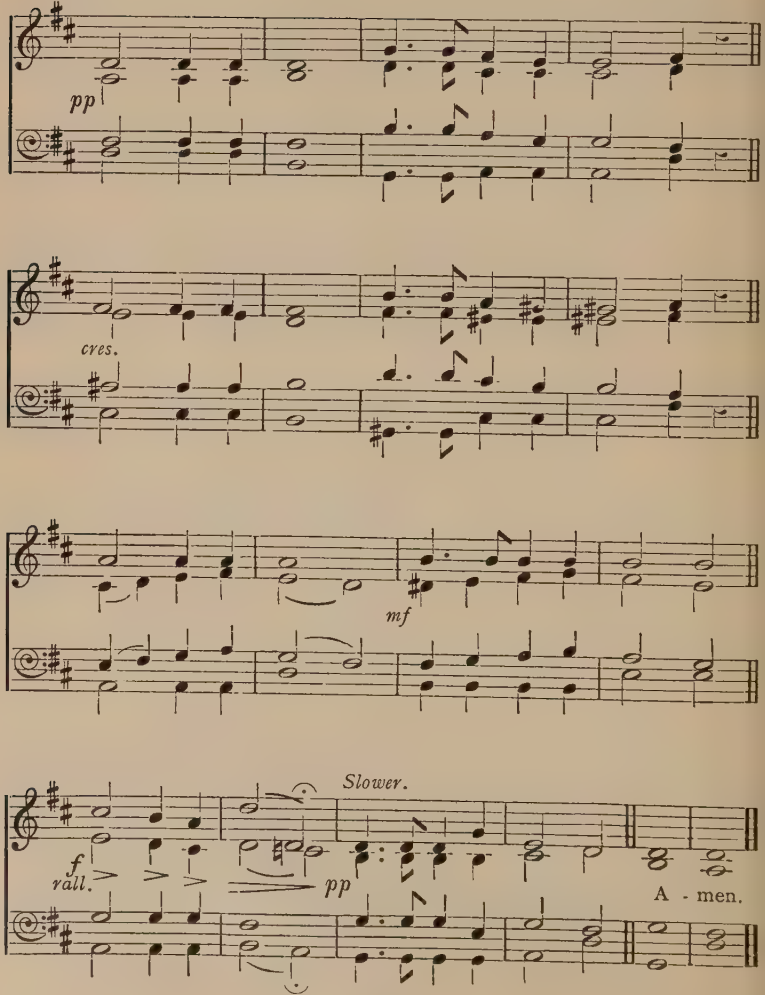
There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.

'Earth to earth and dust to dust,'
Calmly now the words we say,
Leaving him to sleep in trust
Till the Resurrection day.

John Ellerton (1826—1893), 1871.

159

REQUIEM. *Sir Joseph Barnby* (1838—1896).



Sleep thy last sleep,
Free from care and sorrow;
Rest, where none weep,
Till the eternal morrow;
Though dark waves roll
O'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.

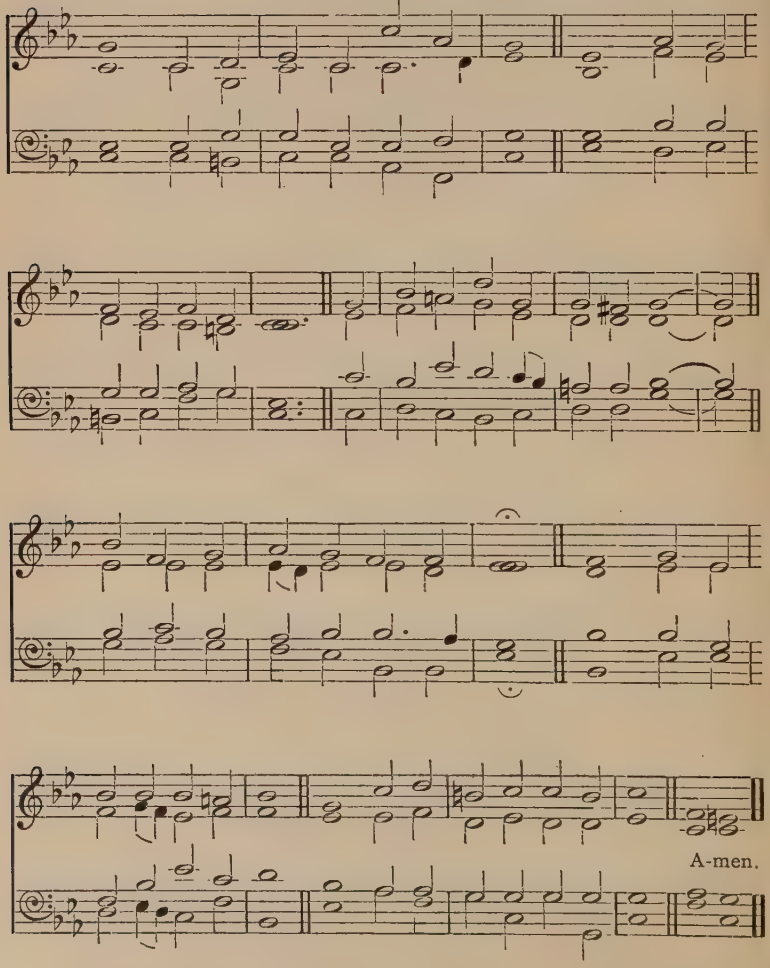
Life's dream is past,
All its sin, its sadness;
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness:
Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest:
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

Edward Arthur Dayman (1807—1890), 1868.

160

FOLKINGHAM. *From 'The Supplement to the New Version,' 1708.*



God of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies,
All souls are Thine; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.

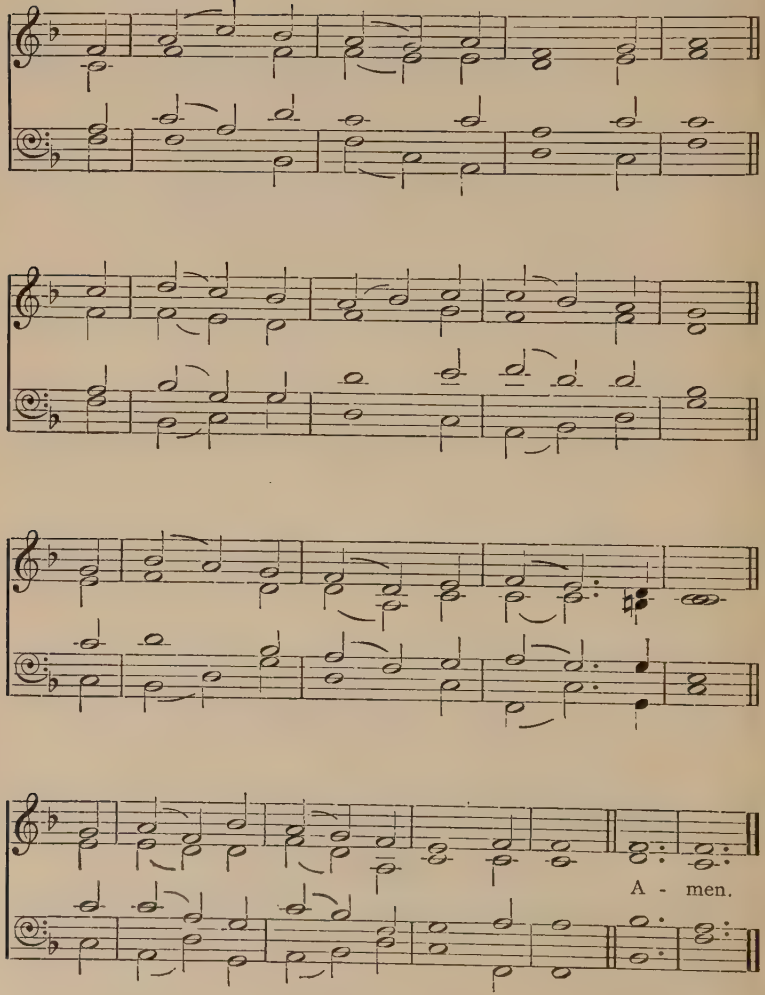
Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee:

Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care,
Not left to die like fallen tree;
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

John Ellerton (1826—1893), 1867 (*abbreviated*).

161

ST. VENANTIUS. *Rouen Church Melody.*



STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why:
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

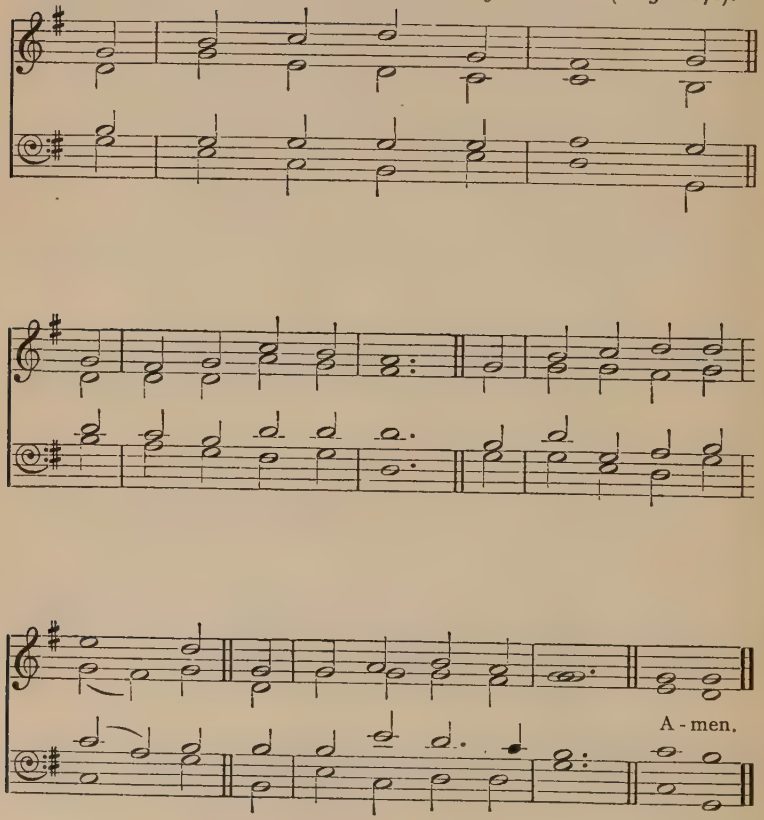
We have but faith, we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.

Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809—1892), 1849.

162

ST. ALPHEGE. *H. J. Gauntlett* (1805—1876).



Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

O happy retribution,
Short toil, eternal rest,
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

The God whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they who see and know Him
Shall have Him for their own.

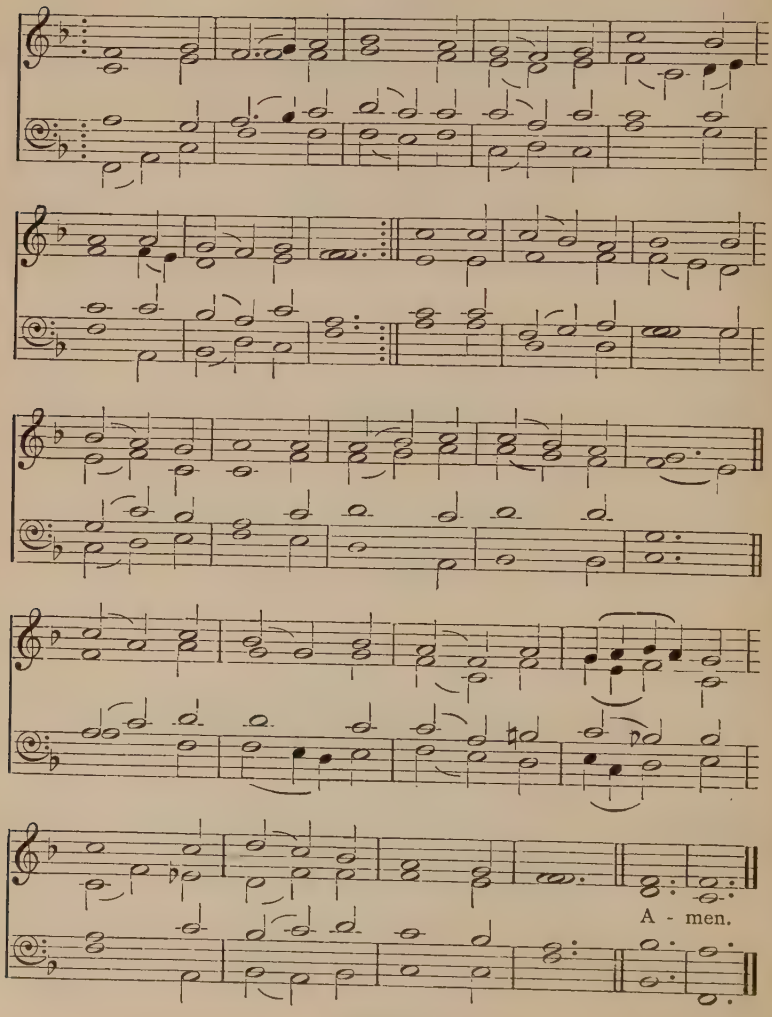
The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day

There God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

John Mason Neale (1818—1866), 1858. *From the poem 'Hora novissima,' of Bernard, a monk of Cluny, twelfth century.*

163

HYFRYDOL. *Melody by R. H. Prichard* (1811—1887).



Souls of men! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?
Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.
There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in Heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

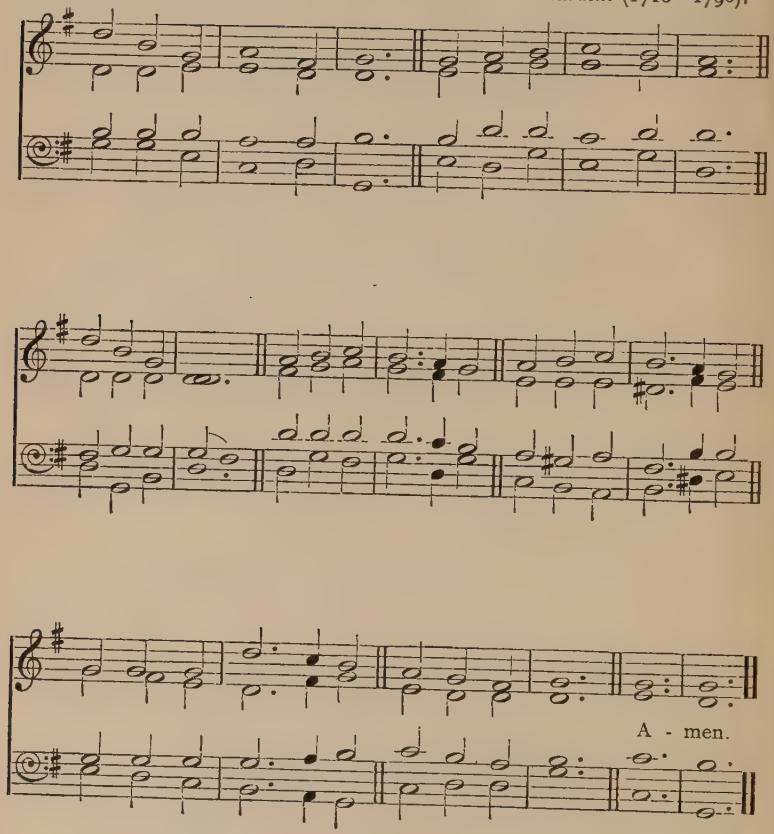
There is plentiful redemption
In the Blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the Heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

Pining souls! come nearer Jesus,
And oh! come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His huge tenderness for us.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Rev. F. W. Faber, D.D. (1814—1863).

164

Moscow. *From F. Giardini* (1716—1796).



THOU, whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
  And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
  Let there be light.

Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
  Healing and sight—
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind—
O now to all mankind
  Let there be light.

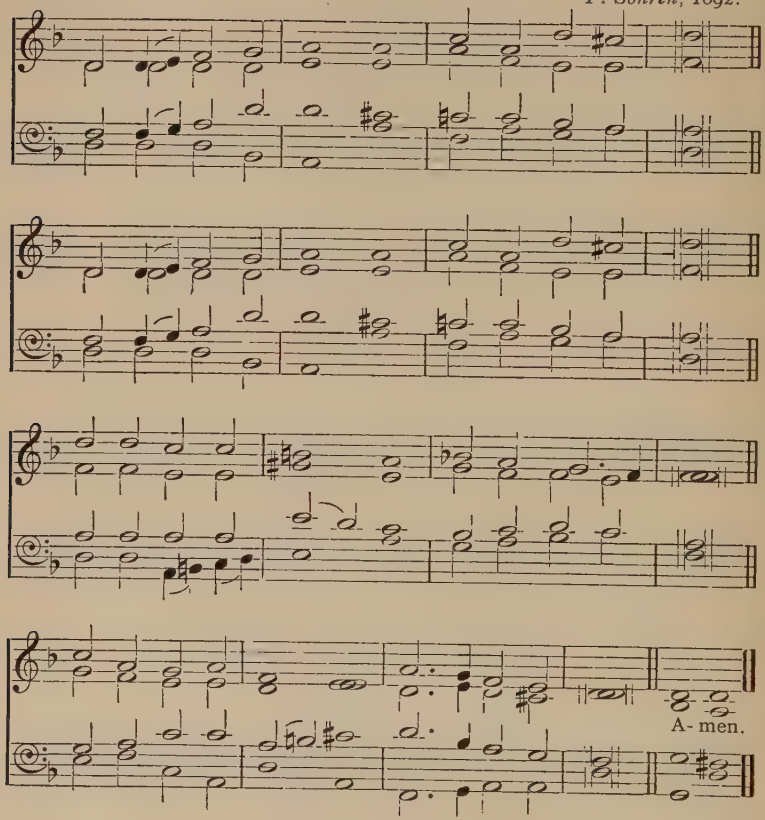
Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
  Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
  Let there be light.

Holy and blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
  Wisdom, Love, Might,
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth far and wide
  Let there be light.

John Marriott (1780—1825), 1813.

165

SOHREN. *P. Sohren*, 1692.



FROM the eastern mountains
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom
To His humble home;
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a star.

There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding star.

Thou who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

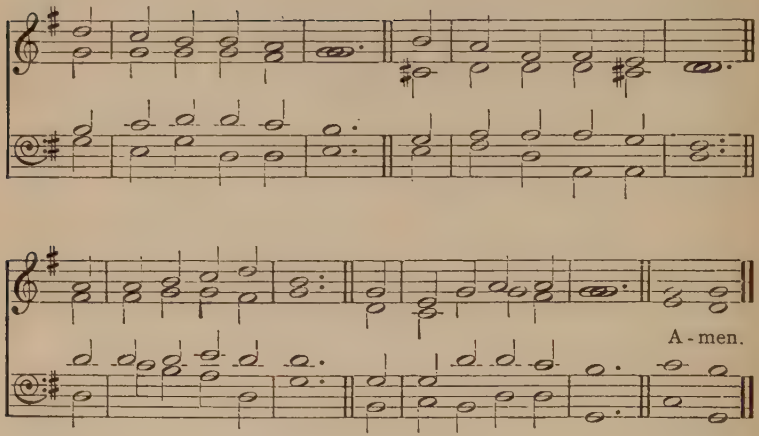
Gather in the outcasts,
All who've gone astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way;
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who've wandered far,
Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward, from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding star.

G. Thring (1823—1903), 1873.

166

ST. CECILIA. *L. G. Hayne* (1836—1883).



THY Kingdom come, O God,
Thy rule, O Christ, begin;
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.

Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee Thy face before?

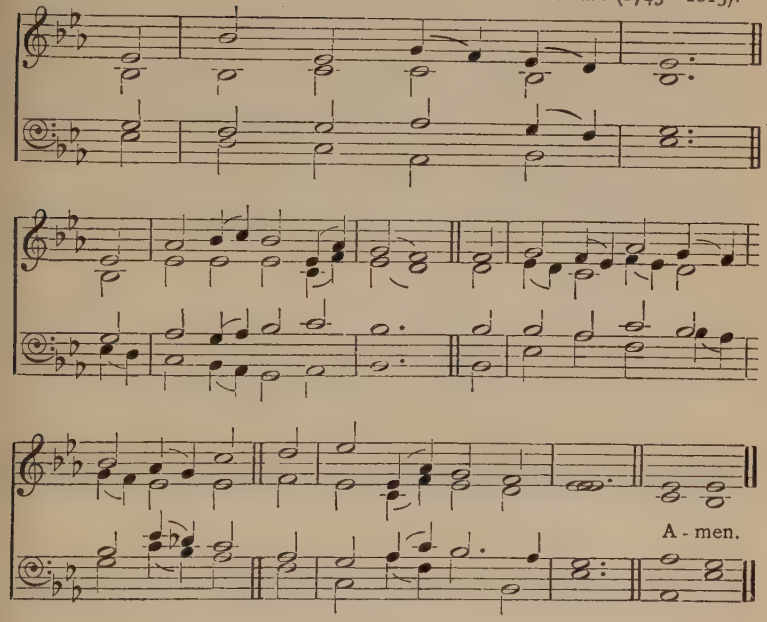
We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet;
Arise, O Morning Star,
Arise, and never set.

Lewis Hensley (1824—1905), 1867.

167

CARLISLE. *C. Lockhart* (1745—1815).



(ISAIAH LII. 7—10.)

How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Sion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace instil!

How happy are our ears
That hear the joyful sound
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

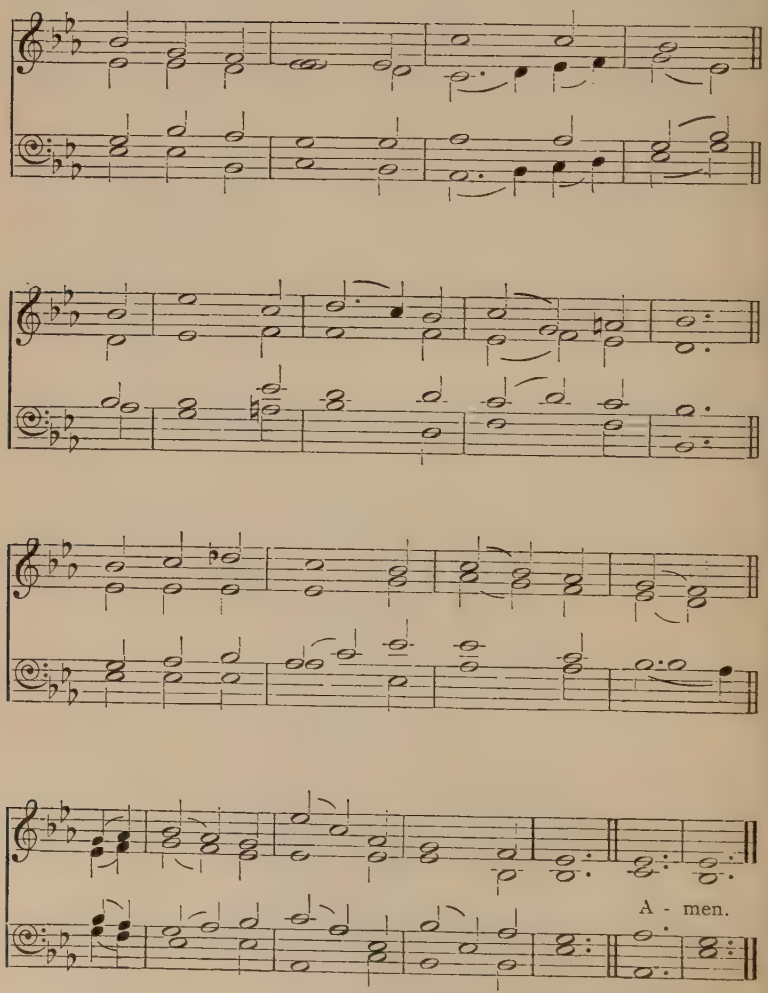
How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

O Lord, send forth Thy truth,
Make known Thy Name abroad,
Till all the nations shall behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Varied from Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1707.

168

GALILEE. *P. Armes* (1836—1908).



(Psalm LXXII.)

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

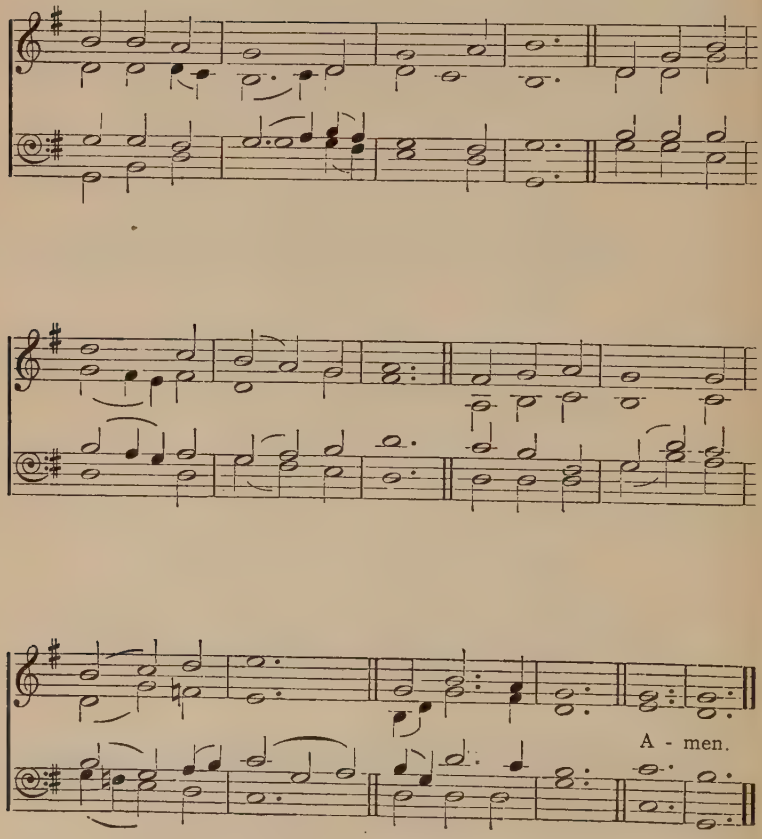
Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1719.

169

ALMSGIVING. *J. B. Dykes* (1823—1876).



O Lord of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we shew our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit Thy love declare;
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

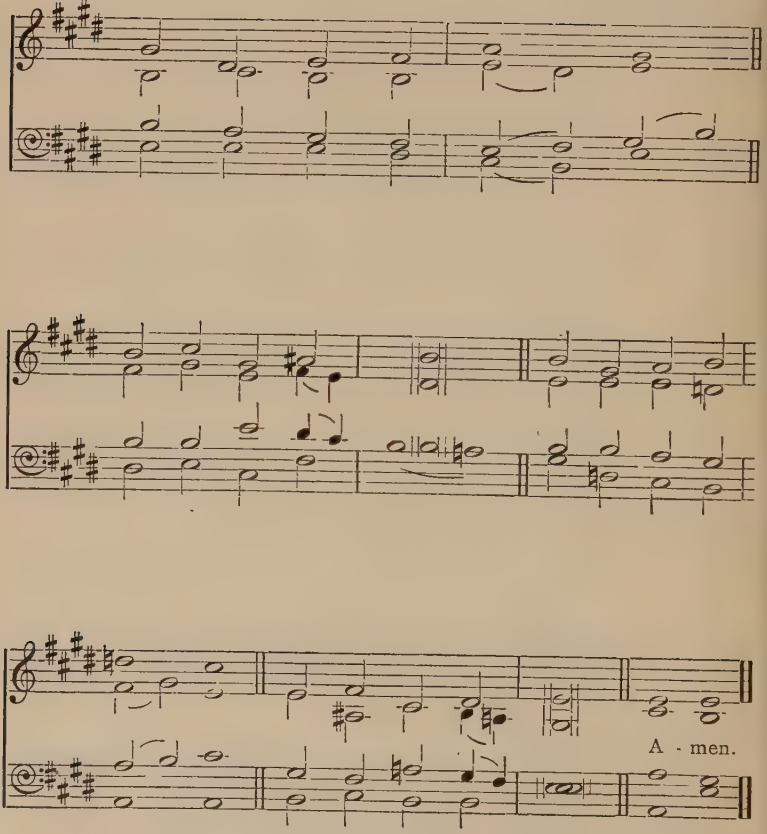
We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

O Thou, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth (1807—1885), 1863.

170

SUMMERFIELD. *John W. Ivimey.*



SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.

God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.

Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.

And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

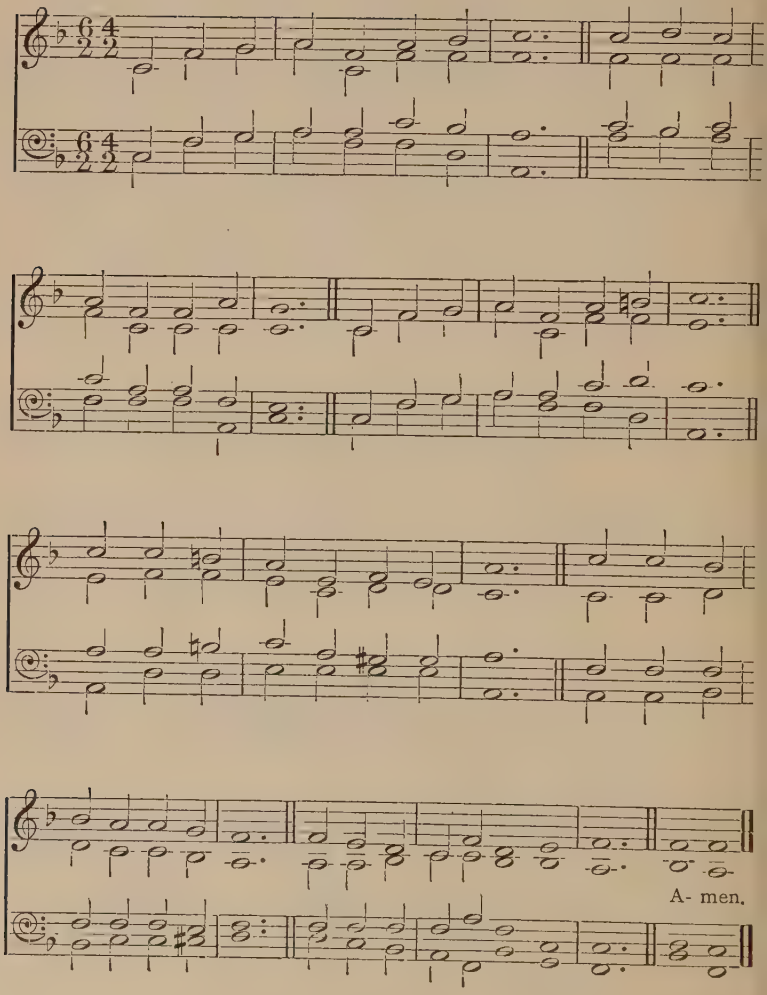
We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light;
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.

Light of Light, shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way;
Go Thou still before us,
To the endless day.

Bishop Walsham How (1823—1897), 1871.

171

MANTON. *W. S. Bambridge.*



I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
'Our beauties are but for a day.'

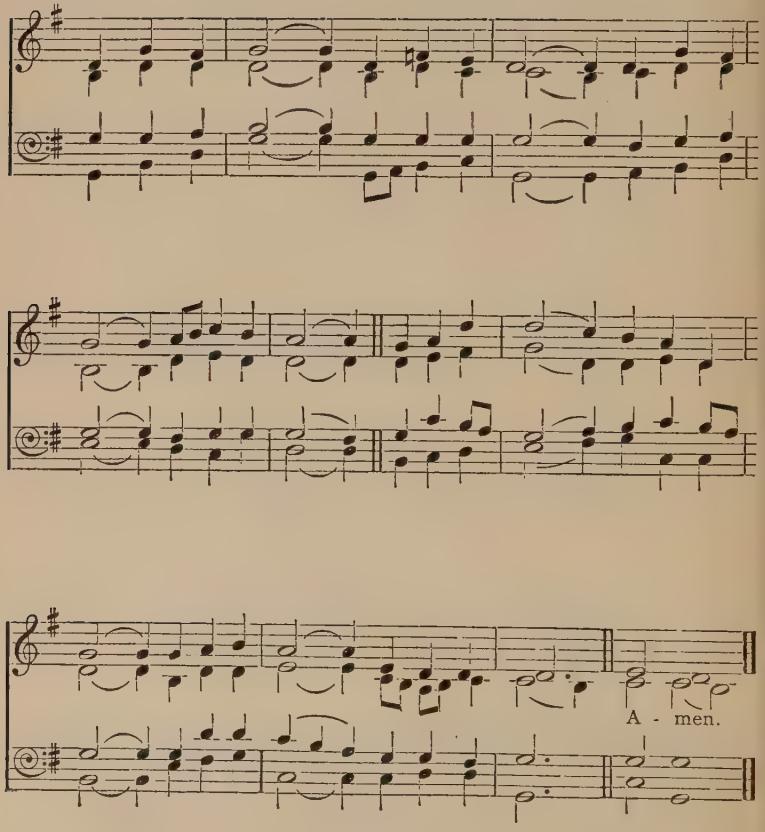
I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky;
And moon and sun in answer said,
'Our days of light are numbered.'

O God, O Good beyond compare,
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee!

Bishop Heber (1783—1826).

172

DANBY. *English Traditional.*



YES, God is good; in earth and sky,
From ocean depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
'God made us all, and God is good.'

The sun that keeps his trackless way
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say
In accents clear that God is good.

The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring renewed,
And balmy air and falling rain
Each softly whisper, 'God is good.'

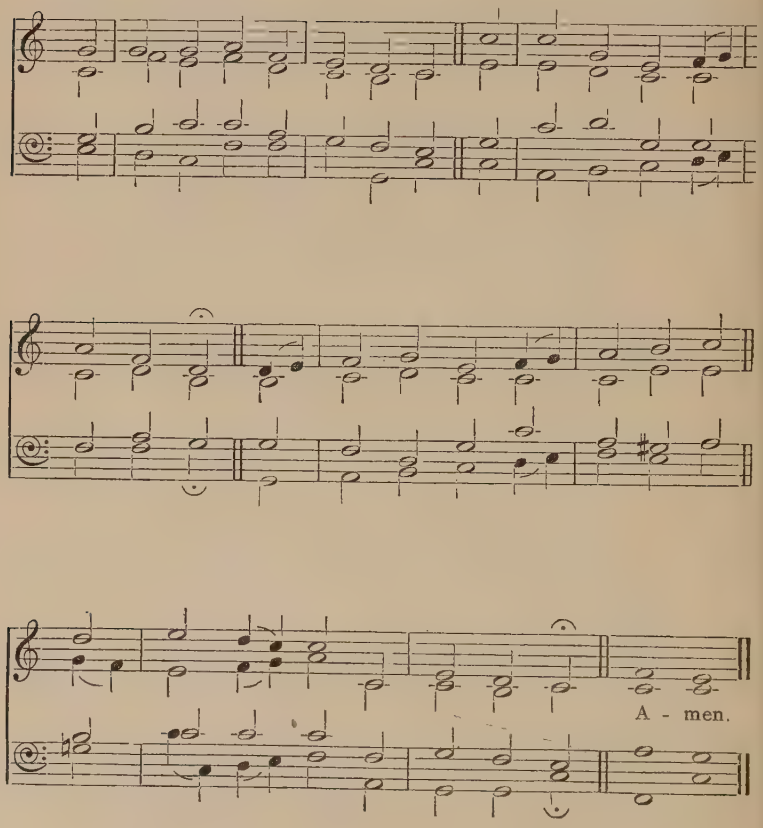
I hear it in the rushing breeze;
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky, and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, 'God is good.'

Yes, 'God is good,' all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.

John Hampden Gurney (1802—1862), 1851. *Founded on a Hymn by Eliza Lee Follen, U.S.A.*, 1825.

173

TRINITY COLLEGE (3). *Gerard F. Cobb* (1838—1904).



We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea,
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory, come from Thee.

Thanks for the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in Thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.

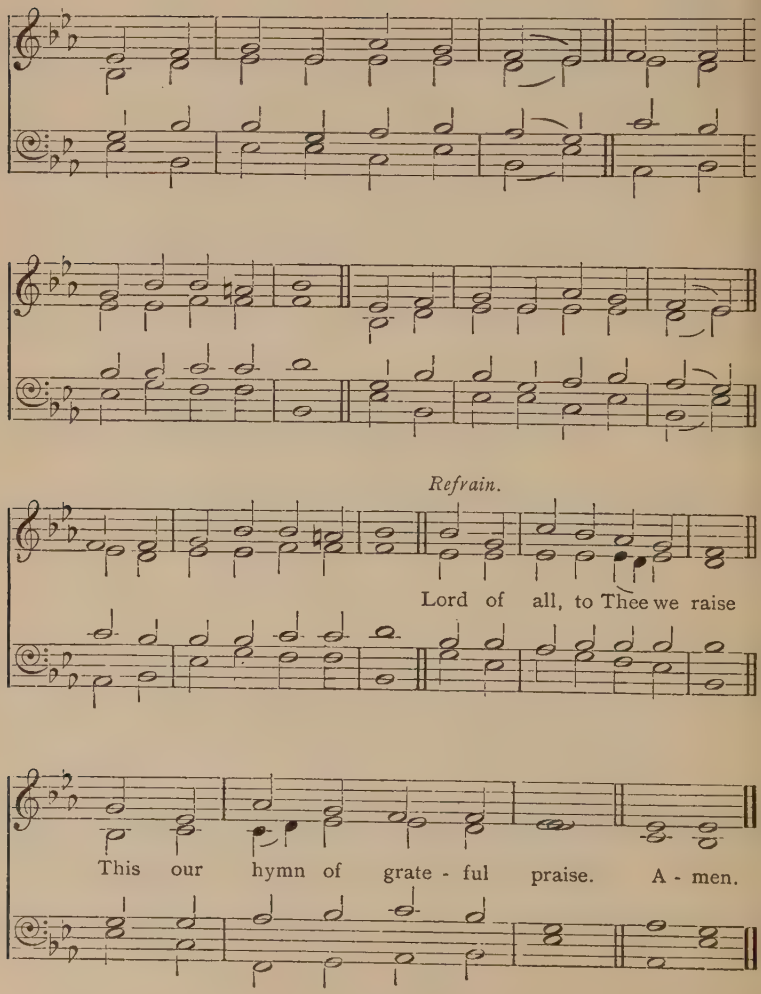
So while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts Thy love has given,
Help us in Thee to live and die,
By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.

Bishop Cotton (1813—1866), 1856.
Master, 1852—1858.

174

DEMMIN.

John Schop (1640).
Harm. by S. S. Wesley. (*Abridged.*)



For the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light,—

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled,—

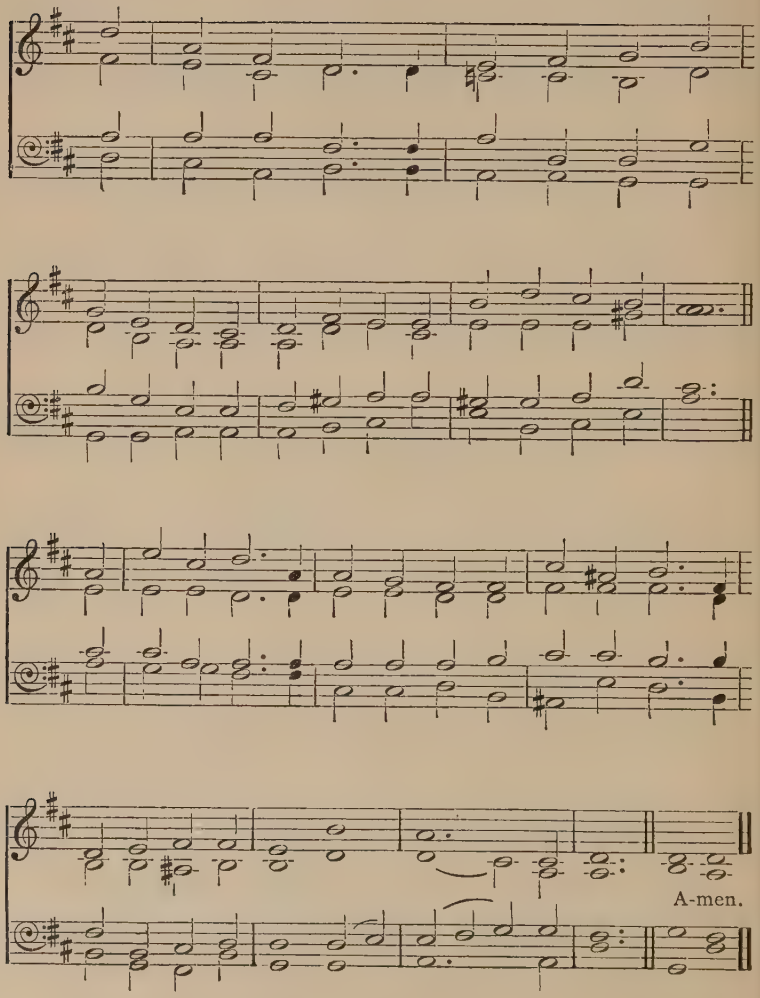
For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven,—

For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love,—

Folliott S. Pierpoint (*b.* 1835), 1864.

175

NELLE. *Wilhelm Nelle.*



O Lord, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
  If we from self could rest,
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
  Is working for the best!

Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
  Then rise with lightened cheer,
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
  Will hear in that we fear.

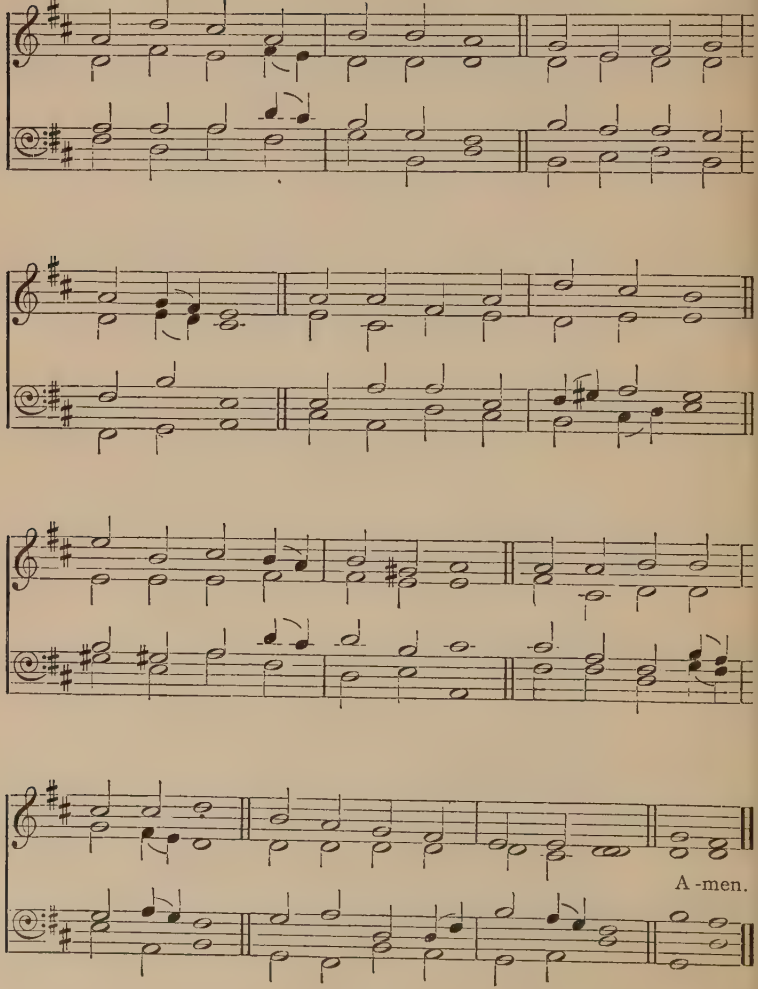
We cannot trust Him as we should,
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
  To cast its peace away;
Yet birds and flowers around us preach;
All, all the present evil teach
  Sufficient for the day.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lesson learn from birds and flowers;
  Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
  E'en in affliction, peace.

Joseph Anstice (1808—1836), 1836.

176

HEATHLANDS. *H. Smart* (1813—1879).



PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days:
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ:
All to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

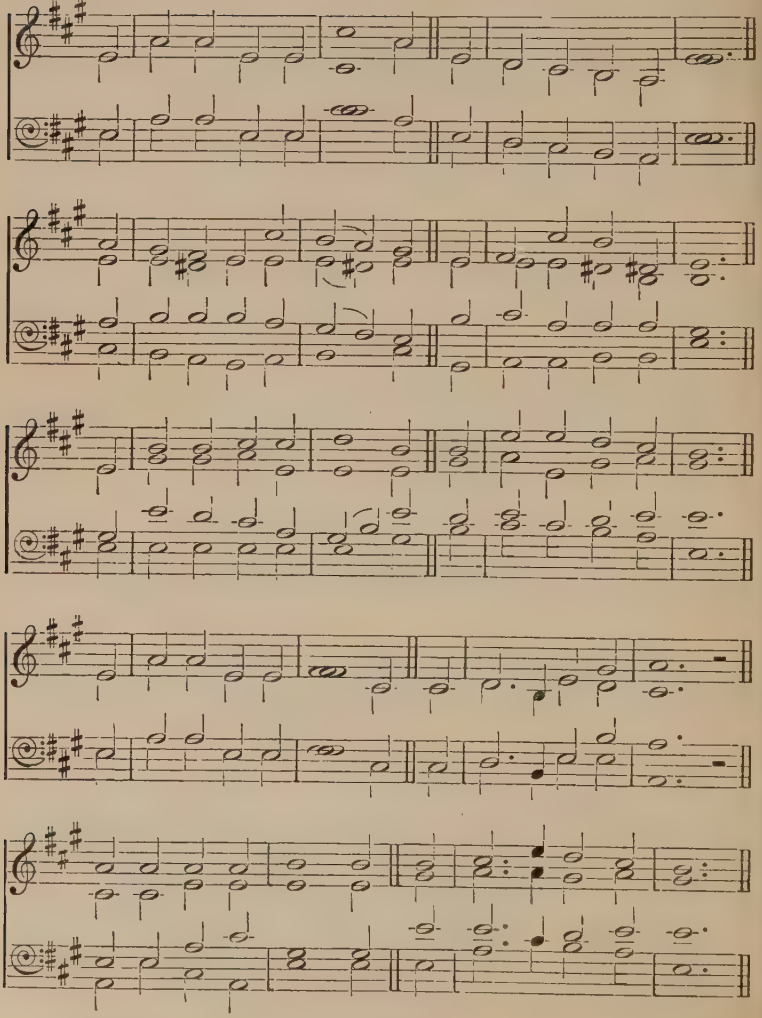
All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

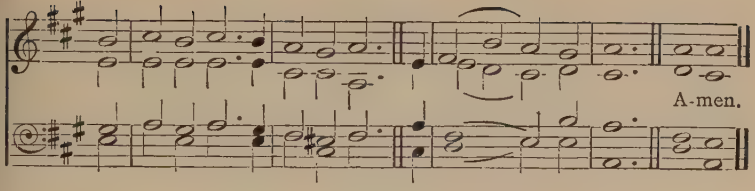
As Thy prospering hand hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best,
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove,
Singing thus through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise!

Adapted from Anna L. Barbauld (1743—1825), 1772.

177

HARVEST. *J. A. P. Schulz* (1747—1800).





We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

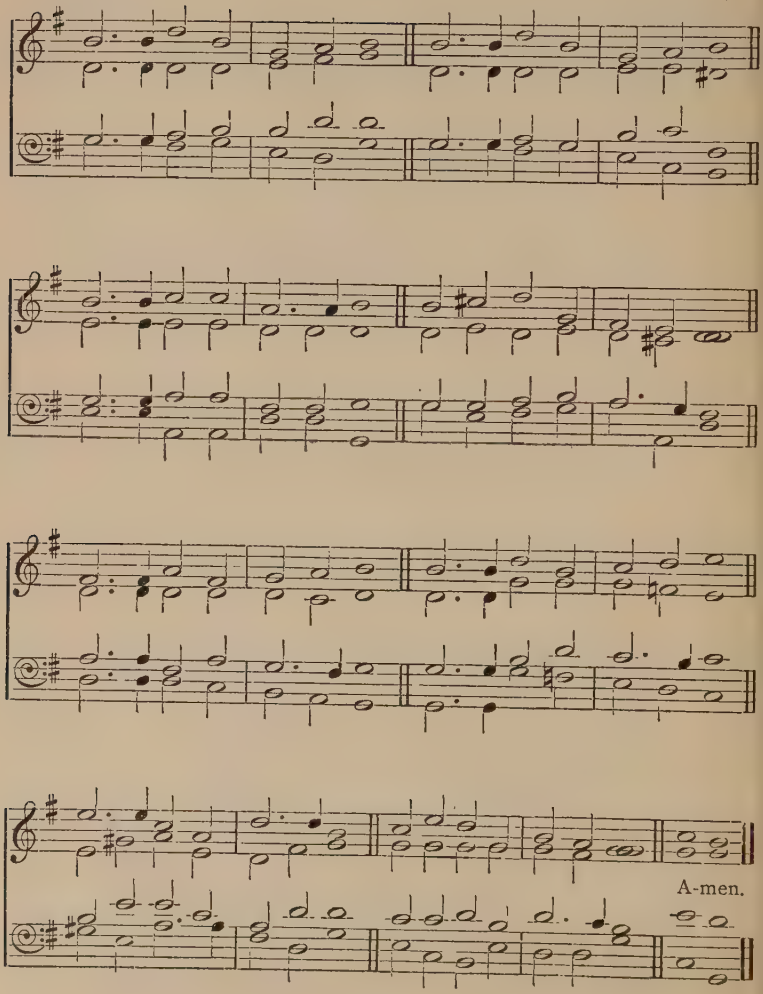
He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food:
No gifts have we to offer
For all Thy love imparts,
But that which Thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

Varied from Jane M. Campbell (1817—1878), 1861.
From the German of Matthias Claudius, 1782.

178

ST. GEORGE. *Sir George J. Elvey* (1816—1893).



COME, ye thankful people, come;
Raise the song of Harvest-home;
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin:
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come;
Raise the song of Harvest-home.

We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of Harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

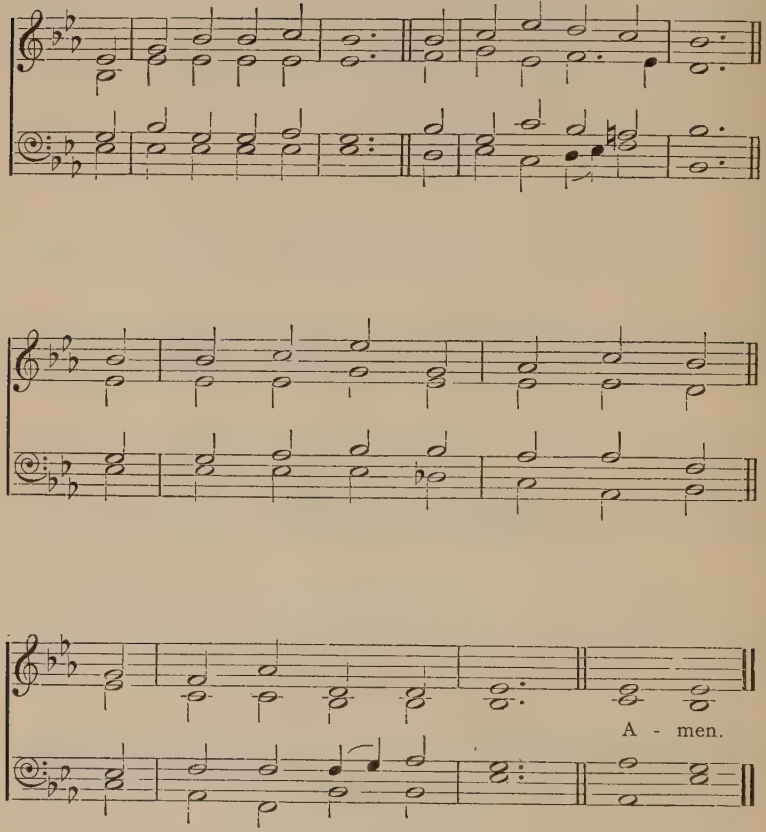
For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

Come then, Lord of mercy, come,
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-home:
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, for ever purified,
In God's garner to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come;
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-home.

Dean Alford (1810—1871), 1844.

179

HOLYROOD. *James Watson* (1816—1880).



FAIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When full of joy some shining morn
Went forth the reaper-band.

To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour;
Then carry to His temple gate
The choicest of their store.

Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven.

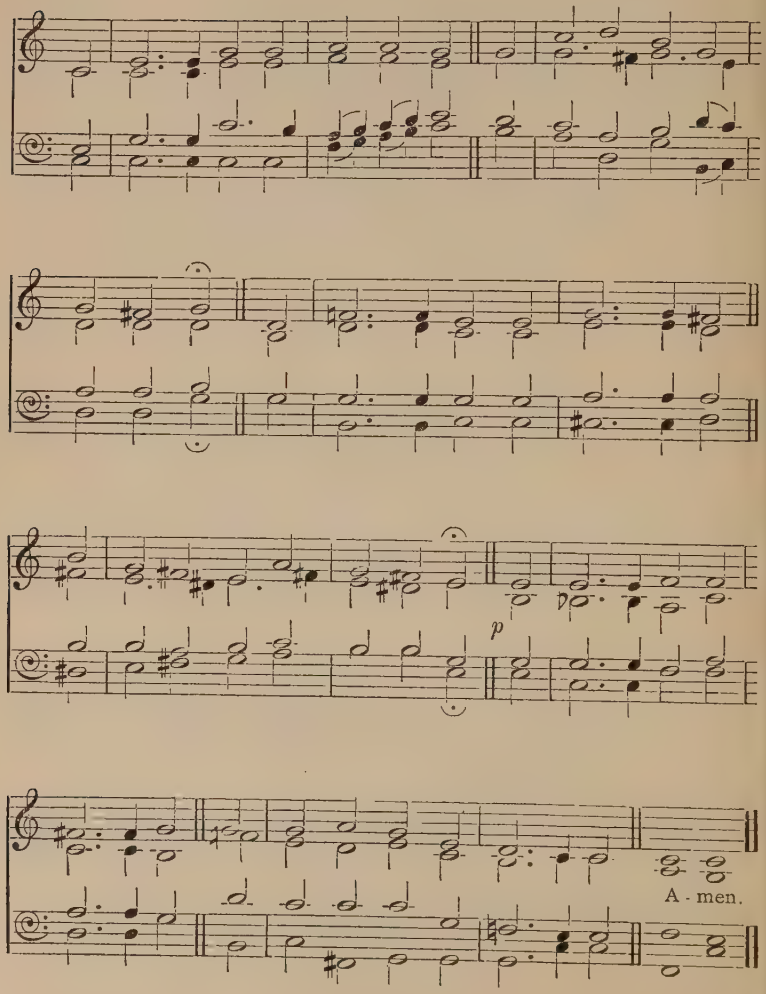
To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed.

John Hampden Gurney (1802—1862), 1851.

For those at Sea.

180

MELITA. *J. B. Dykes* (1823—1876).



ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep,
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep,
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

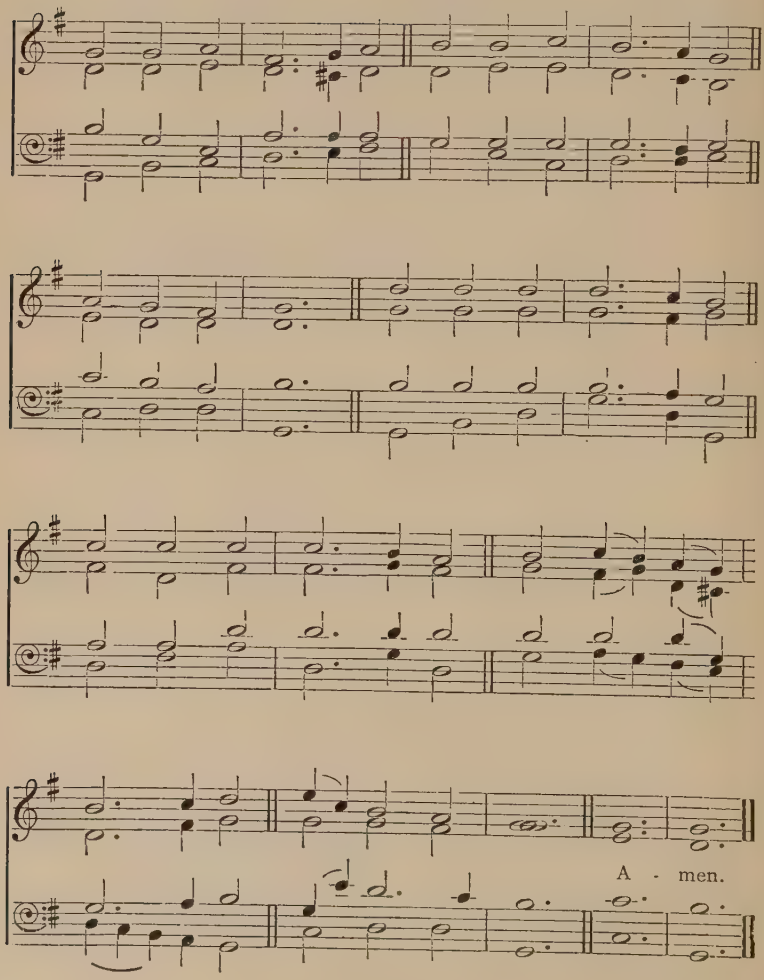
O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace,
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting (1825—1878), 1860.
Varied by compilers of Hymns A. and M., 1861.

181

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM. *Attributed to Dr. John Bull* (c. 1619).



God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the King.

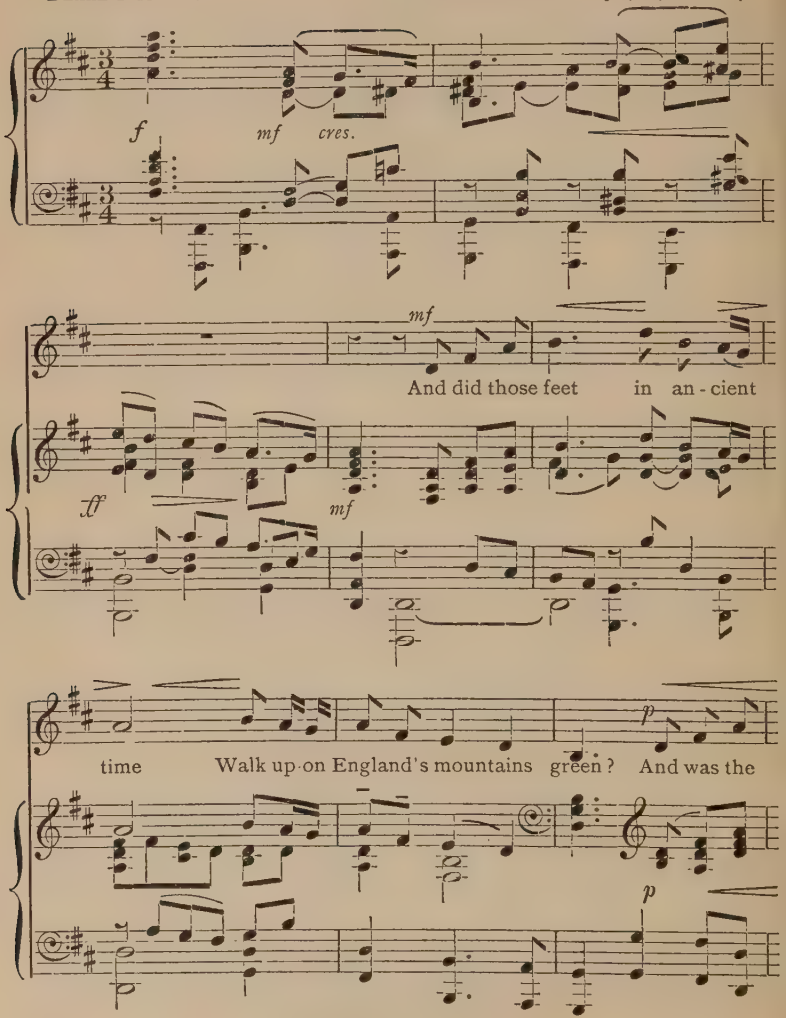
Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour:
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

Author unknown; about 1745. *From a Latin Anthem, probably of* 1688.

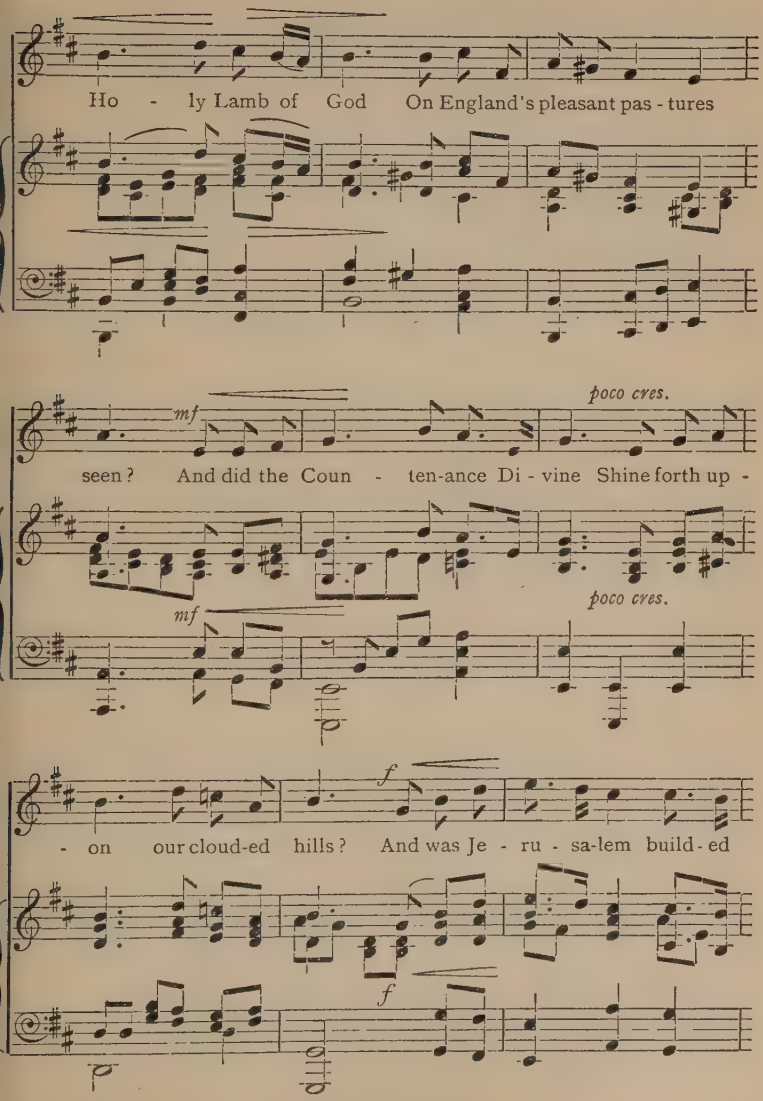
182

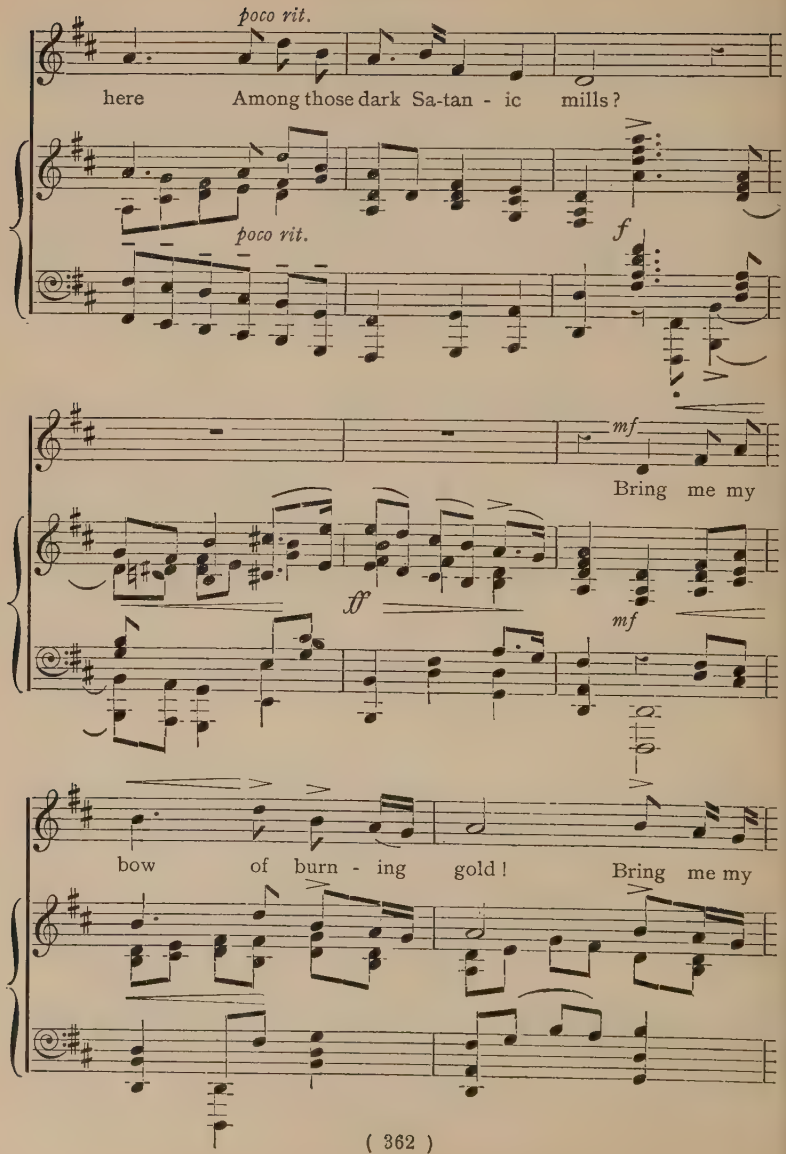
BLAKE'S HYMN.

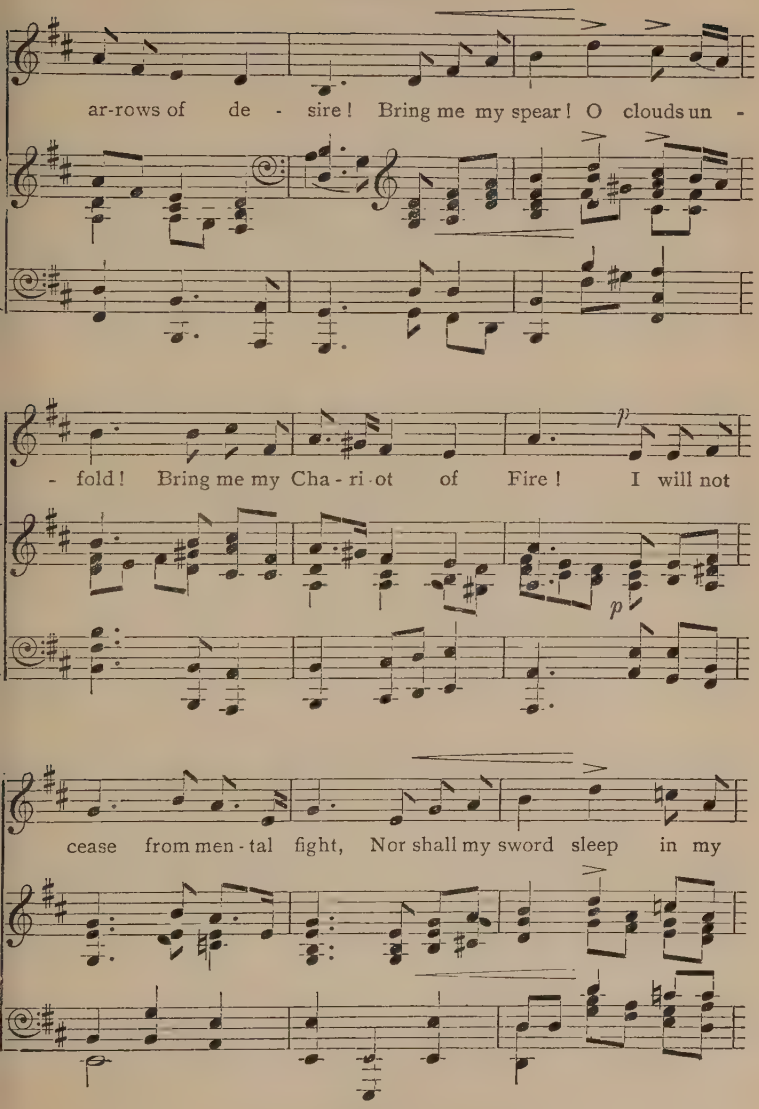
Sir C. Hubert H. Parry (1848—1918).

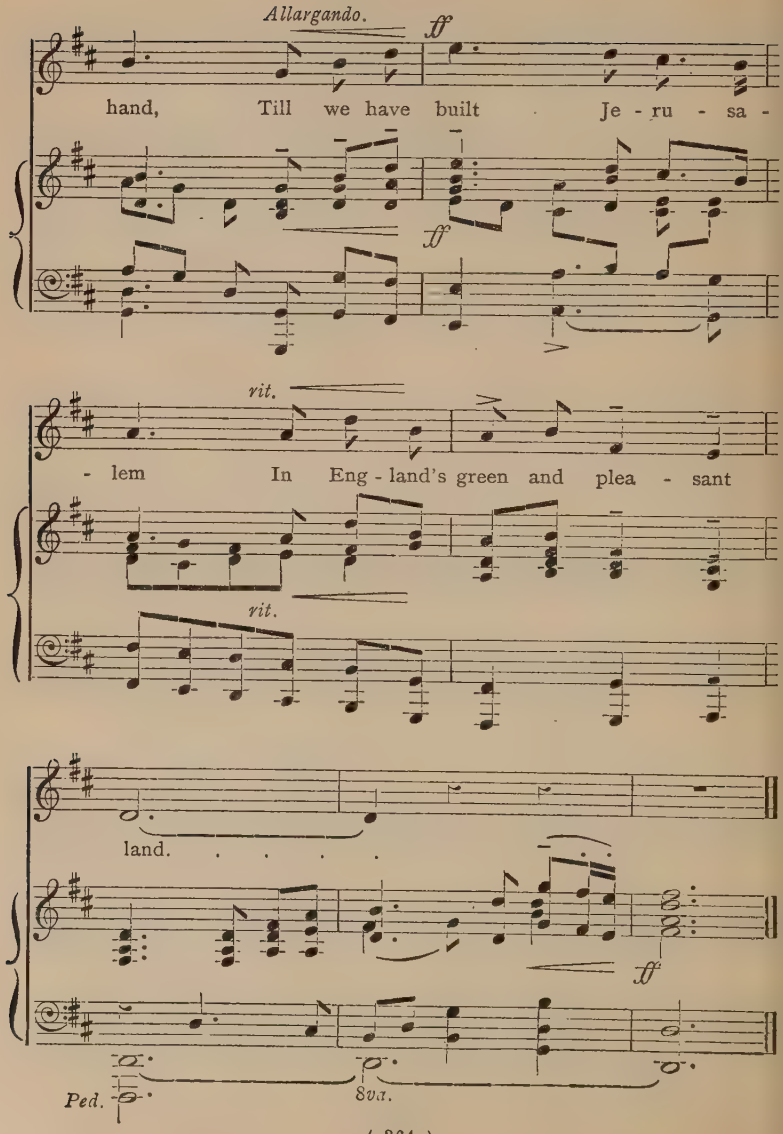


Copyright, 1916, *by C. Hubert H. Parry.*


Ho - ly Lamb of God On England's pleasant pas - tures
mf
poco cres.
seen? And did the Coun - ten-ance Di - vine Shine forth up -
mf
poco cres.
f
- on our cloud-ed hills? And was Je - ru - sa-lem build - ed
f


poco rit.
here
Among those dark Sa-tan - ic
mills?
poco rit.
f
mf
Bring me my
ff
mf
bow
of burn - ing
gold!
Bring me my


ar-rows of de - sire! Bring me my spear! O clouds un -
- fold! Bring me my Cha - ri - ot of Fire! I will not
p
p
cease from men - tal fight, Nor shall my sword sleep in my


Allargando.
ff
hand, Till we have built Je - ru - sa -
ff
rit.
- lem In Eng - land's green and plea - sant
rit.
land.
ff
Ped.
8va.

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the Holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark Satanic mills?

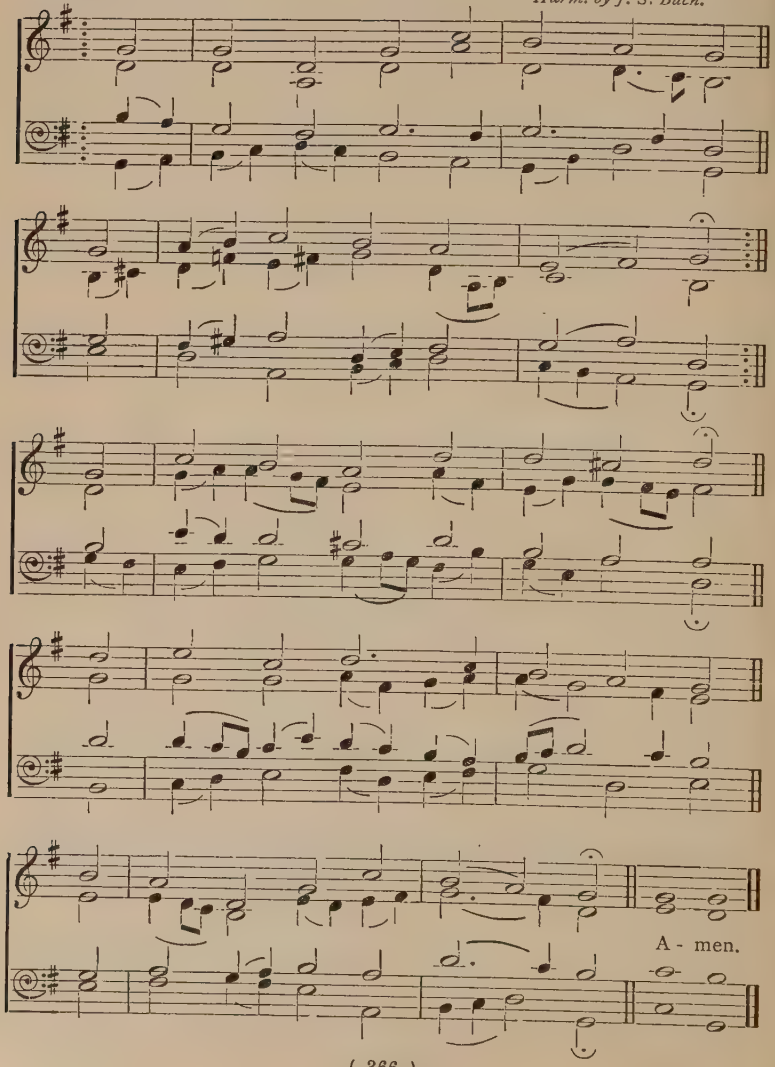
Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold!
Bring me my Chariot of Fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

William Blake (1757—1827).
Stanzas from 'Prophetic Books.'

183

NUN FREUT EUCH.

Martin Luther (1483—1546).
Harm. by J. S. Bach.



We wait beneath the furnace-blast
The pangs of transformation;
Not painlessly doth God recast
And mould anew the nation.
Hot burns the fire
Where wrongs expire;
Nor spares the hand
That from the land
Uproots the ancient evil.

What though the cast-out spirit tear
The nation in his going?
We, who have shared the guilt, must share
The pang of his o'erthrowing!
Whate'er the loss,
Whate'er the cross,
Shall they complain
Of present pain
Who trust in God's hereafter?

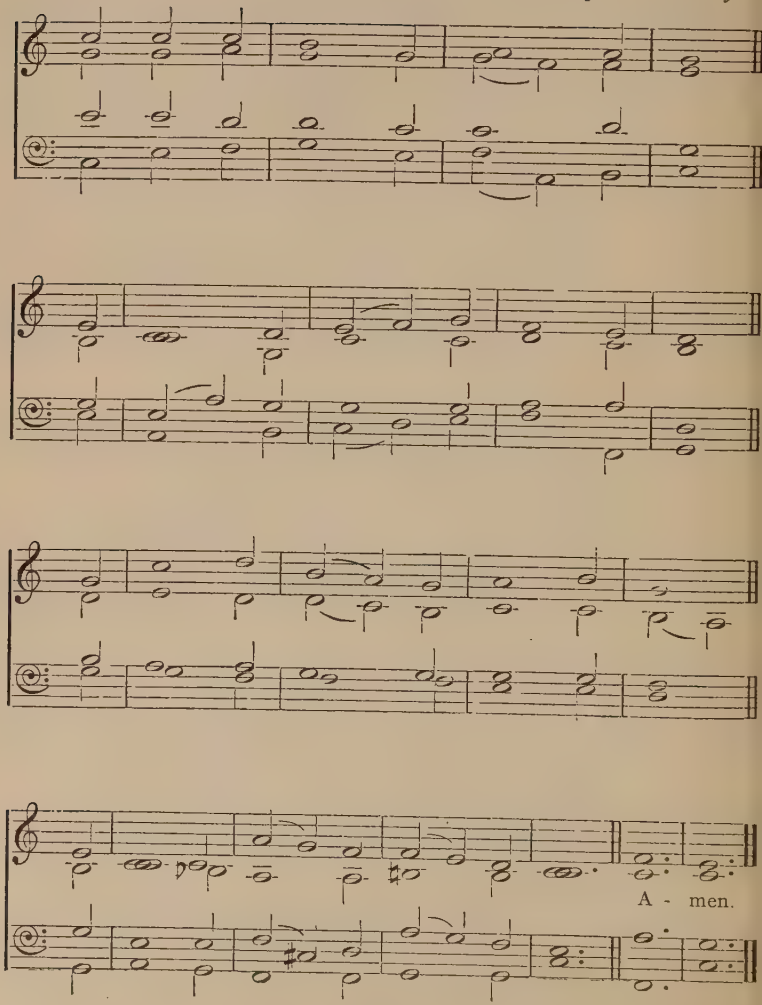
For who that leans on His right arm
Was ever yet forsaken?
What righteous cause can suffer harm
If He its part has taken?
Though wild and loud
And dark the cloud,
Behind its folds
His hand upholds
The calm sky of to-morrow.

Then let the selfish lip be dumb,
And hushed the breath of sighing;
Before the joy of peace must come
The pains of purifying.
God give us grace
Each in his place
To bear his lot
And, murmuring not,
Endure, and wait, and labour.

John Greenleaf Whittier (*U.S.A.*, 1807—1892), 1861.

184

CRISPINIAN. *John W. Ivimey.*



PRAISE to our God, whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land,
A garden fenced with silver sea;
A people prosperous, strong, and free.

Praise to our God; the vine He set
Within our coasts is fruitful yet;
On many a shore her seedlings grow,
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

Praise to our God; His power alone
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne,
Sustained by counsels wise and just,
And guarded by a people's trust.

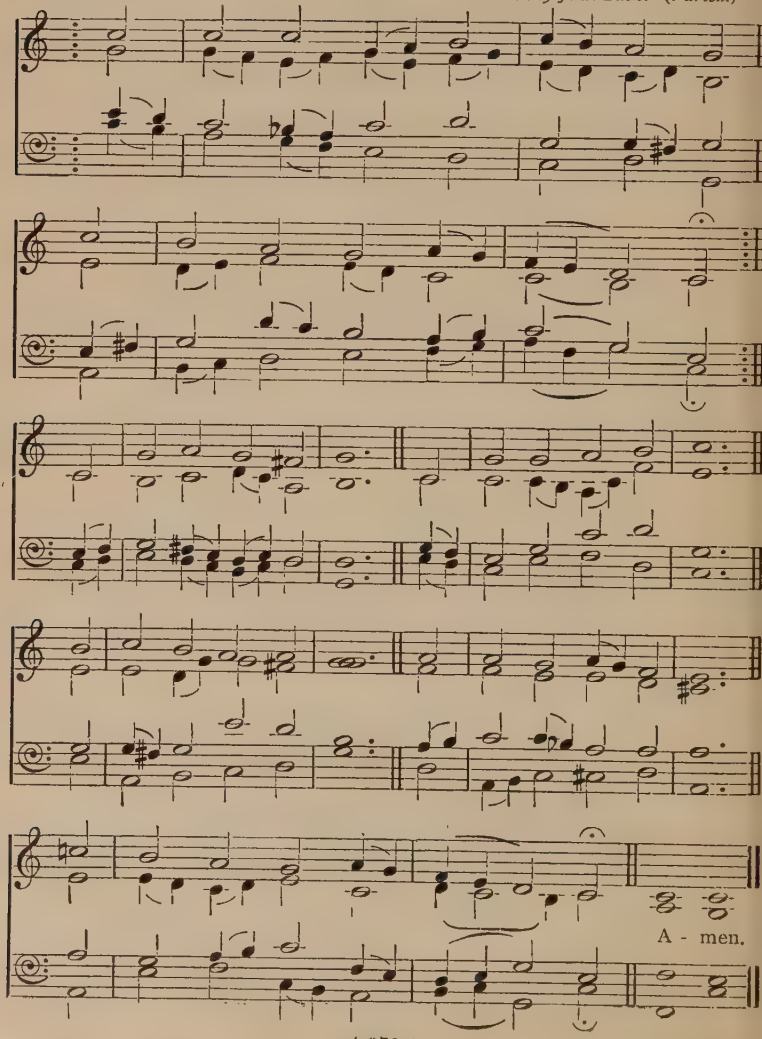
Praise to our God; though chastenings stern
Our evil dross should throughly burn,
His rod and staff from age to age
Shall rule and guide His heritage.

John Ellerton (1826—1893), 1871. (*Abbreviated.*)

185

EIN FESTE BURG.

Martin Luther (1483—1546).
Harm. by J. S. Bach. (*Varied.*)



SPECIAL THANKSGIVING.

REJOICE to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His Name,
For He is God alone,
Who hath His mercy shown;
Let all His saints adore Him.

When in distress to Him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining;
O trust in Him, whate'er betide,
His love is all-sustaining;
Triumphant songs of praise
To Him our hearts can raise;
Now every voice shall say,
'O praise our God alway!'
Let all His saints adore Him.

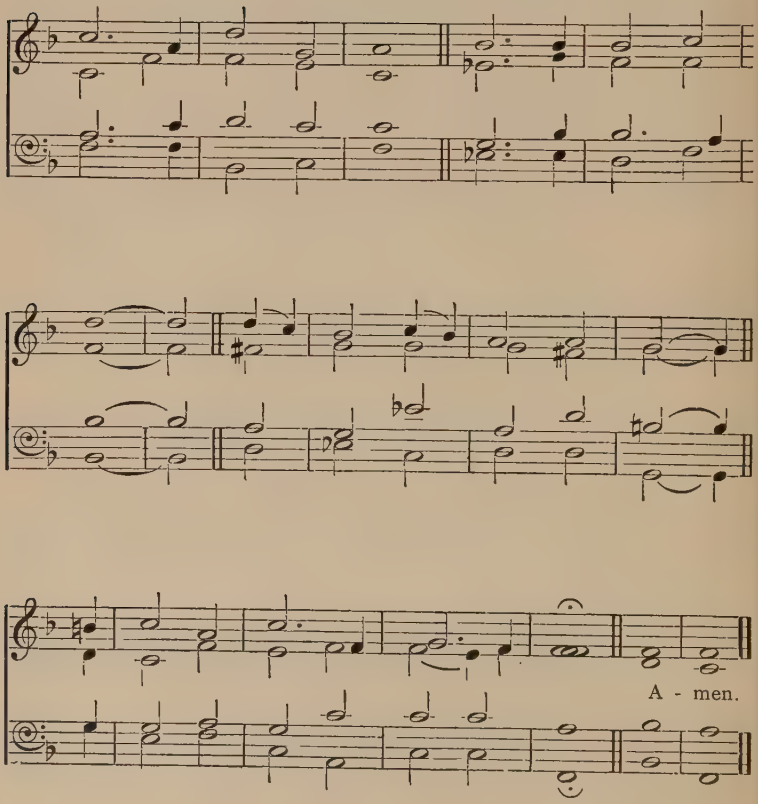
Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His Name;
For He is God alone,
Who hath His mercy shown;
Let all His saints adore Him.

Sir Henry W. Baker (1821—1877), 1861.

186

CAMPION, No. 1.

Thomas Campion (1567—1620.)
Harm. by J. W. I.



SING a song of joy,
Praise our God with mirth:
His flock who can destroy?
Is He not Lord of heav'n and earth.

Sing we then secure,
Tuning well our strings:
With voice, as echo pure,
Let us renown the King of kings.

First, who taught the day
From the east to rise?
Whom doth the sun obey
When in the seas his glory dies?

He the stars directs
That in order stand:
Who heaven and earth protects
But He that framed them with His hand?

Angels round attend,
Waiting on His will:
Arm'd millions He doth send
To aid the good or plague the ill.

All that dread His Name
And His hests observe,
His arm will shield from shame:
Their steps from truth shall never swerve.

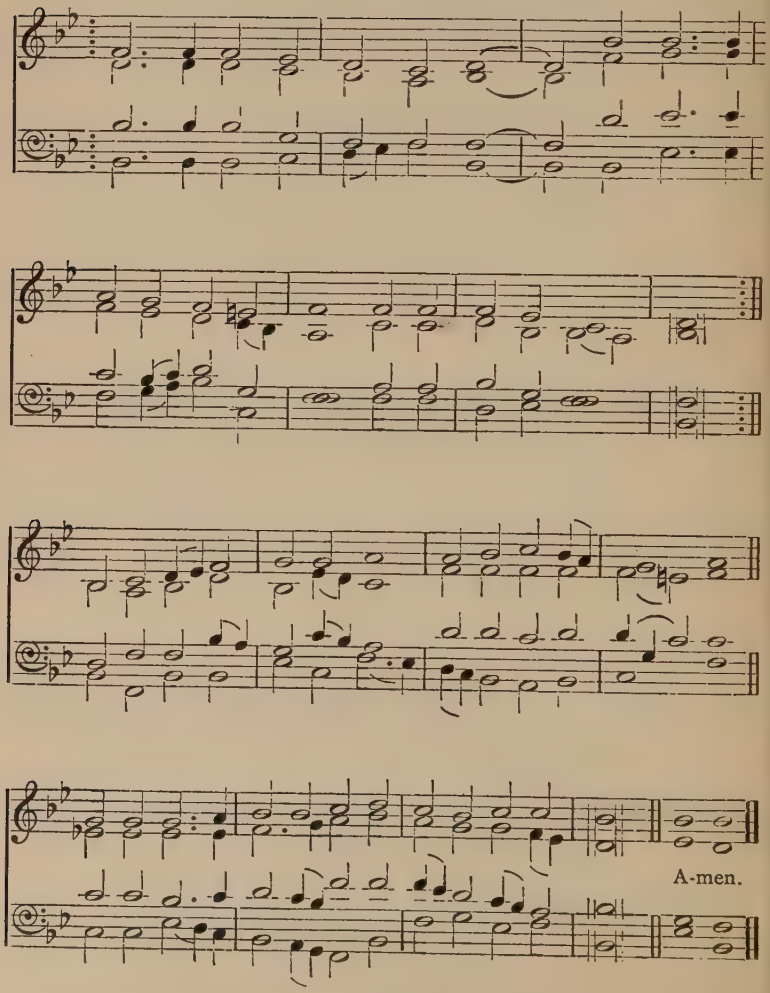
Let us then rejoice,
Sounding loud His praise:
So will He hear our voice,
And bless on earth our peaceful days.

Thomas Campion, M.D. (1567—1620).
No. 1 *of* '*Seven Spiritual Songs.*'

187

CAMPION, No. 2.

Thomas Campion (1567—1620).
Arr. by Willoughby H. Williams.



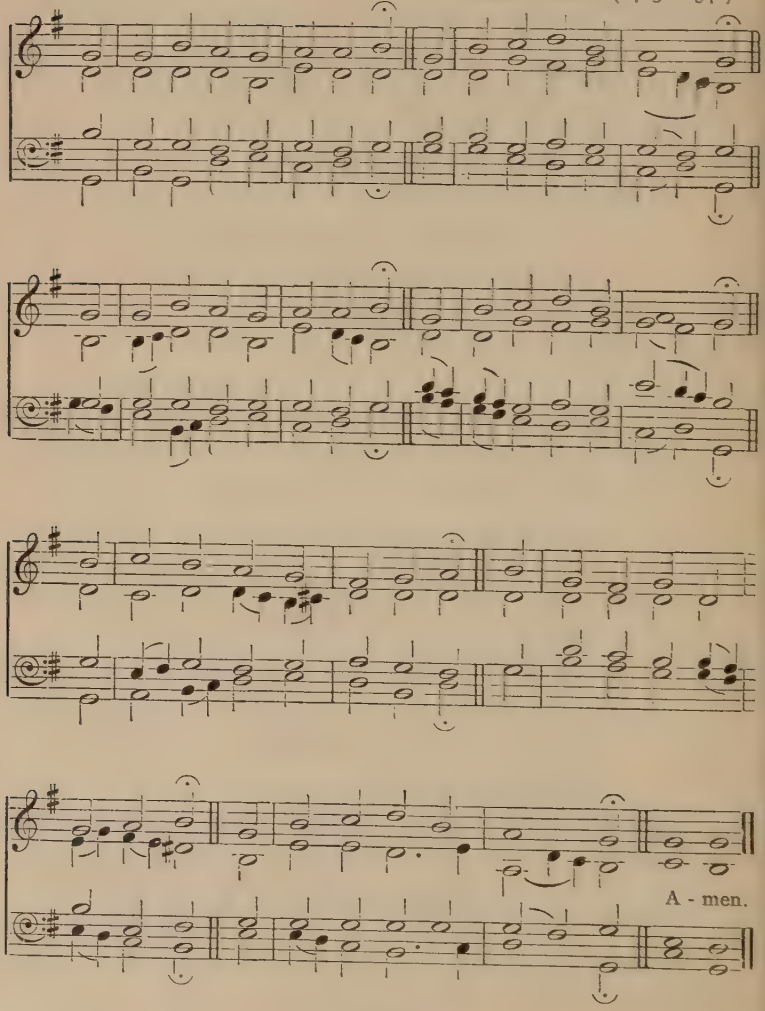
Britons, now with one accord
Sing grateful praises to the Lord
In your congregations.
He preserved your State alone,
His loving grace hath made you one
Of His chosen nations.
But this light must hallowed be
With your best oblations;
Praise the Lord, for only great and merciful is He.

God hath call'd us and hath shown
To us the work He will have done
For Him, and none other.
Britain, this He did for thee
That thou thine own renown might see
Which no time can smother.
May thy sons thy comfort be,
Every land thy brother;
May the world the love of peace and wisdom learn with thee.

Abbreviated and varied from Thomas Campion, M.D. (1567—1620). *No. 2 of 'Seven Spiritual Songs.'*

188

LUTHER'S HYMN. *Martin Luther* (1483—1546).



A TOWER of strength our God doth stand,
A Shield and sure Defender:
True help from all our woes His hand
Through life doth freely render.
Our foe hath fixed his purpose fell;
With might and craft he's armed full well;
Nought earthly can resist him:

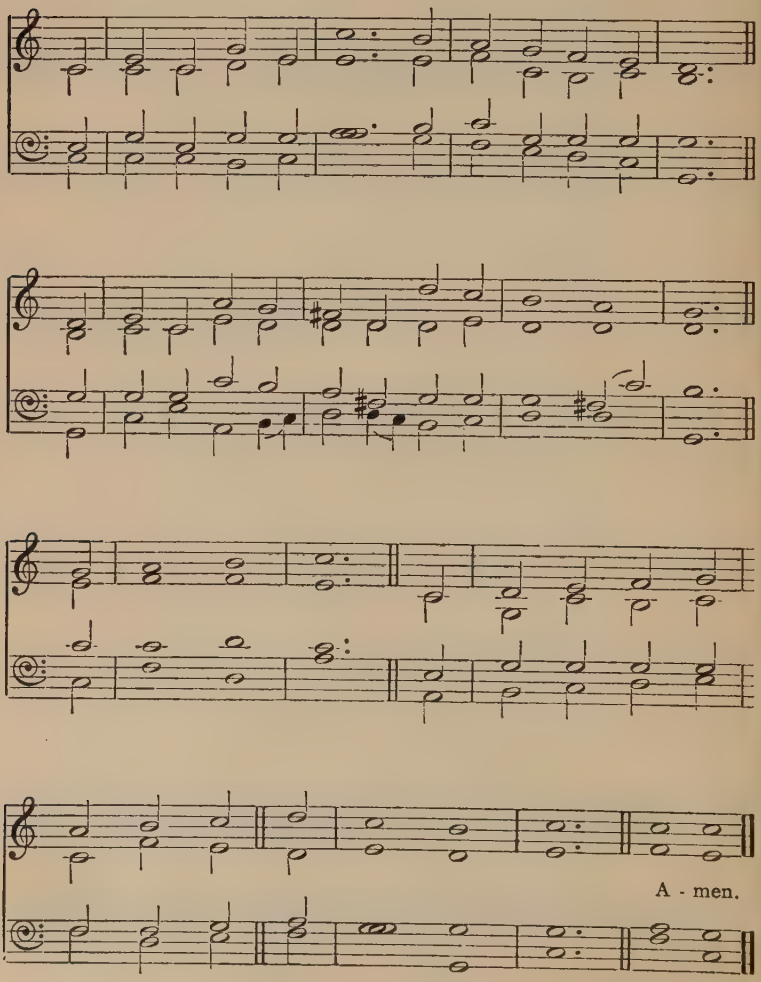
Full soon we're lost and vanquished quite,
Our strength hath nought effected;
Yet He for us maintains the fight,
Whom God Himself elected:
Ask ye His Name? 'tis Christ our Lord,
The God of Hosts alone adored,
Our Champion—none dare brave Him.

Should hell's whole legions round us press,
All banded to devour us,
Yet this should work us good success,
Nor fear e'en then o'erpower us;
Though this world's prince look fierce and bold,
It matters not, his doom is told,
A single word can foil him.

Henry James Buckoll (1803—1871), 1842. *From the Hymn 'Ein' feste Burg' of Martin Luther*, 1529.

189

DARWALL'S 148TH. *J. Darwall* (1731—1789).



Ye holy Angels bright,
Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light
Fly at your Lord's command,
Assist our song,
Or else the theme
Too high doth seem
For mortal tongue.

Ye blessèd souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released,
Behold the Saviour's face,
His praises sound,
As in His light
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

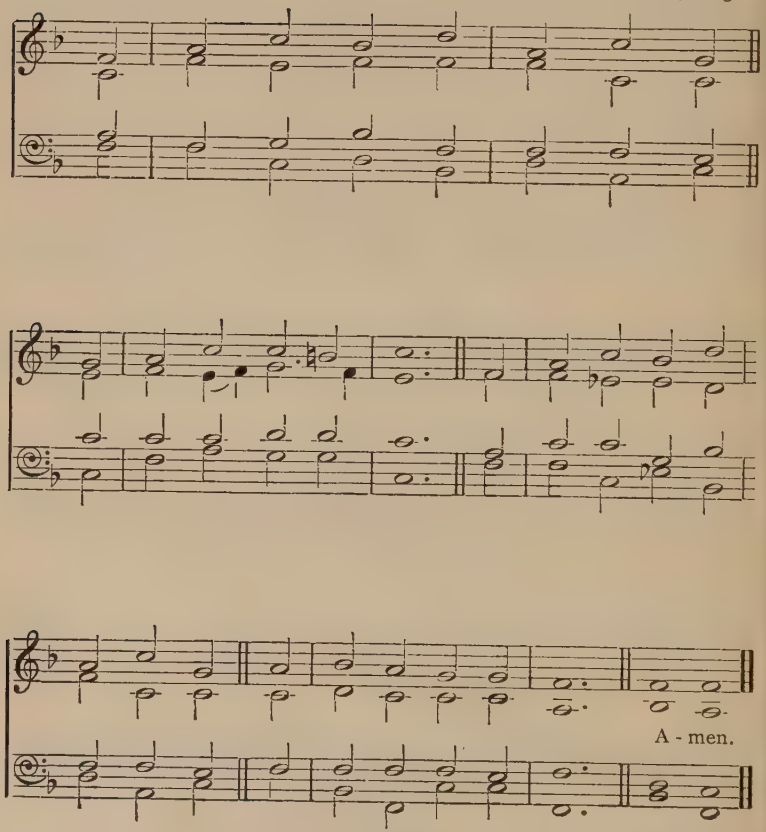
Ye saints, who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing;
Take what He gives
And praise Him still
Through good and ill,
Who ever lives.

My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love.
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er He send,
Be filled with praise.

Richard Baxter (1615—1691), *and R. R. Chope.*

190

SCOTCH STILT. *From the Scottish Psalter*, 1615.



(Psalm CXVII.)

O gentes omnes undique,
Laudate Dominum ;
Laudate, omnes populi,
Per orbis ambitum.

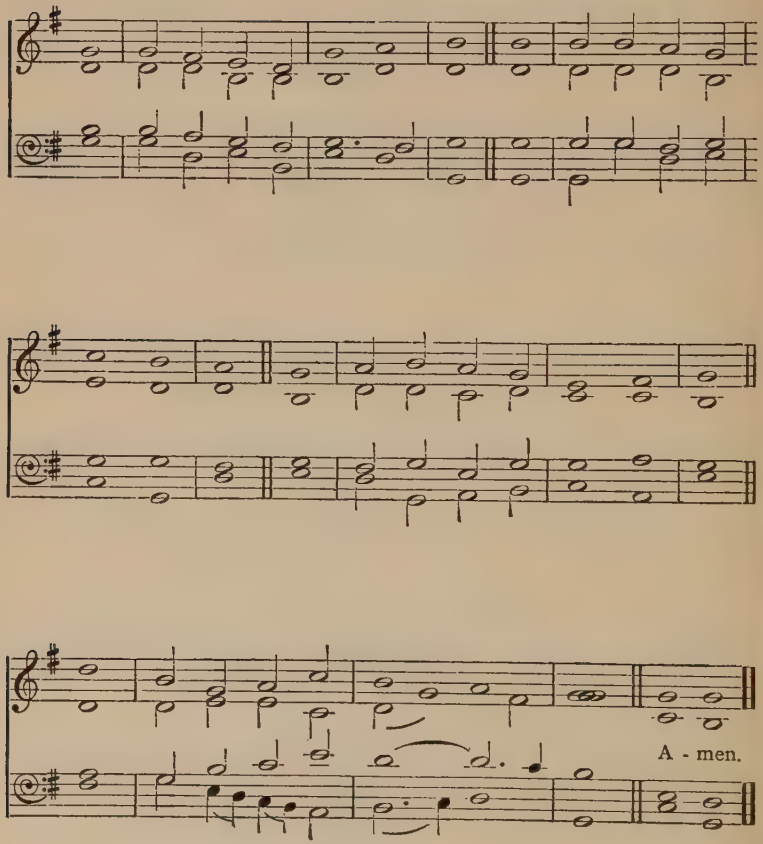
Nam ingens est hominibus
Illius bonitas ;
Et per aeterna saecula
Illius veritas.

Sit laus Triuni Domino,
Honor et gloria
Ab universo populo
Per cuncta saecula.

Author unknown. From the 'Liber Precum,' Christ Church, Oxford, 1726.

191

OLD HUNDREDTH. *Melody from Genevan Psalter*, 1551.



(Psalm C.)

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise;
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

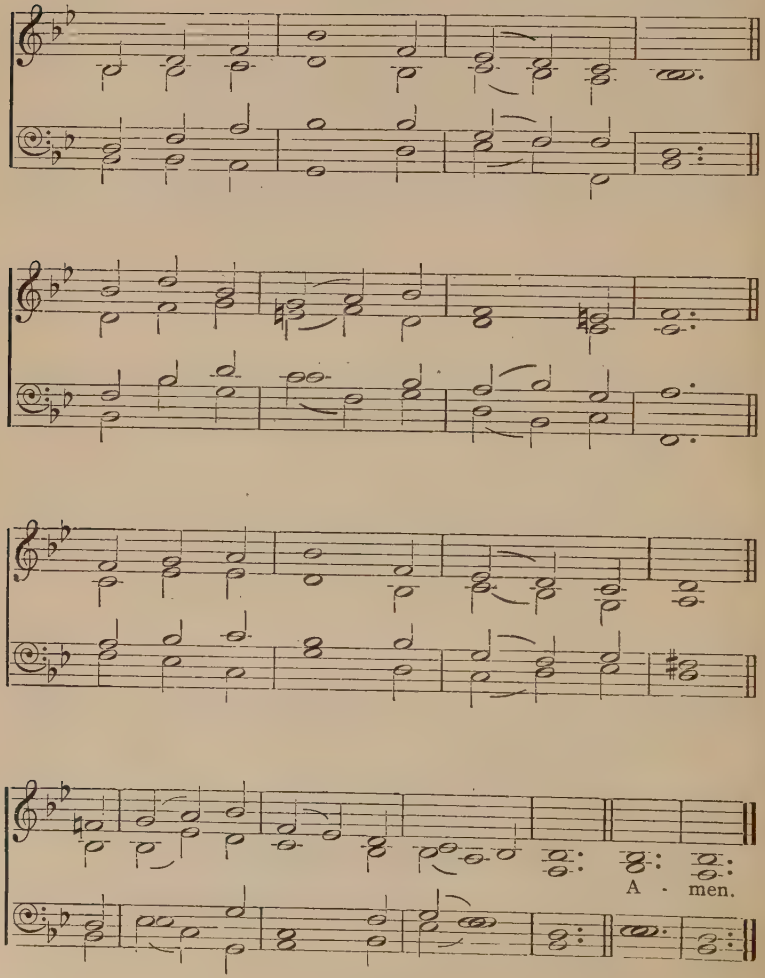
For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

William Kethe, 1561.

192

GRENOBLE.

Grenoble Church Melody.
Harm. by Basil Harwood.



(Psalm C.)

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power without our aid
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love,
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

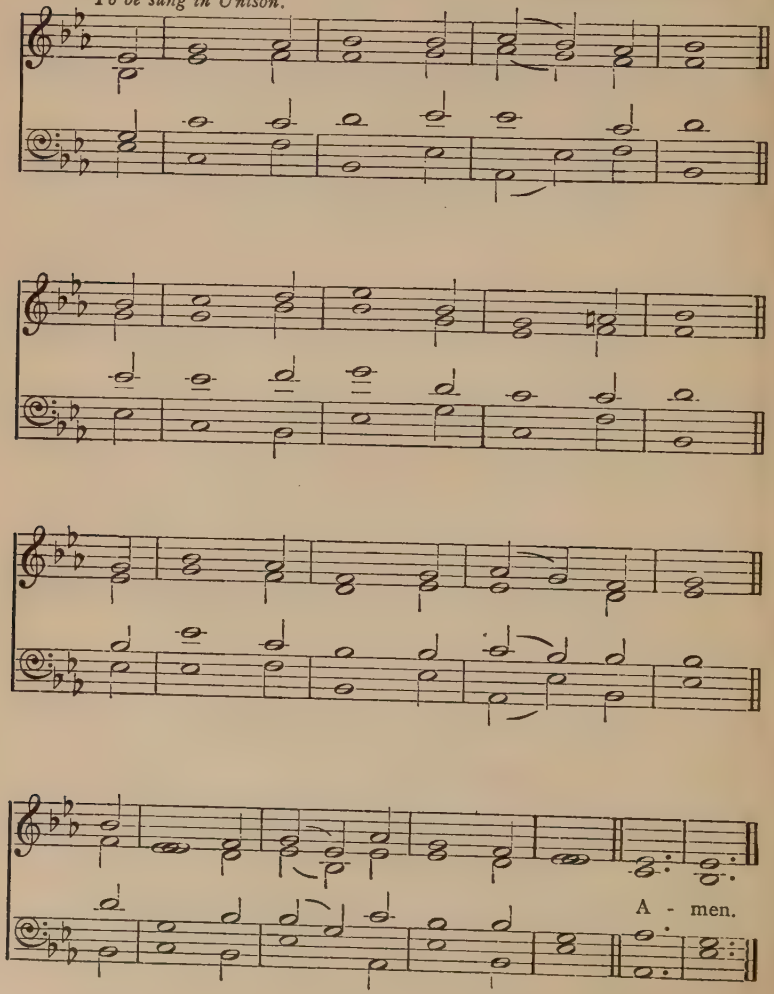
Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1719.
Varied by John Wesley, 1736.

193

SOLEMNIS HAEC FESTIVITAS.

To be sung in Unison.

Angers Church Melody.



(Psalm CXVII.)

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

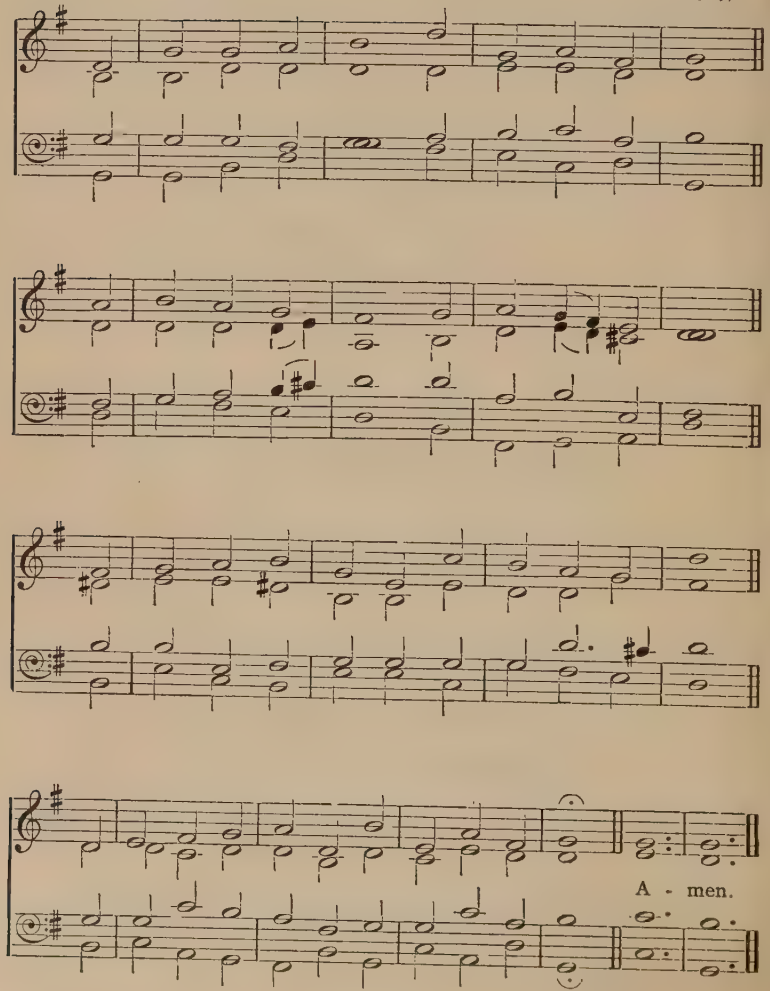
Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1719.
With Bishop Ken's Doxology.

194

HANOVER. *Dr. Croft* (1678—1727).



(PSALM CIV.)

O WORSHIP the King all-glorious above;
O gratefully sing His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old;
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

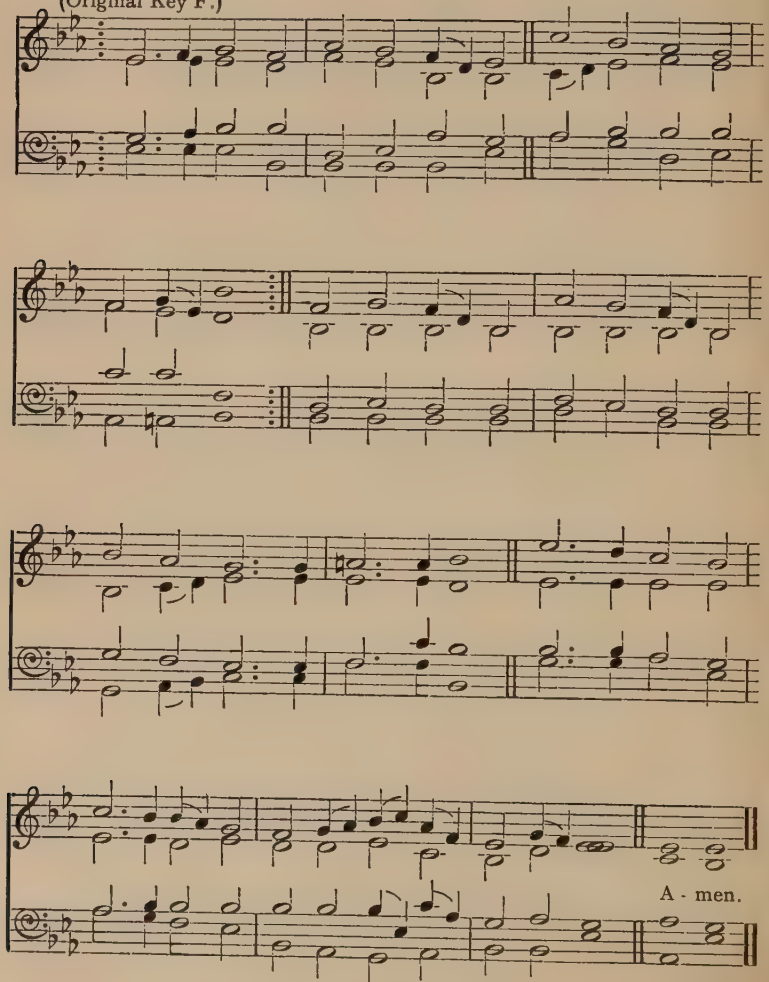
O measureless Might, ineffable Love,
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
Thy ransomed creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall sing to Thy praise.

Sir Robert Grant (1785—1838).
Founded on William Kethe's version, 1561.

195

AUSTRIA.
(Original Key F.)

J. Haydn (1732—1809).



(Psalm CXLVIII.)

Praise the Lord; ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars and light:
Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken,
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance He hath made.

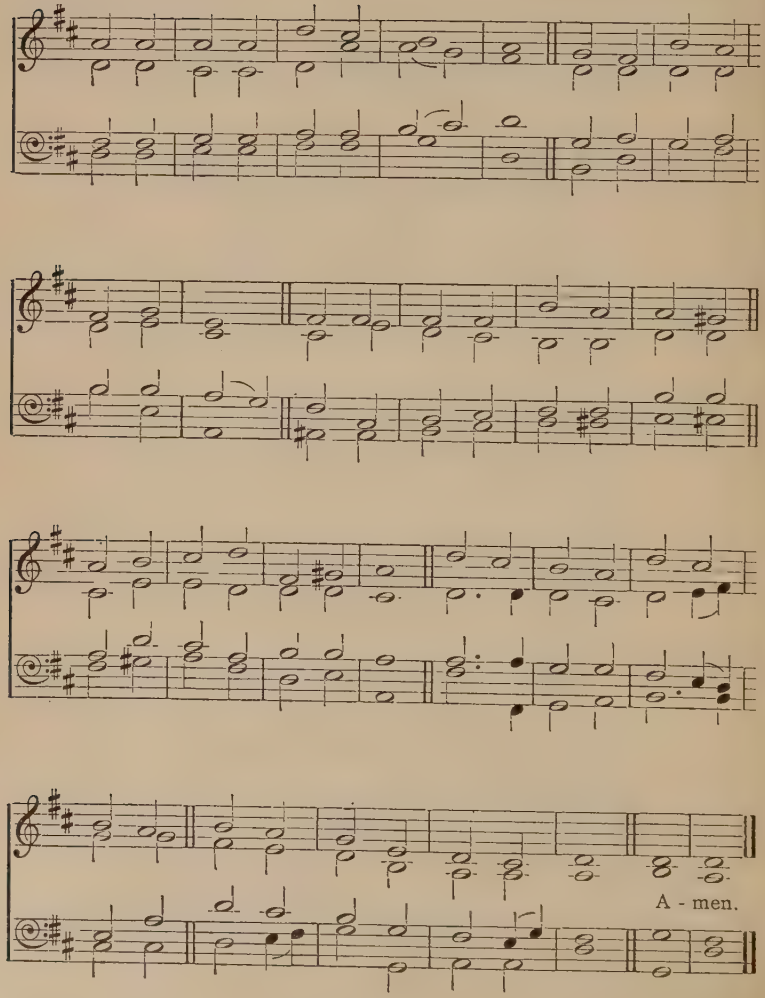
Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail:
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name.

Author unknown, 1796.

196

PRAISE.

Sir John Goss (1800—1880).



PRAISE.

(Psalm CIII.)

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing?
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless;
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness!

* Fatherlike, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hand He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore Him,
Ye behold Him face to face:
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace!

Henry Francis Lyte (1793—1847), 1834.

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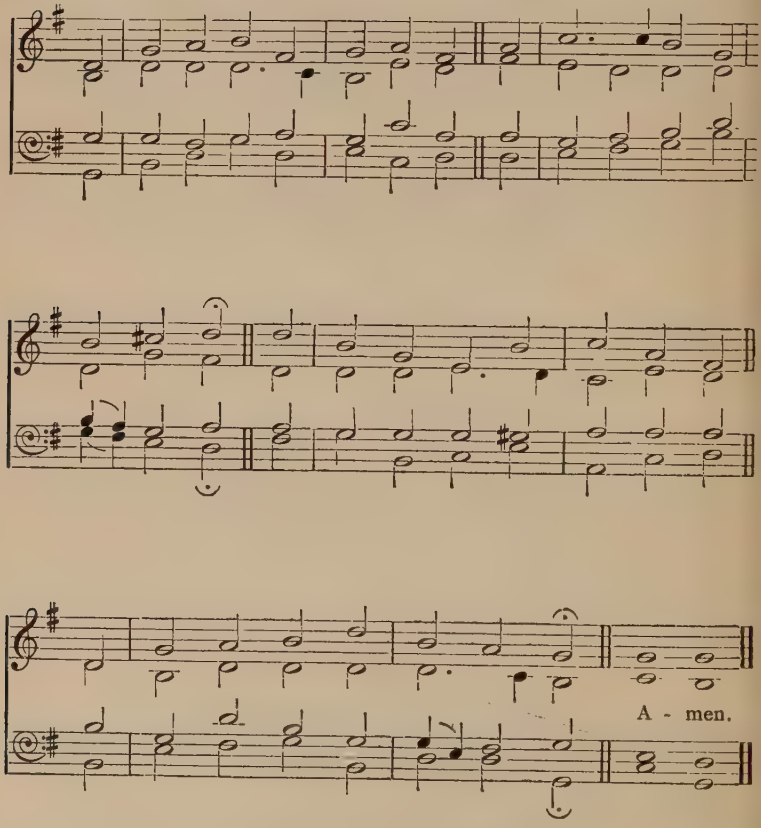
* Choir alone.

197

GILLINGHAM.

Jeremiah Clarke (c. 1669—1707).
Harm. by E. J. Hopkins.



Sing to the Lord a joyful song,
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise;
To us His gracious gifts belong,
To Him our songs of love and praise.

For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help, and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His Name, for it is fair.

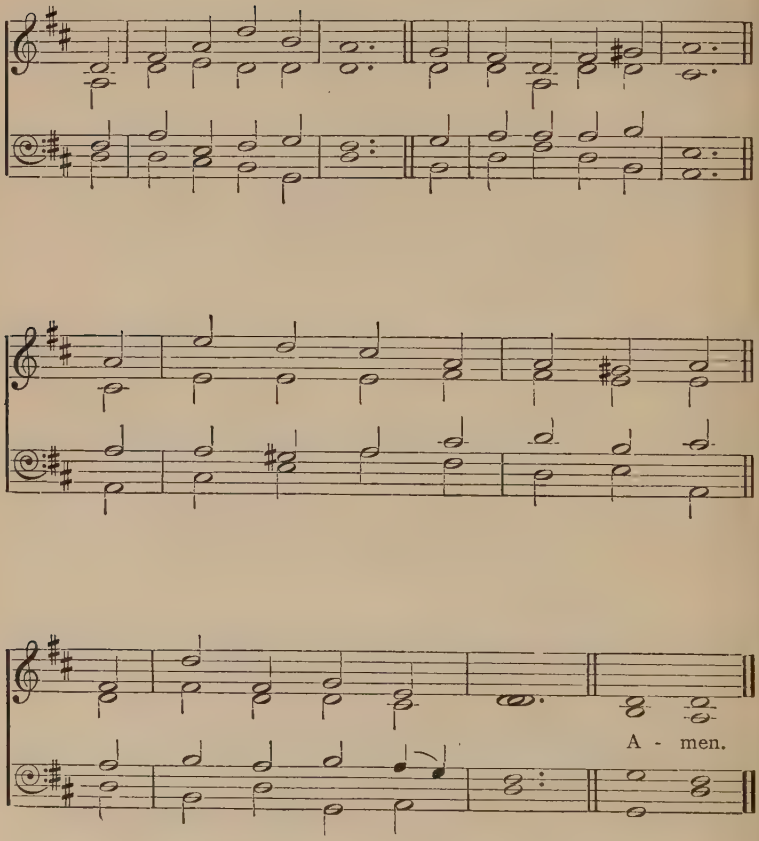
For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,
Praise ye our God, for He is great,
Trust in His Name, for it is true.

For joys untold that daily move
Round those who love His sweet employ,
Sing to our God, for He is love,
Exalt His Name, for it is joy.

John S. B. Monsell (1811—1875), 1863.

198

MORAVIA. *L. R. West* (1753—1826).



STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God
With heart, and soul, and voice.

Though high above all praise,
Above all blessings high,
Who would not fear His holy Name,
And laud and magnify?

O for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

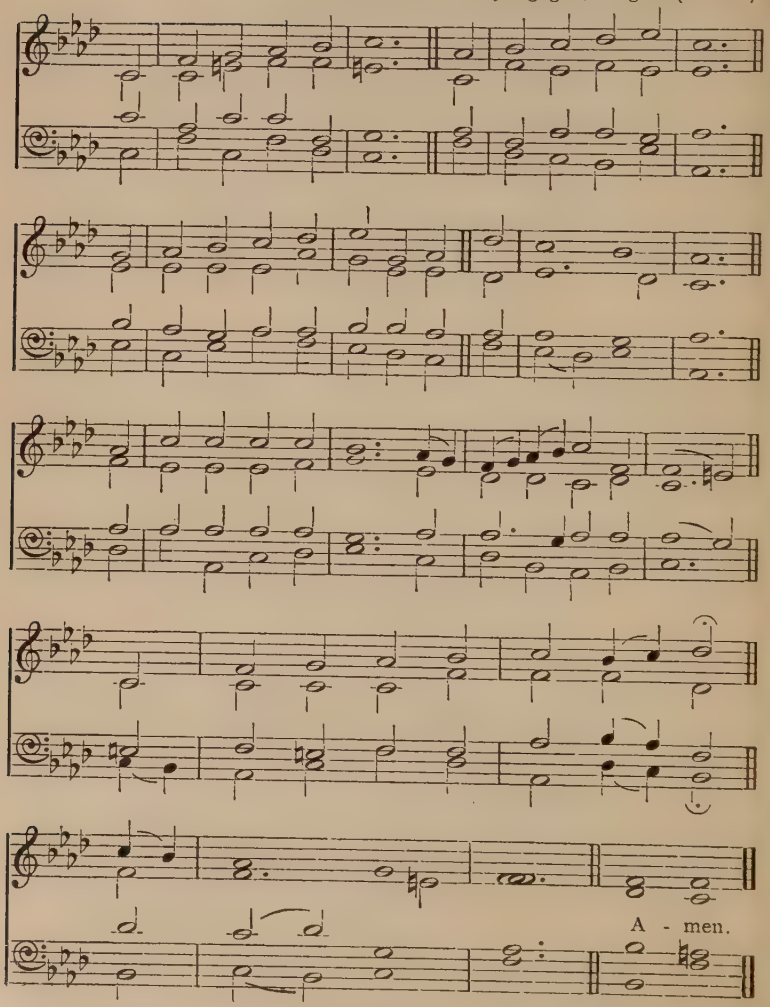
Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up and bless His glorious Name
Henceforth for evermore.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1824.

199

LEONI.

Hebrew Melody, named from Meyer Lyon, chorister at the Great Synagogue, Aldgate (c. 1800).



THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confessed,
I bow and bless the sacred Name
For ever blest.

He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend,
I shall on eagle's wings upborne
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace:
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom He maintains,
And glorious with His saints in light
For ever reigns.

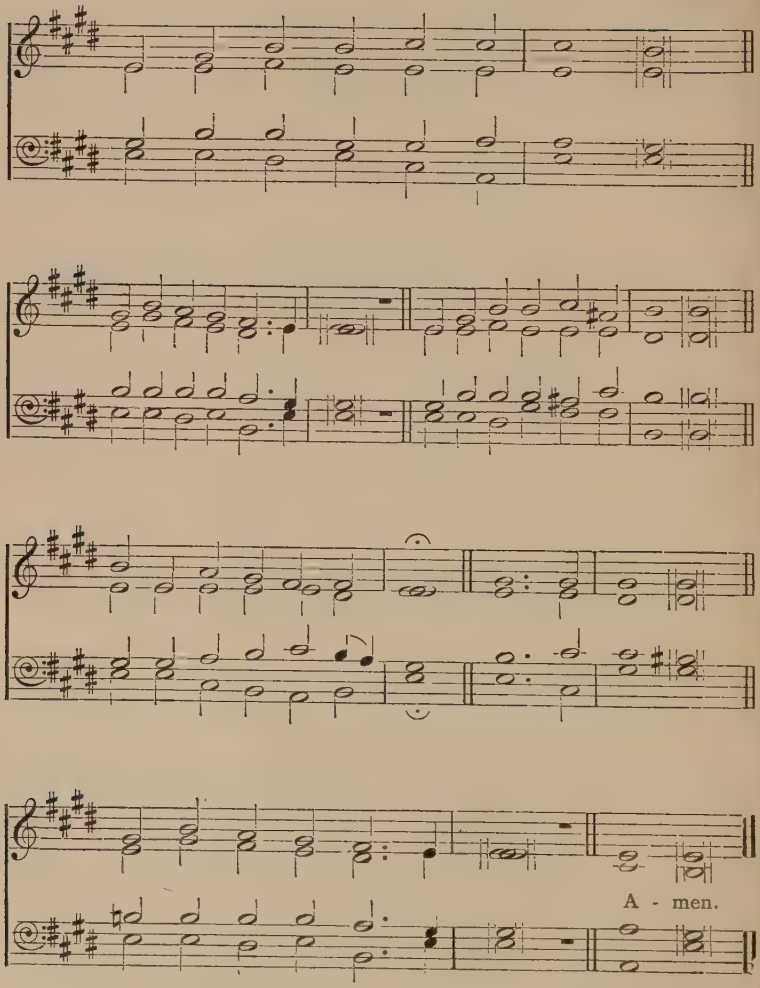
The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
'Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!'
They ever cry;
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

Thomas Olivers (1725—1799), 1770.
Adapted from the Hebrew 'Yigdal.'

Pilgrimage.

200

ANTRIM. *Anon.*



GUIDE us, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrims through this barren land;
We are weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold us with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed us now and evermore.

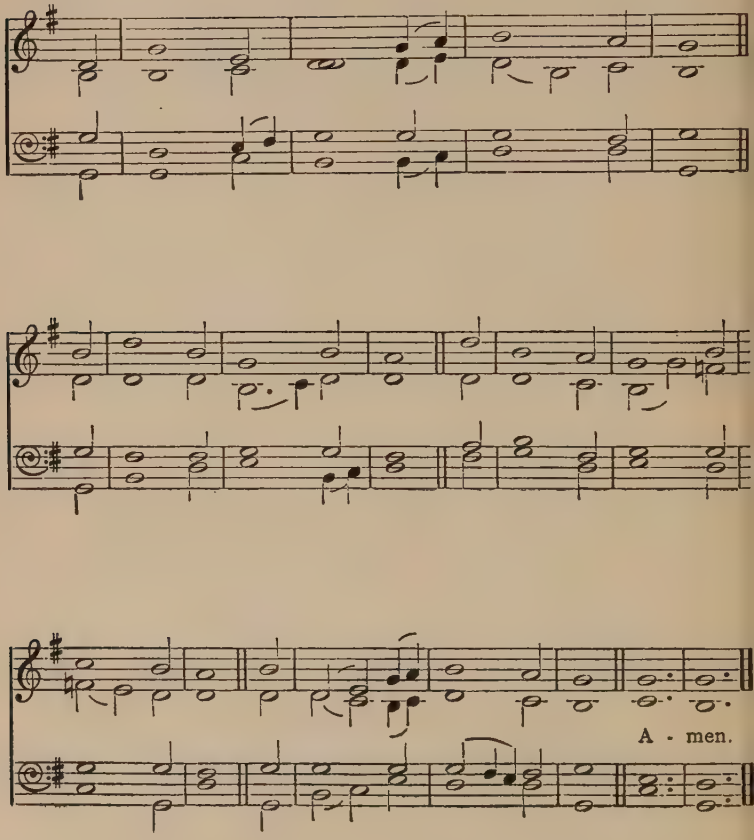
Open Thou the living fountain
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still our strength and shield.

When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside;
Bear us through th'o'erwhelming torrent,
Lead us safe to Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
We will ever give to Thee.

From the Welsh of William Williams (1717—1791), 1745.

201

MARTYRDOM. *H. Wilson* (1766—1824).



PILGRIMAGE

(Gen. XXVIII. 20, 21.)

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this earthly pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
Our heavenly food provide.

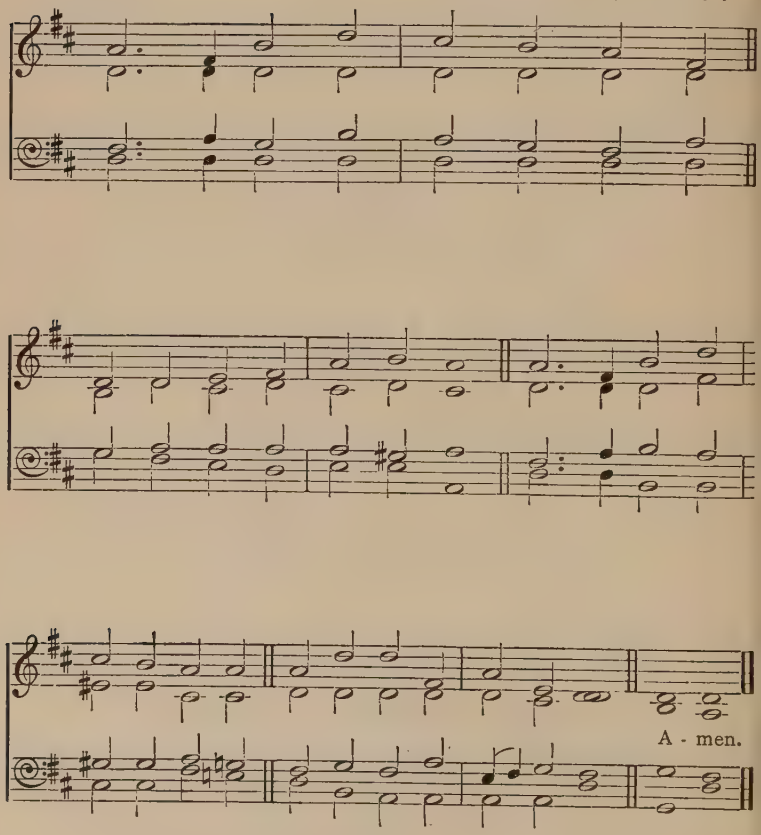
O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

Now with the humble voice of prayer,
Thy mercy we implore;
Then with the grateful voice of praise
Thy goodness we'll adore.

Varied by John Logan, 1781, and others, from Philip Doddridge, 1737.

202

ST. OSWALD. *J. B. Dykes* (1823—1876).



THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother
Stepping fearless through the night.

One the light of God's own presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread;

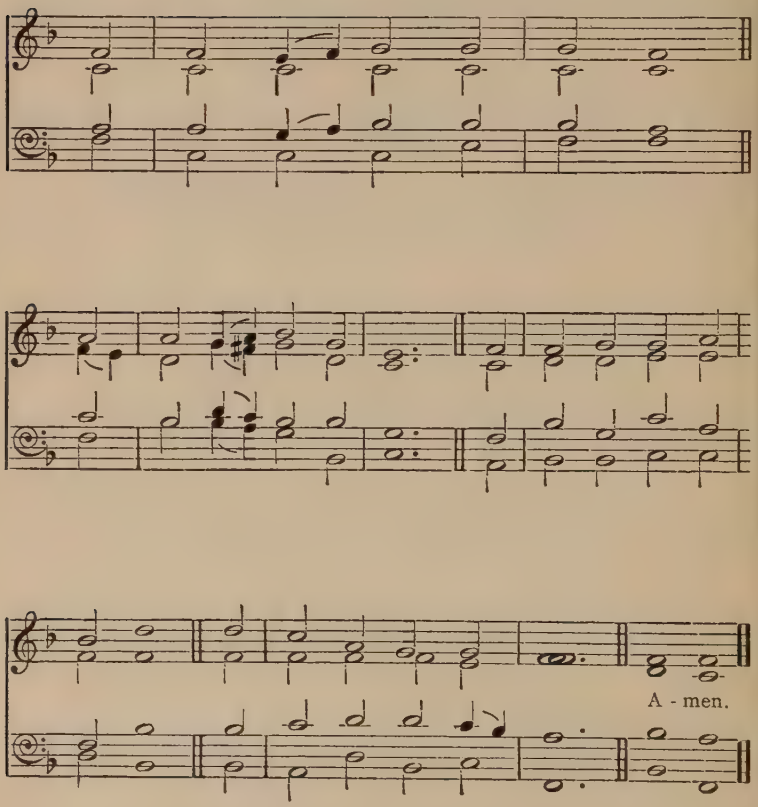
One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires;

One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far, eternal shore,
Where the one Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

S. Baring-Gould (*b.* 1834), 1867. *From a Danish Hymn of Bernhardt S. Ingemann*, 1825.

203

KNECHT. *Justin H. Knecht* (1752—1817).



O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
To Jesus as your Head!

O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men;
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due;
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,

The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,

What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

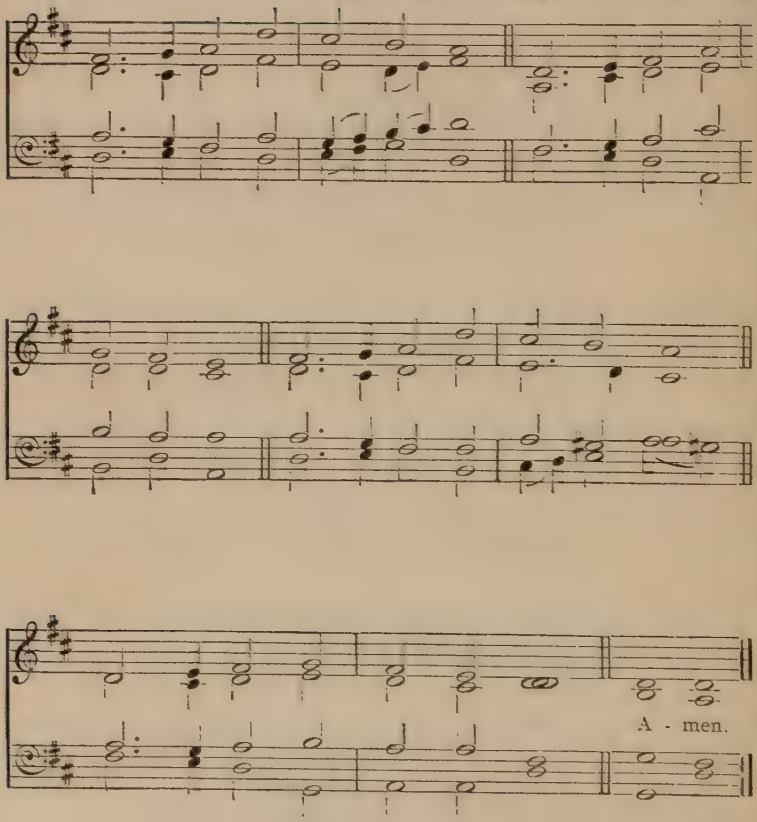
John Mason Neale (1818—1866), 1862.
Founded on a Greek Hymn.

204

Ancient 'Tantum ergo.'

INNOCENTS.

Harm. by J. Smith, of Halesowen (b. 1800).



CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing,
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

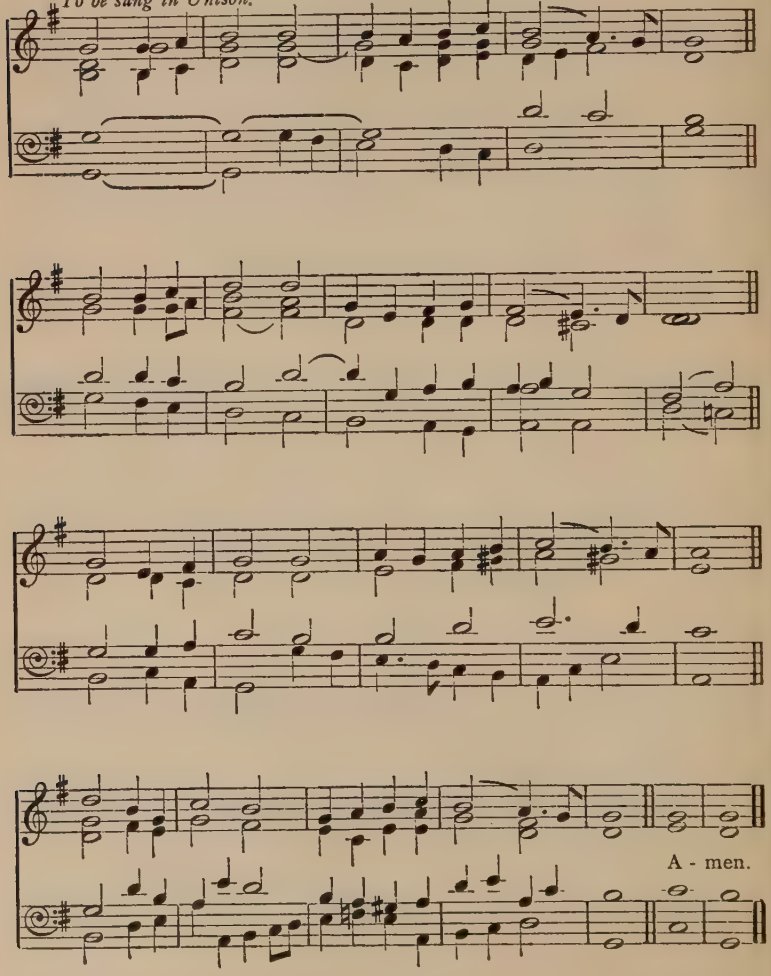
Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

John Cennick (1718—1755), 1742.

205

ANNUE CHRISTE. *Melody from La Feillée, 'Méthode du plain-chant,' 1782.*

To be sung in Unison.



THERE is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

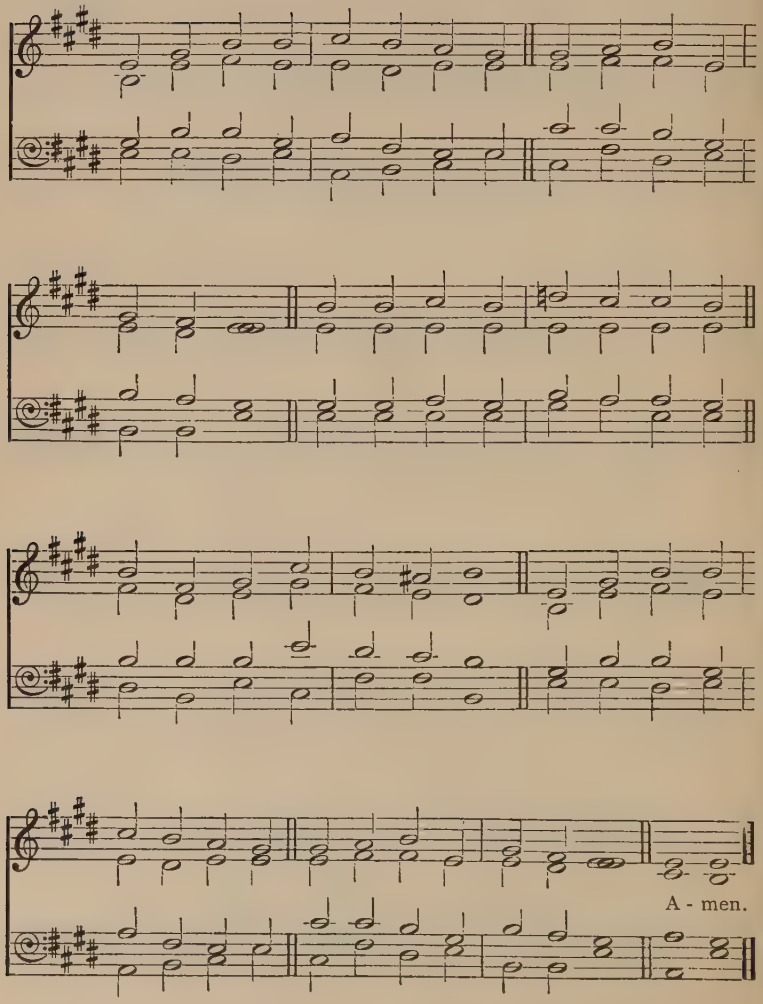
There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One
And Spirit evermore.

Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Sir Henry W. Baker (1821—1877), 1861.

206

MANNHEIM. *F. Filitz* (1804—1876).



Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us,
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee,
Yet possessing
Every blessing
If our God our Father be.

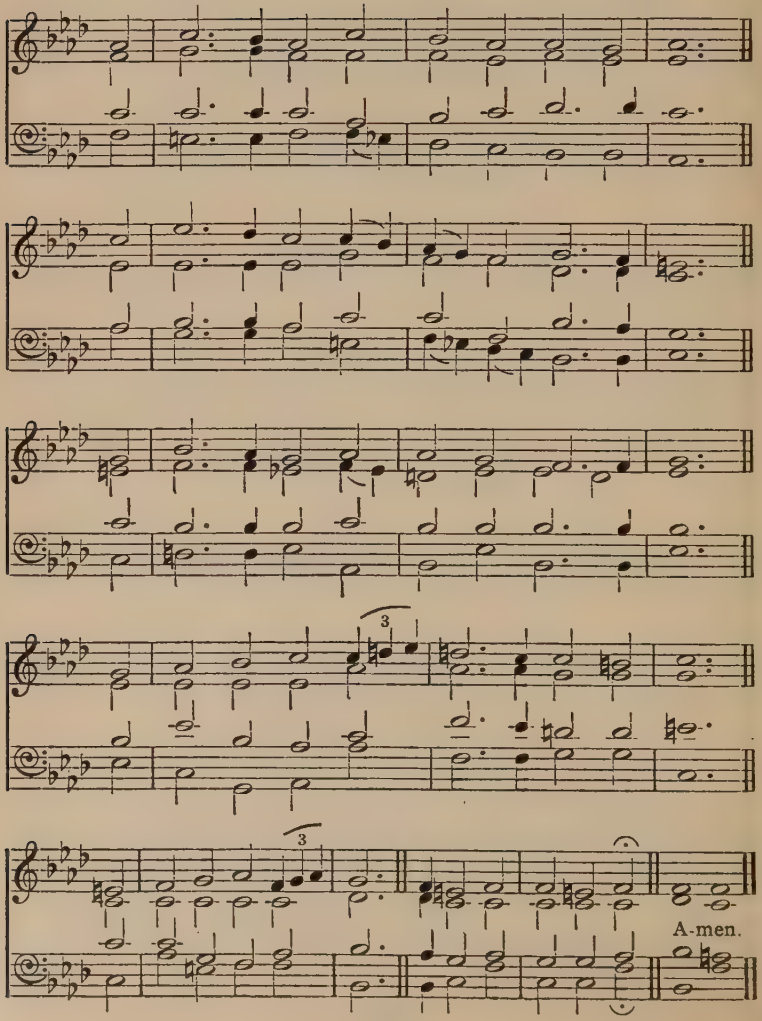
Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with all forgiveness blending,
Use us for Thy high employ:
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

Varied from James Edmeston (1791—1867), 1821.

207

HE LEADS US ON.

J. S. Bach (1685—1750).
(Adapted.)

He leads us on
By paths we do not know;
* Upwards He leads us, though our steps be slow;
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day,
Yet, when the clouds are gone,
We know He leads us on.

He leads us on
Through all the unquiet years,
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts, and fears;
He guides our steps through all the tangled maze
Of losses, sorrows, and o'erclouded days:
We know His will is done,
And still He leads us on.

And He at last
* After the weary strife,
* After the restless fever we call life,
* After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The wayward struggles, which have proved in vain,
* After our toils are past,
Will give us rest at last.

Author unknown, c. 1870. (*Varied.*)

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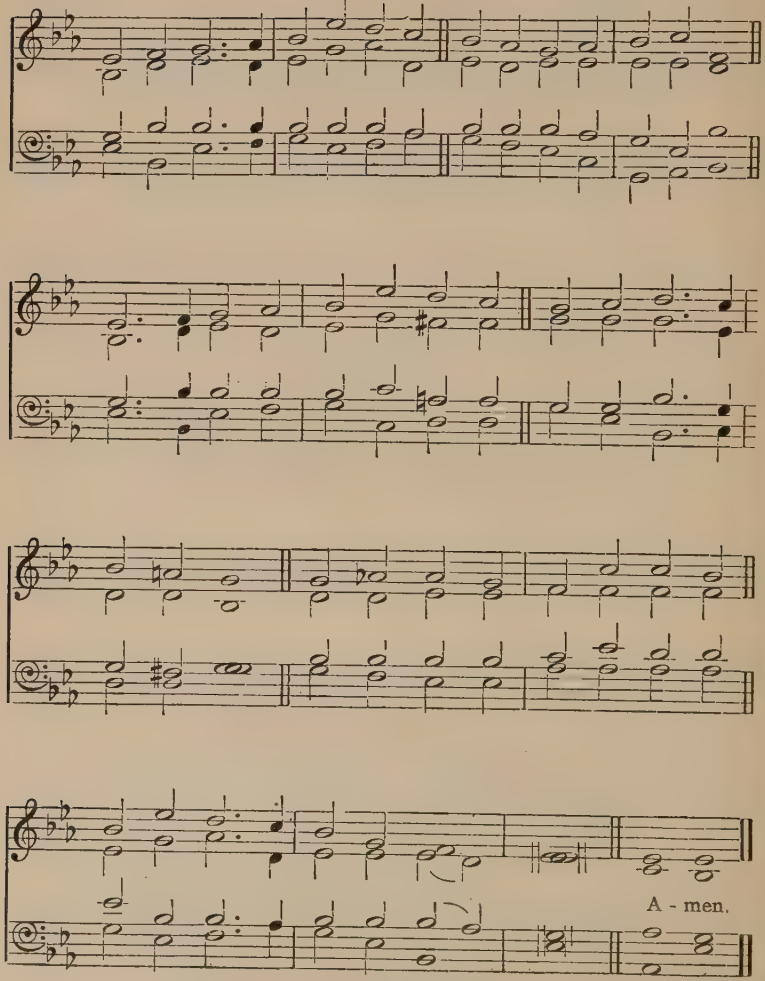
* In these lines the first syllable of each must be accented in singing, in spite of the musical position of the notes.

208

SHAWFIELD. *W. S. Bambridge.*



Though we long in sin-wrought blindness
From Thy gracious paths have strayed,
Cold to Thee and to Thy kindness,
Wilful, reckless, or afraid,
Through dim clouds that gather round us
Thou hast sought, and Thou hast found us.

Oft from Thee we veil our faces,
Children-like, to cheat Thine eyes,
Sin, and hope to hide the traces;
From ourselves ourselves disguise:
'Neath the webs we've woven round us
Thy soul-piercing glance has found us.

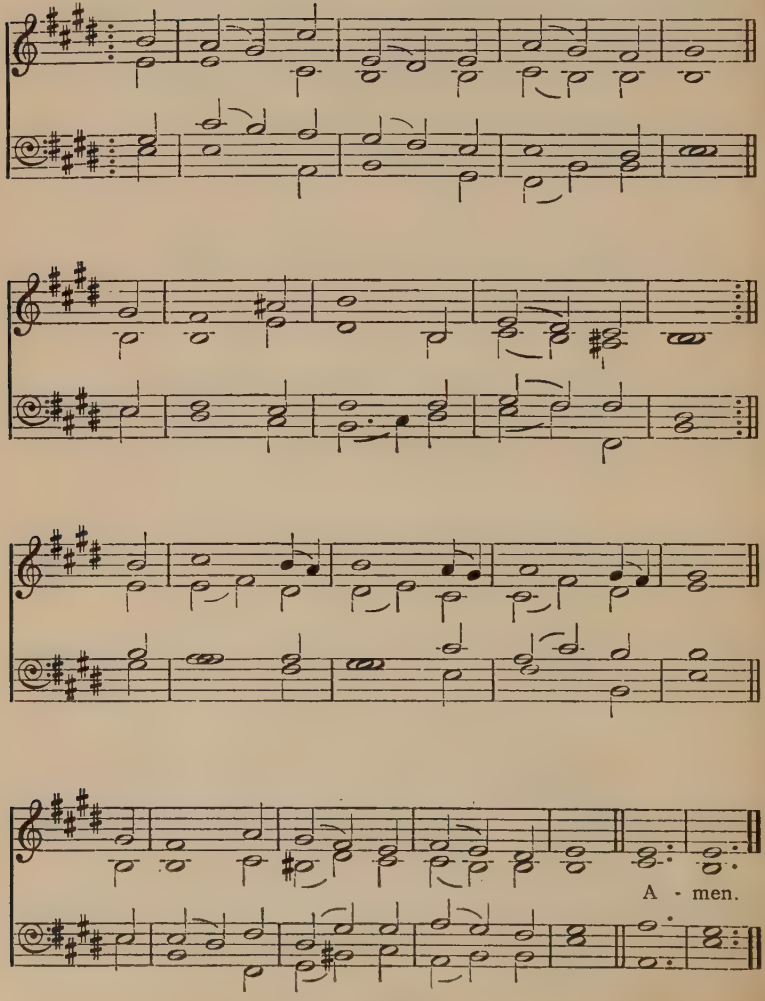
Sudden, 'midst our idle chorus,
O'er our sin Thy thunders roll;
Death his signal waves before us,
Night and terror take the soul;
Till through double darkness round us
Looks a star,—and Thou hast found us.

O most Merciful, most Holy,
Light Thy wanderers on their way;
Keep us ever Thine, Thine wholly,
Suffer us no more to stray:
Cloud and storm oft gather round us:
We were lost, but Thou hast found us.

Francis Turner Palgrave (1824—1897), 1868.

209

SURREY. *H. Carey* (c. 1690—1743).



PILGRIMAGE.

(Psalm XXIII.)

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

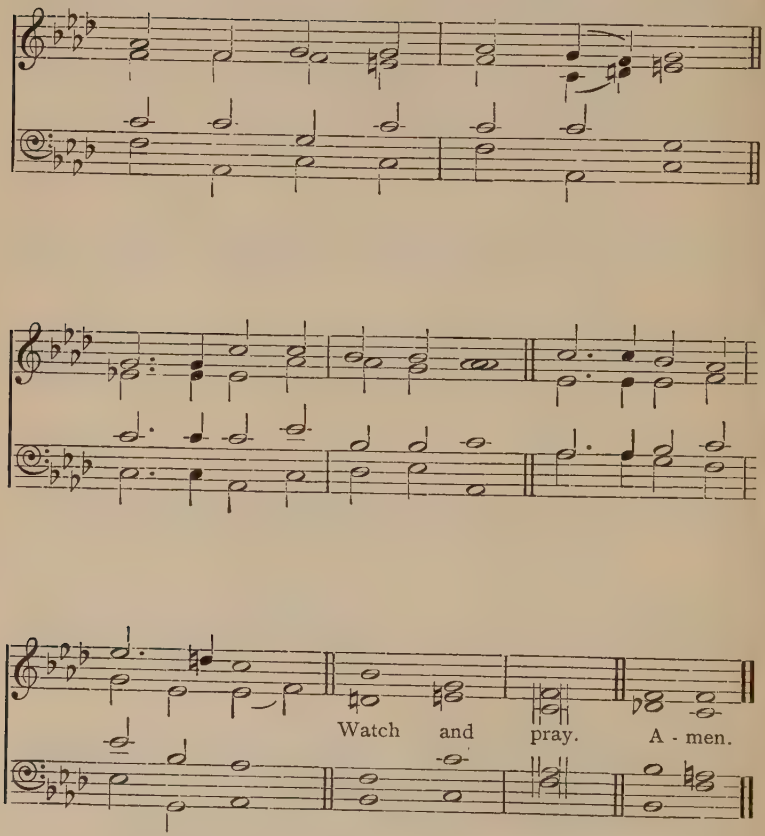
Though in a bare and rugged way
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Joseph Addison (1672—1719), 1712.

210

ROBYN. *W. Cornysshe, early 16th cent.*



CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes:
Watch and pray.

Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Near thee lurks the evil one:
Watch and pray.

Hear the warriors, who o'ercame,
Marching on their heavenward way.
Still with warning voice exclaim,
'Watch and pray.'

First and chiefest, hear thy Lord;
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
'Watch and pray.'

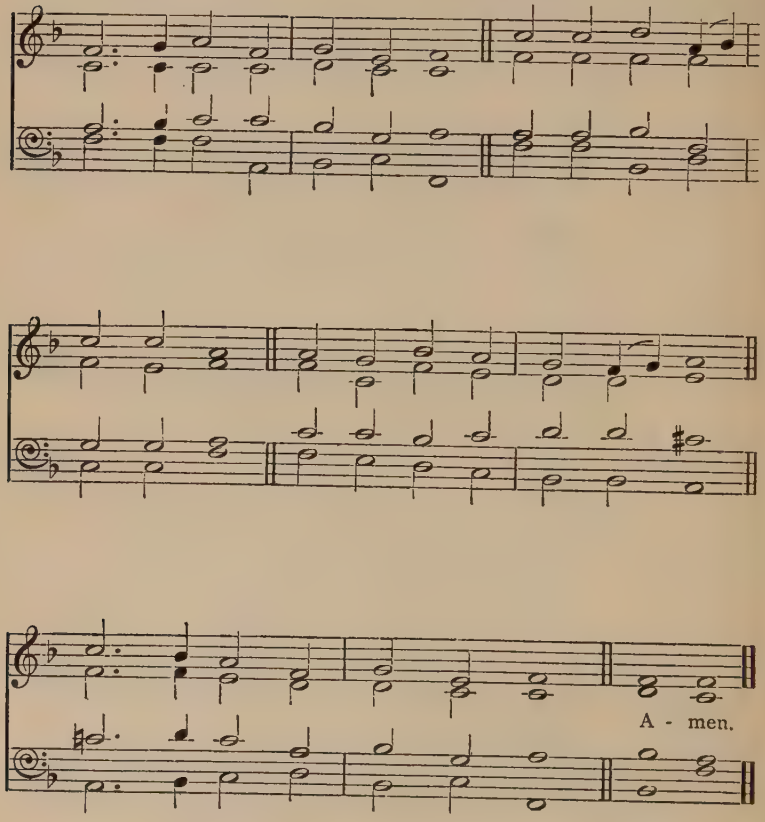
Watch, as if on thee alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, and all thy weakness own:
Watch and pray.

Charlotte Elliott (1789—1871), 1839.

211

ORIENTIS PARTIBUS.

Mediaeval French Melody.
Attributed to Pierre de Corbeil (d. 1222).



Soldiers, who are Christ's below,
Strong in faith resist the foe:
Boundless is the pledged reward
Unto them who serve the Lord.

'Tis no palm of fading leaves
That the conqueror's hand receives;
Joys are his serene and pure,
Light that ever shall endure.

For the souls that overcome
Waits the beauteous heavenly home,
Where the blessèd evermore
Tread on high the starry floor.

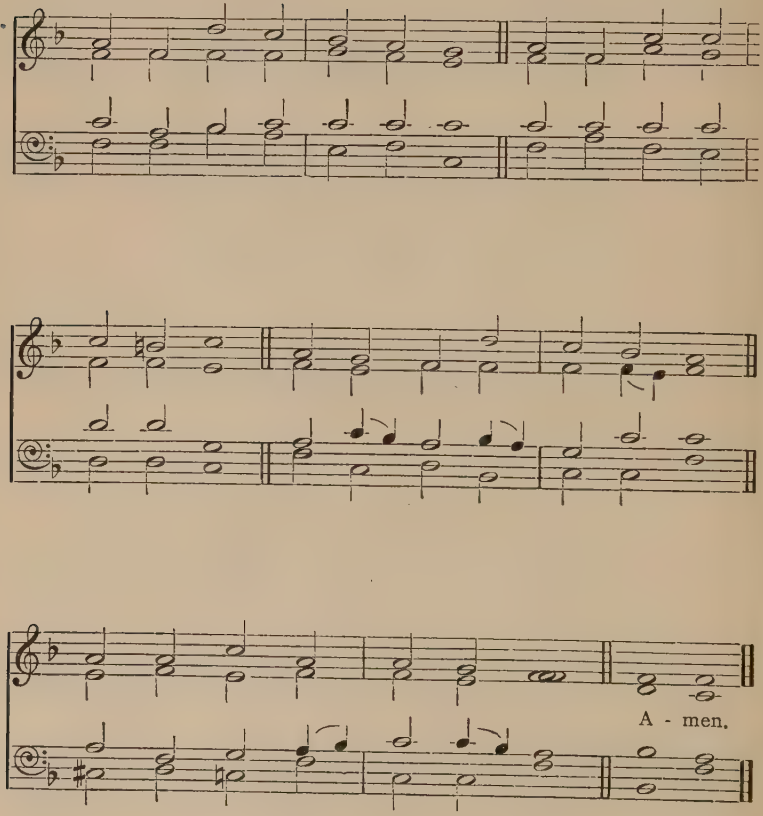
Passing soon and little worth
Are the things that tempt on earth;
Heavenward lift thy soul's regard;
God Himself is thy reward.

Father, who the crown dost give,
Saviour, by whose death we live,
Spirit, who our hearts dost raise,
Three in One, Thy Name we praise.

J. H. Clark (1839—1888), 1865. *From the Hymn 'Pugnate Christi milites', in some French Breviaries.*

212

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. *H. J. Gauntlett* (1805—1876).



Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe;
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory wake your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

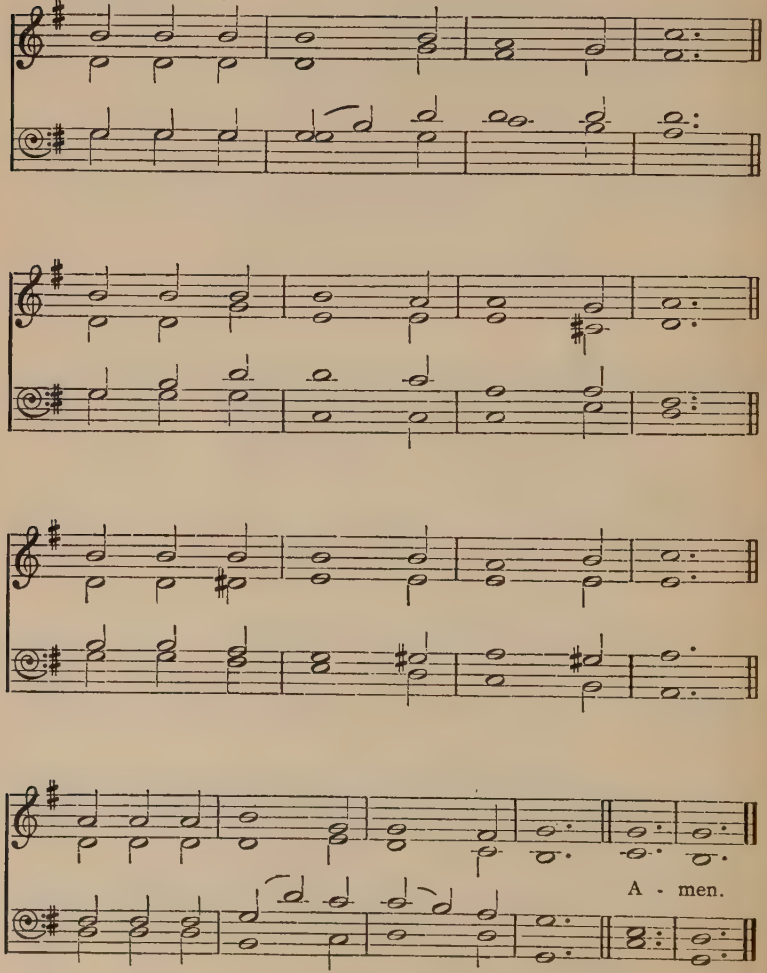
Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

Frances S. Fuller-Maitland, 1827, *and others. Founded on a fragment by Henry Kirke White*, 1806.

213

PENTECOST.
(Original Key A.)

W. Boyd.



Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

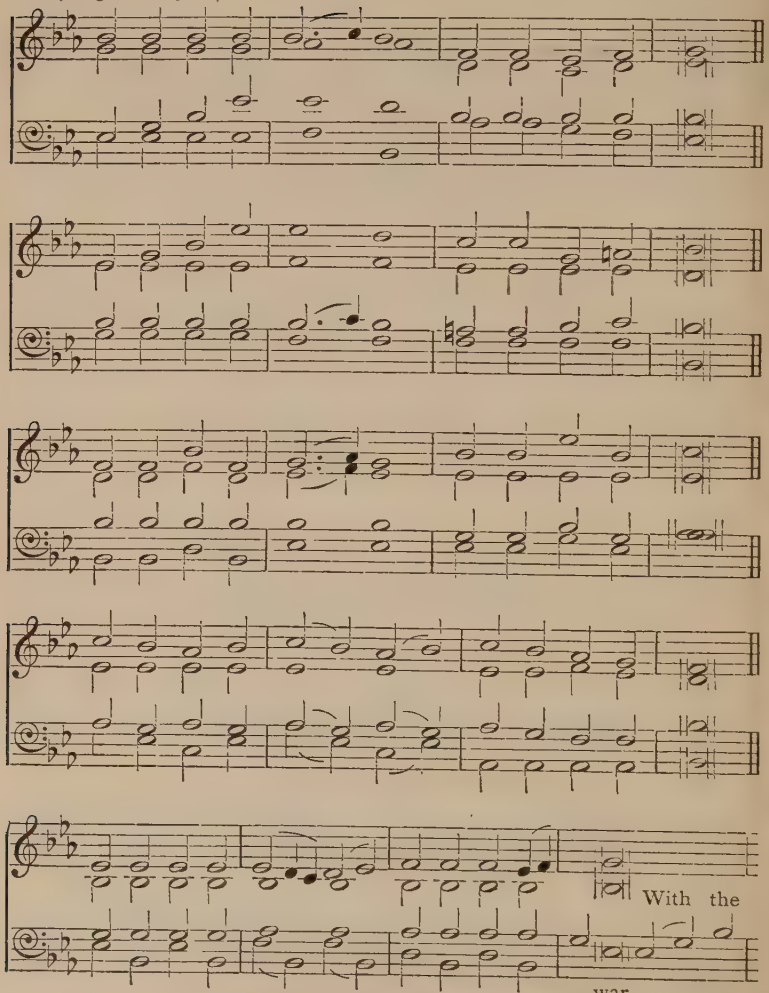
Faint not, nor fear; His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

John S. B. Monsell (1811—1875), 1863.

214

ST. GERTRUDE.
(Original Key F.)

Sir A. Sullivan (1842—1900).



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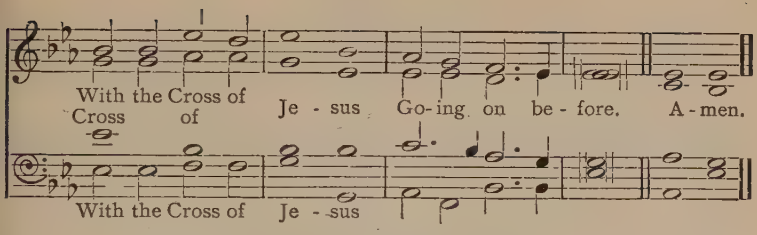


ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before:
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise
And that cannot fail.

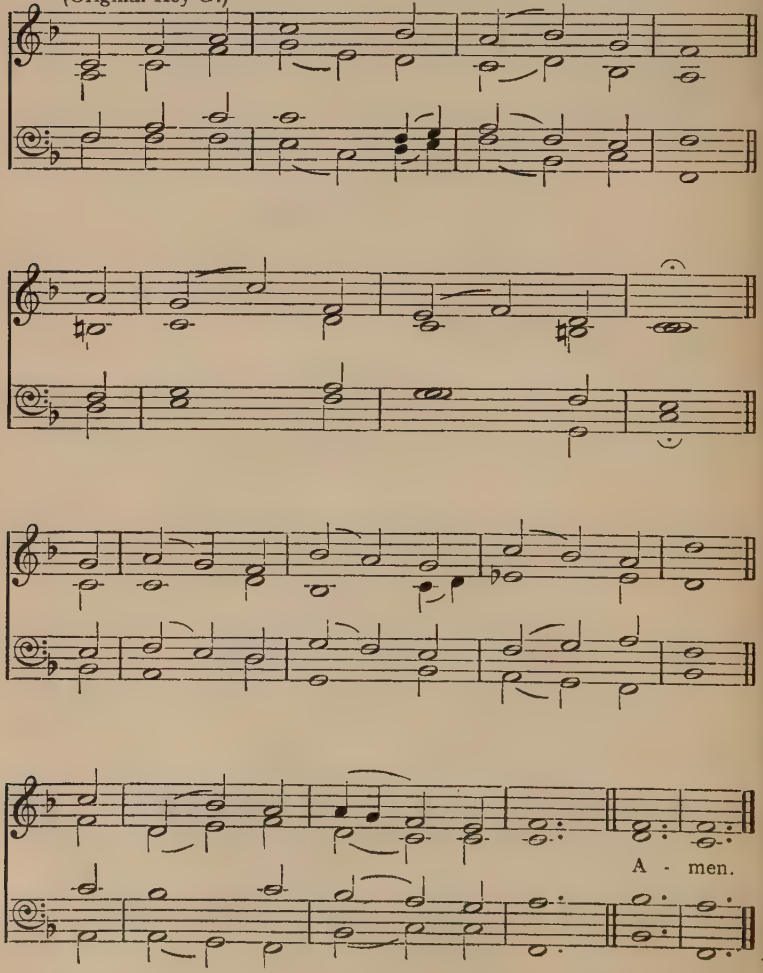
Onward then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
'Glory, laud, and honour
Unto Christ the King,'
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

Abbreviated from S. Baring-Gould (*b.* 1834), 1865.

215

RICHMOND. (Original Key G.)

Adapted from T. Haweis (1734—1820).



City of God, how broad and far
  Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are,
  Of every age and clime.

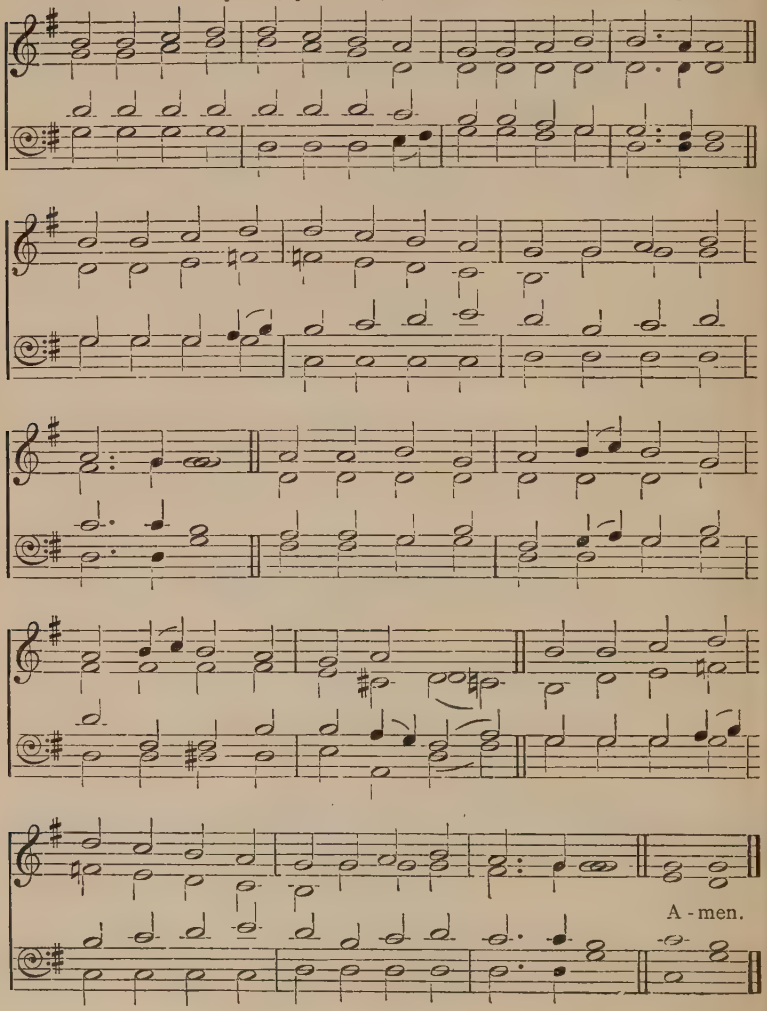
One holy Church, one army strong,
  One steadfast, high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
  One King Omnipotent!

How gleam thy watchfires through the night
  With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
  To meet the dawning day!

In vain the surges' angry shock,
  In vain the drifting sands;
Unharmed upon the eternal Rock
  The eternal city stands.

Samuel Johnson (*U.S.A.*, 1822—1882). 1864.

216

BEETHOVEN. *Adapted by J. W. I. from Beethoven's 'Choral' Symphony.*

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode;
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With Salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

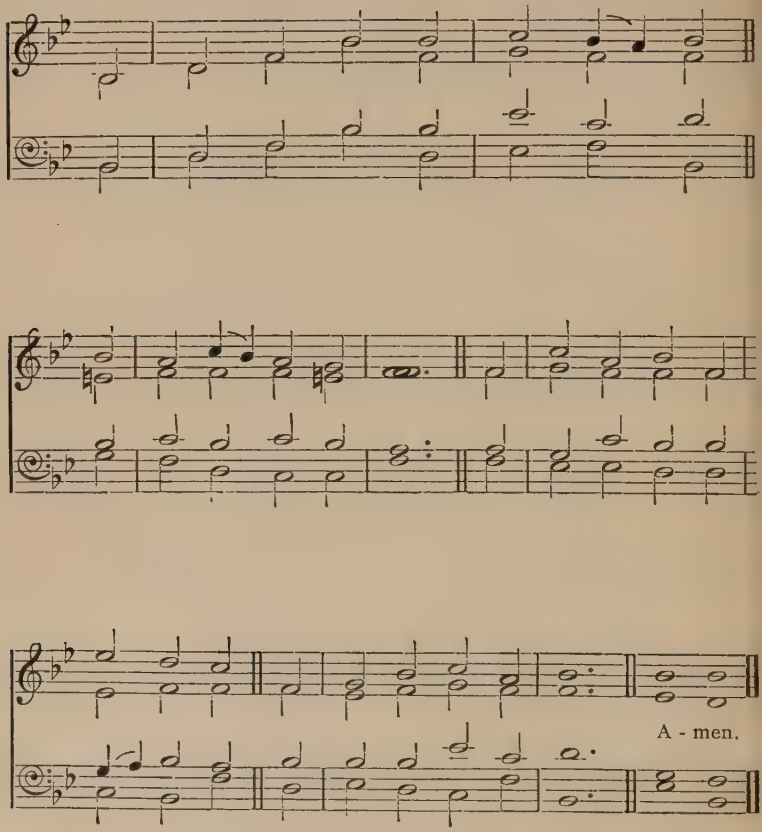
Though the world esteem thee lowly,
Though they pass thy ramparts by,
Yet the Lord, whose Name is holy,
He who fills Eternity,
He whom not the heaven containeth,
Not the high and holy place,
Still within thy walls remaineth,
Still upholds thee with His grace.

See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all pain and thirst remove:
Heed not then reproach and scorning;
Fear not threats nor danger near:
Soon shall rise a brighter morning,
When thy Lord shall reappear.

Varied from John Newton (1725—1807), 1779.

217

PROSPICE. *From 'Arundel Hymns.'*



THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

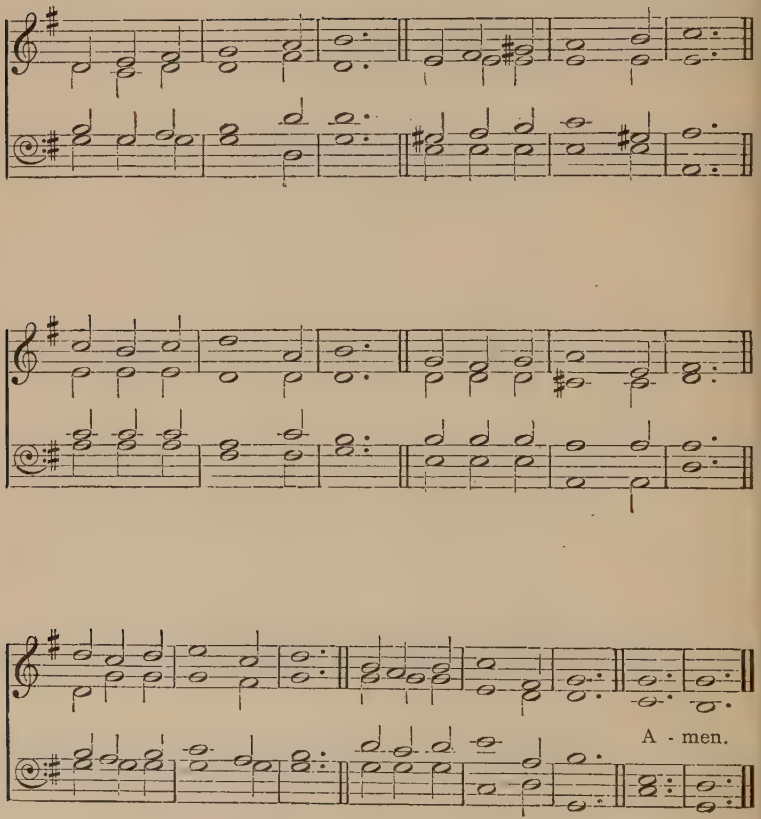
O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1707.

218

WAIMATE. *W. S. Bambridge.*



O Thou not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor walled with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own Jerusalem!

Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above,
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love,
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God, thou art.

Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go,
Where in His steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe,
Where He is in the heart,
City of God, thou art.

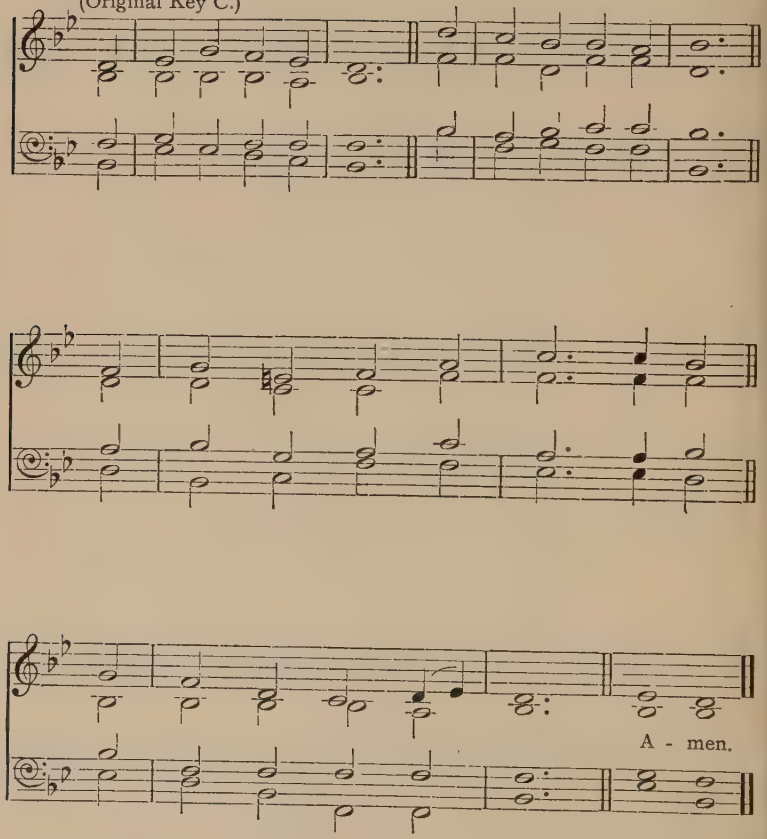
Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In His Name gathered are,
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem.

Francis Turner Palgrave (1824—1897), 1867.

219

ST. GEORGE. (Original Key C.)

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876).



A voice by Jordan's shore,
A summons stern and clear,
'Repent! Be just, and sin no more;
God's judgement draweth near.'

A voice by Galilee,
A holier voice I hear,—
'Love God; thy neighbour love; for see,
God's mercy draweth near.'

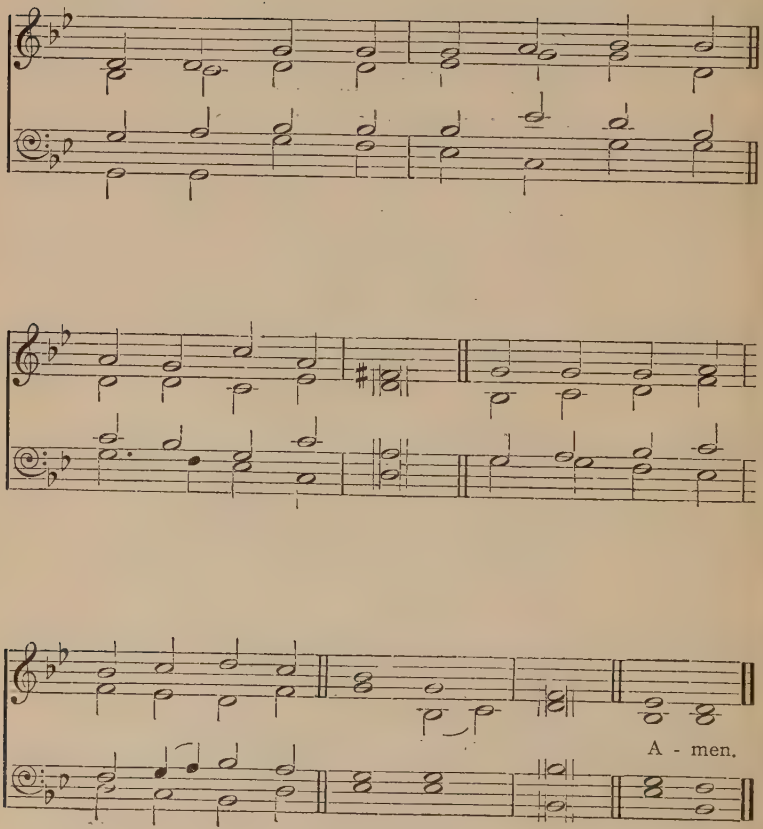
O voice of Duty, still
Speak forth; I hear with awe;
In Thee I own the sovereign will,
Obey the sovereign law.

Thou higher voice of Love,
Yet speak Thy word in me;
Through duty let me upward move
To thy pure liberty.

Samuel Longfellow (1819—1892), 1864.

220

EASTERGATE. *John Ireland.*



ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and coming
Be at rest.'

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
'In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.'

Hath He diadem as monarch
That His brow adorns?
'Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.'

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
'Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.'

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
'Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past.'

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
'Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away.'

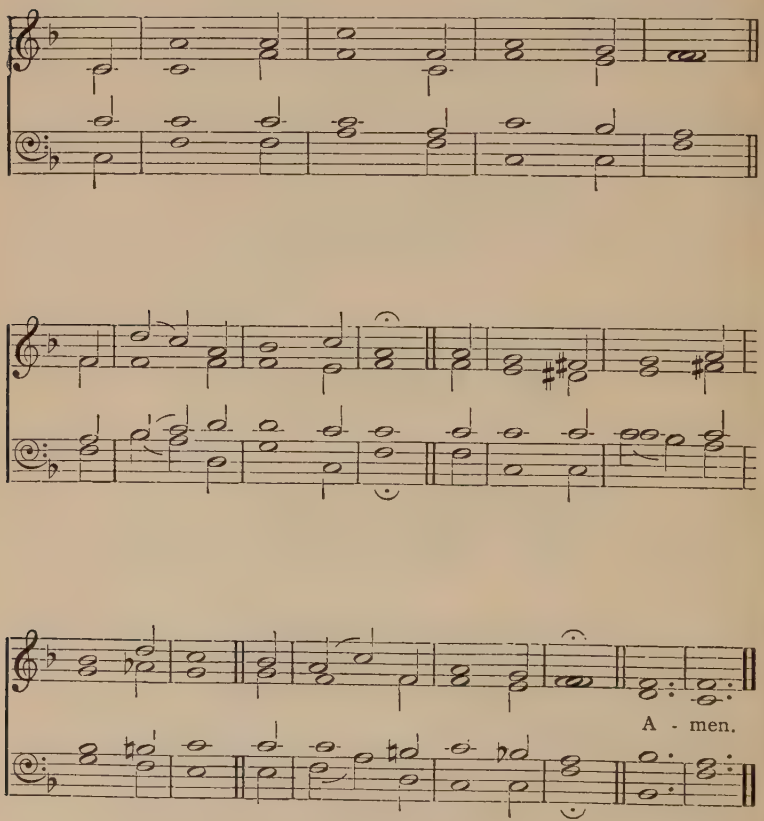
Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
'Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
Answer, Yes.'

John Mason Neale (1818—1866), 1862.
Founded on a Greek Hymn.

221

SPOHR.

Louis Spohr (1784—1859).
(*Adapted from "Calvary."*)



(Psalm XLII.)

As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee
And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

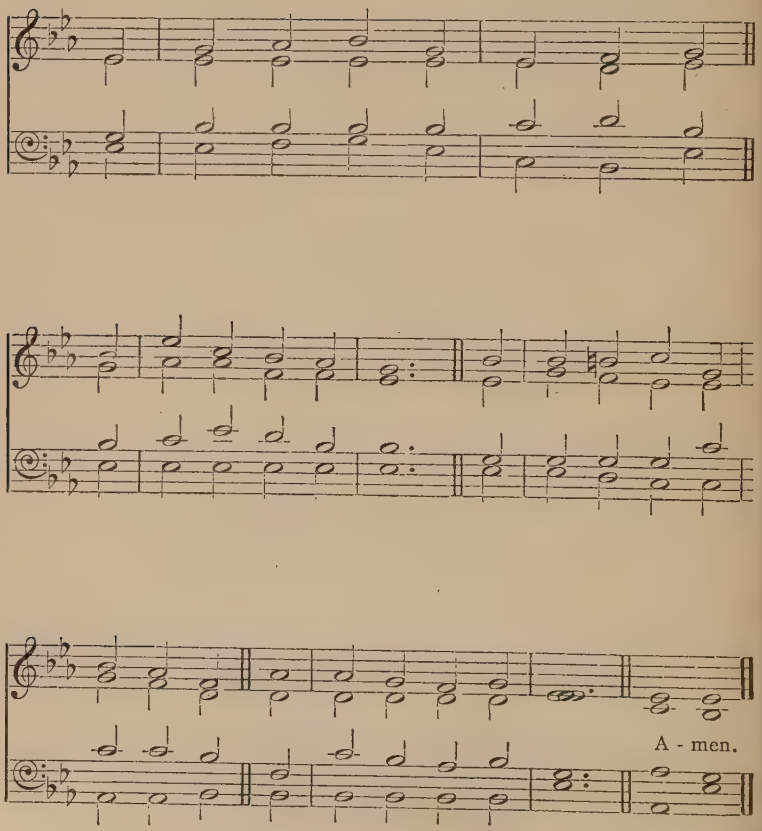
Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

222

TRINITY COLLEGE (1). *Gerard F. Cobb* (1838—1904).



'Ask, and ye surely shall receive'—
Yea, Lord! we trust Thy word;
We lift our voice, and we believe
That we are surely heard.

We ask not anything that earth
Can give or take away;
Thou, who hast kept us from our birth,
Wilt guard us day by day.

We ask for light, and love, and strength
All selfish snares to shun;
We ask that we may ask at length,
'Thy will, not ours, be done.'

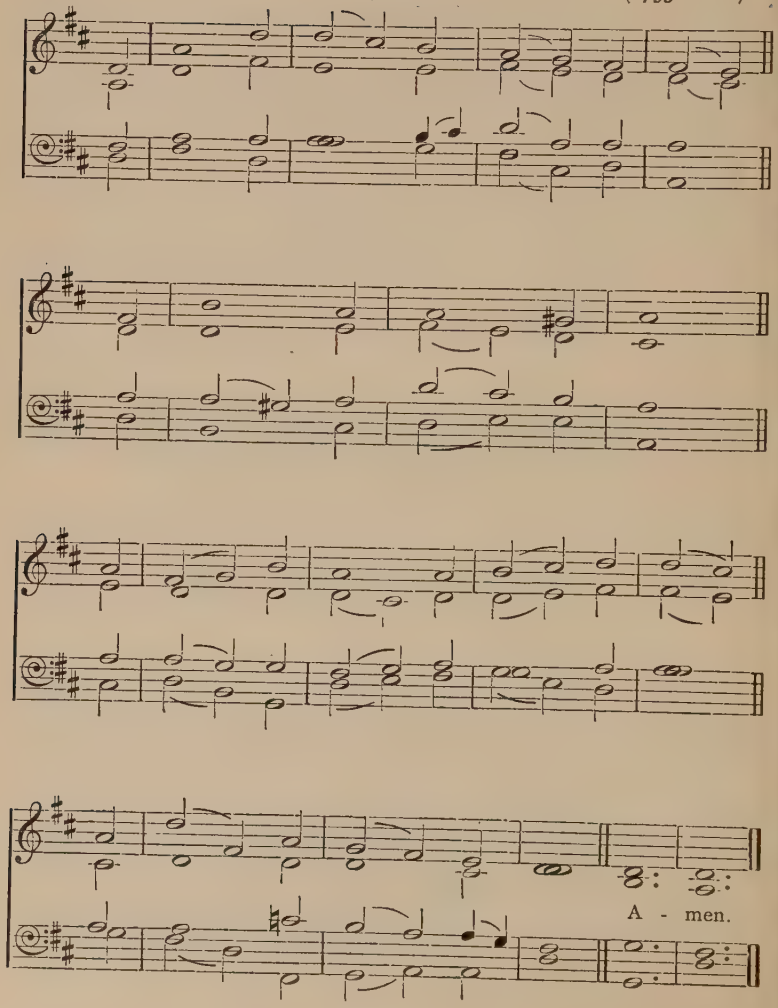
We ask that to each separate heart
Of all our brethren here
Thy one best gift Thou wouldst impart,
The wisdom of Thy fear.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

Henry Montagu Butler (1833—1917), 1865.
(*Last verse from James Montgomery.*)

223

ABRIDGE. *Isaac Smith* (1735—1800).



Be Thou my guardian and my guide
And hear me when I call;
Let not my slippery footsteps slide,
And hold me lest I fall.

The world, the flesh, and Satan dwell
Around the path I tread;
O save me from the snares of hell,
Thou Quickener of the dead.

And if I tempted am to sin,
And outward things are strong,
Do Thou, O Lord, keep watch within,
And save my soul from wrong.

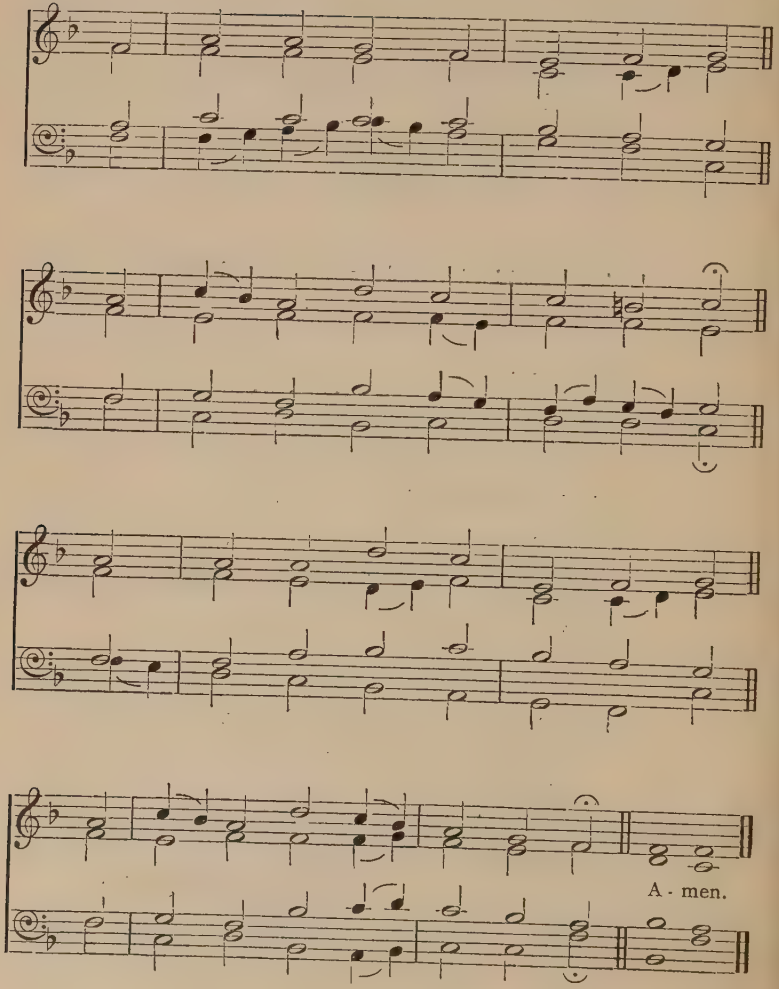
Still let me ever watch and pray,
And feel that I am frail;
That, if the tempter cross my way,
Yet he may not prevail.

Isaac Williams (1802—1865), 1842.

224

GLOUCESTER.

E. Hodges (1796—1867).



Be with me, Lord, where'er I go,
Teach me what Thou wouldst have me do,
Suggest whate'er I think or say,
Direct me in Thy narrow way.

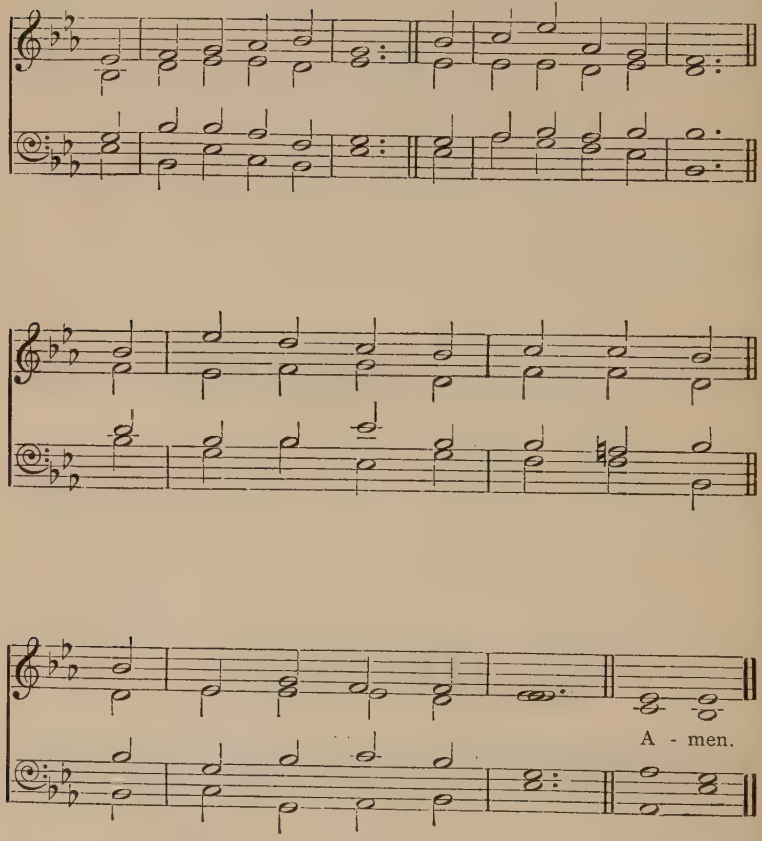
Prevent me, lest I harbour pride,
Lest I in my own strength confide,
Shew me my weakness, let me see
I have my power, my all, from Thee.

Assist and teach me how to pray;
Incline my nature to obey;
What Thou abhorrest let me flee,
And only love what pleases Thee.

John Cennick (1718–1755), 1741.

225

FRANCONIA. *Müller's Choralbuch* (1754).



Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

The Lord who left the sky
Our life and peace to bring,
And dwelt in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King;

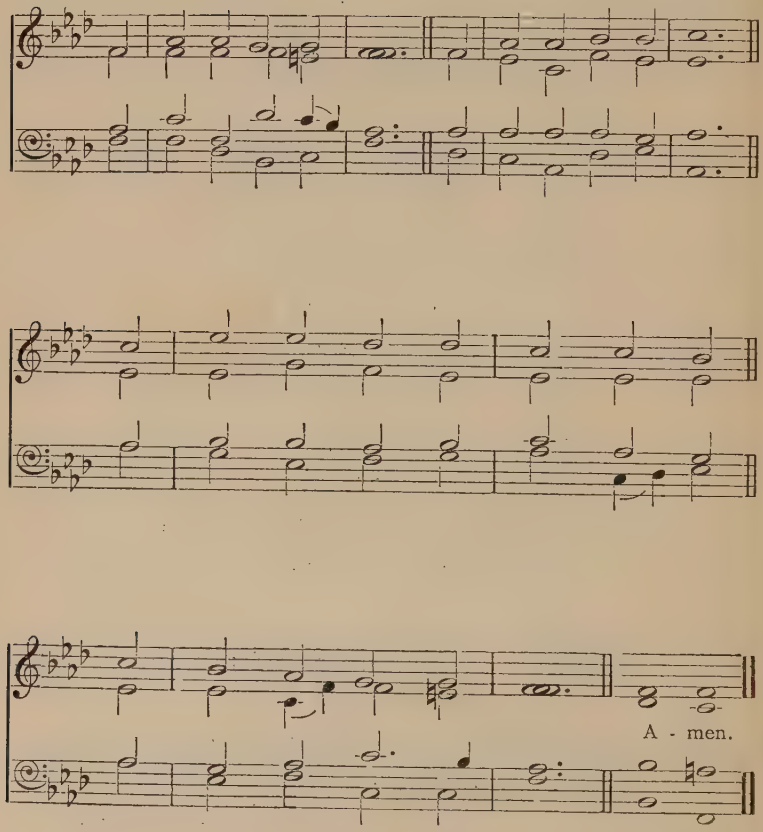
Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

John Keble (1792—1866), 1819, *and others.*

226

SOUTHWELL. *Damon's Psalter* (1579).



COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our hearts the flame
Of never-dying love.

Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.

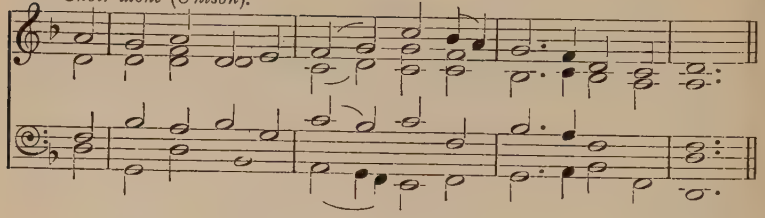
Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then we shall know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

Joseph Hart (1712—1768), 1759.
Varied by A. M. Toplady, 1776.

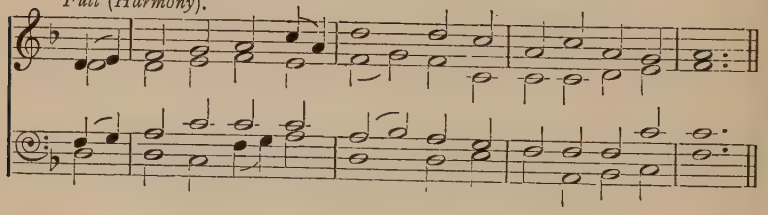
227

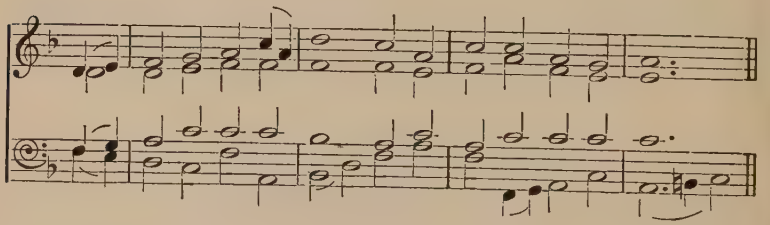
KING'S LYNN. *English Traditional Melody.*

Choir alone (Unison).

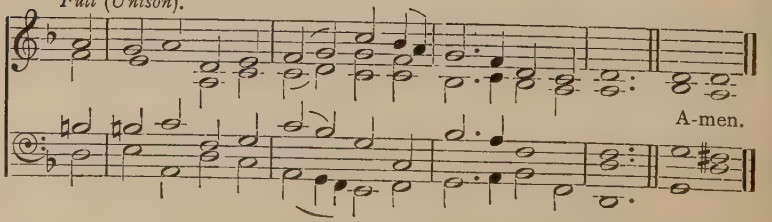


Full (Harmony).





Full (Unison).



* | 'Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.'
O blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

* | 'Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light.'
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But He has brought us gladness
And songs at break of day.

* | 'Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.'
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But He has made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

* | 'And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out.'
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt;
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

William Chatterton Dix (1837—1898), 1867.

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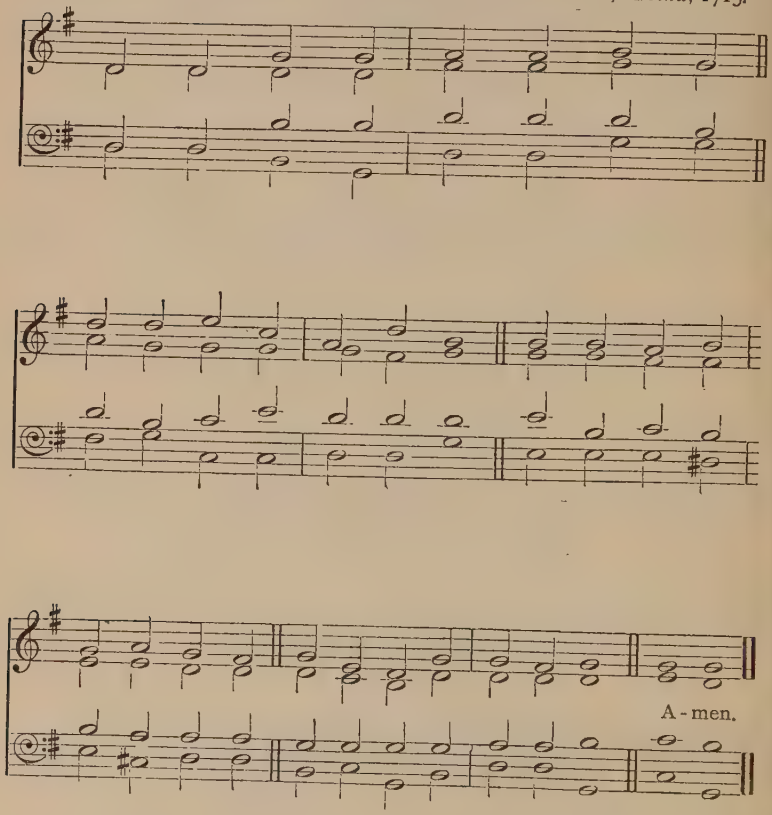
* Choir alone.

228

STUTTGART. *Adapted from a melody in 'Psalmodia Sacra,' Gotha, 1715.*



FATHER, hear the prayer we offer;
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be,
But by steep and rugged pathways
Would we strive to climb to Thee.

Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stray,
But would win the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings be our guide;
Through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side.

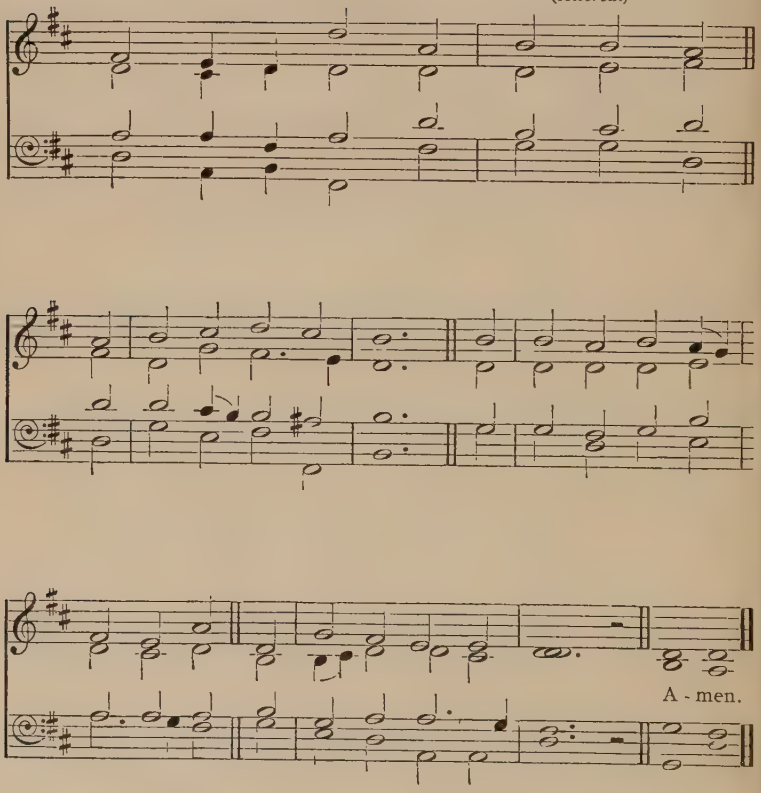
Let our path be bright or dreary,
Storm or sunshine be our share,
May our souls, in hope unweary,
Make Thy work our ceaseless prayer.

Author unknown, U.S.A., 1857.

229

REDHEAD, 66.

Richard Redhead (1820—1901).
(*Altered.*)



FATHER of mercies, let our praise
With Thee acceptance find;
Thy loving-kindness we confess
To us and all mankind.

Thanks for creation are Thy due
For life preserved by Thee,
And all the blessings life affords
So great and yet so free:

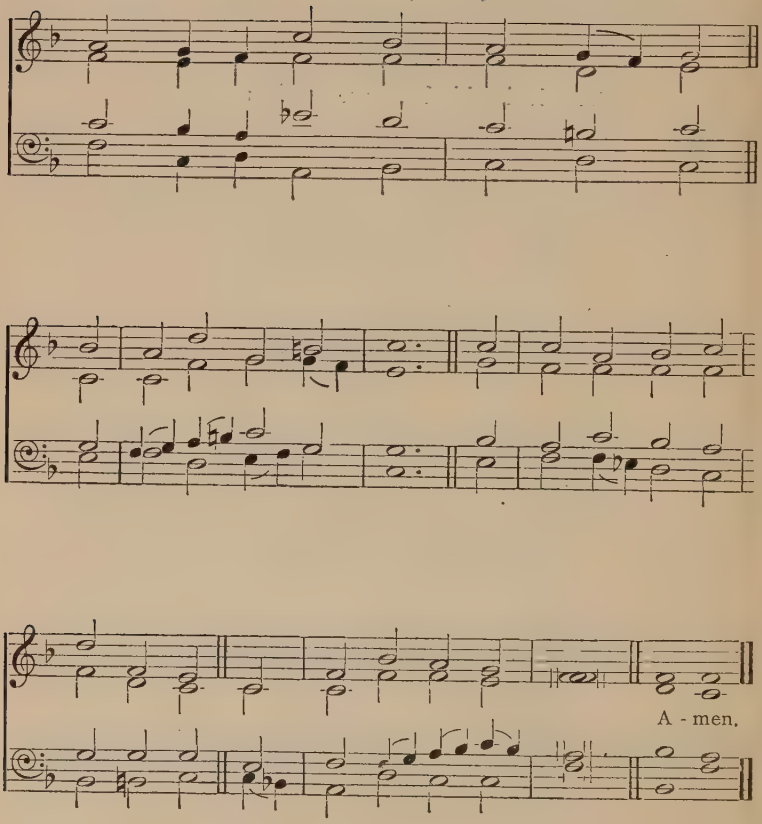
Thanks for redemption, above all,
To us in Jesus given;
Thanks for the means of grace on earth,
And for the hope of heaven.

O let a sense of this Thy grace
Our best affections move,
That while our lips Thy praise proclaim
Our hearts may feel Thy love.

Varied from Thomas Cotterill (1779—1823), 1815.

230

ST. COLUMBA. *J. A. MacMeikan.*



FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise;—

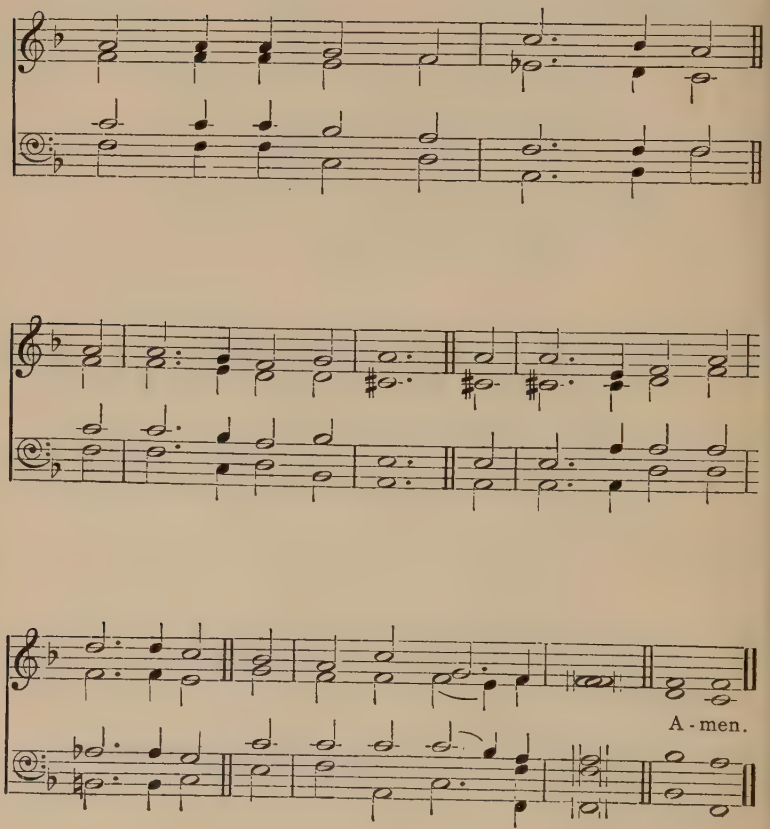
Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee:

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele (1716—1778), 1760.

231

PRAYER. *W. S. Bambridge.*



FATHER, who gav'st Thine only Son
To die that we may live,
To us, with Him and Thee made one,
Thy promised sonship give.

Though we are sinners, Thou dost love;
Yet still we doubt and fear,
Till from Thy gracious throne above
Thy mercy seeks us here.

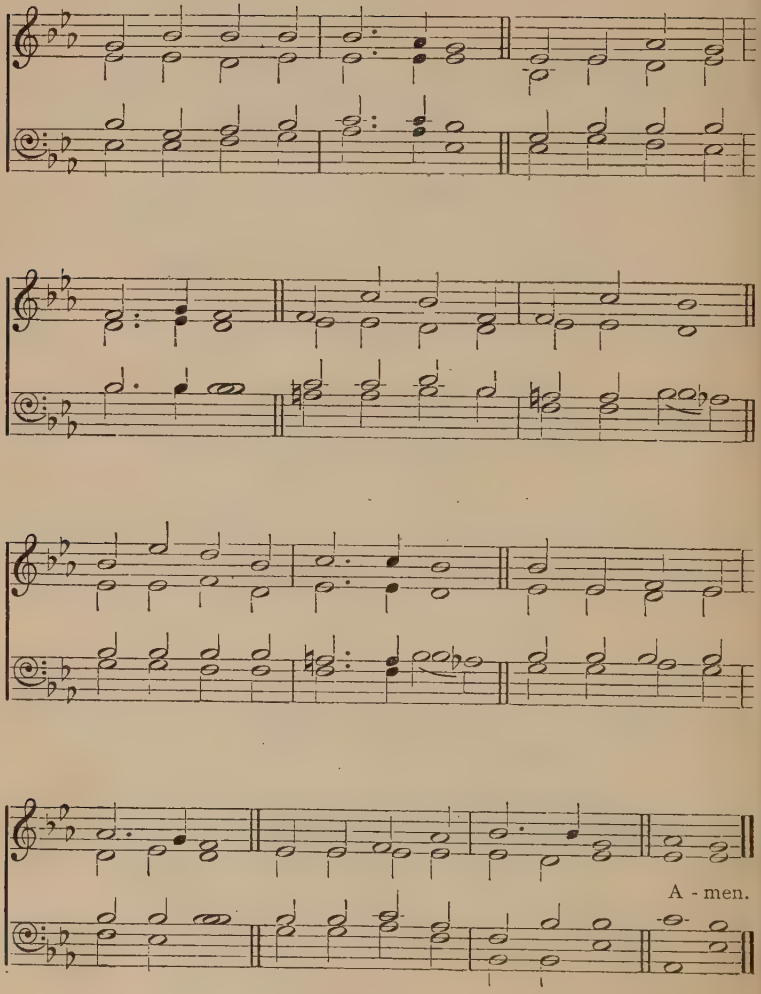
Help us to put away the sin
That veils from us Thy face;
And shed upon our heart within
The brightness of Thy grace.

Sons of Thy love, we come to Thee
Redeemed by Jesus' death;
We give our hearts, our lives to be
Thine till our latest breath.

G. C. Bell (1832—1913), 1897.
Master, 1876—1903.

232

EASTERN CHURCH. *Anon.*



(Psalm LXVII.)

God of mercy, God of grace,
Shew the brightness of Thy face:
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light divine,
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

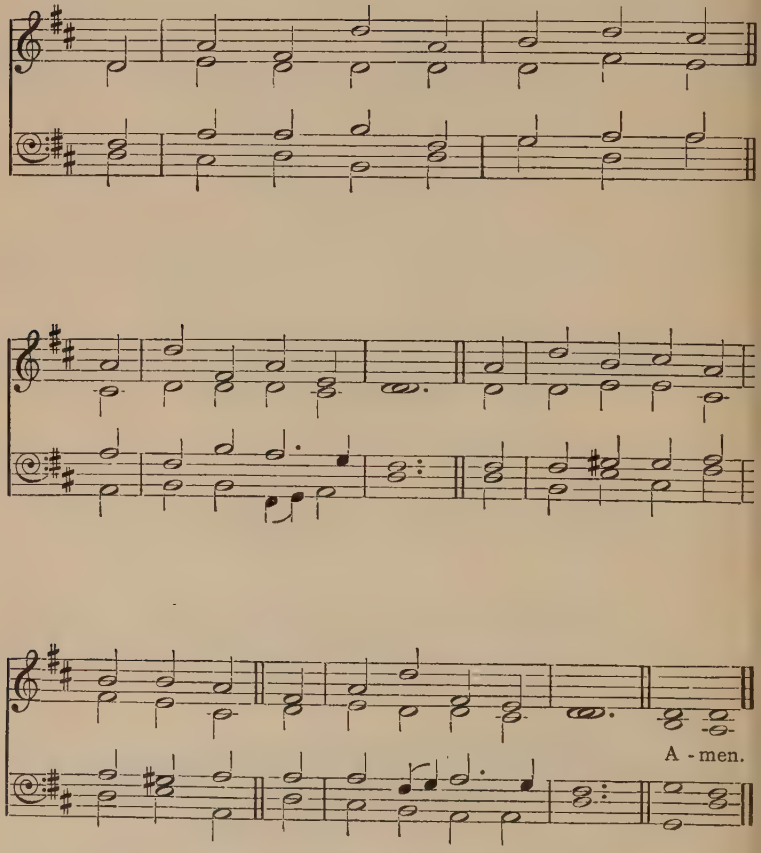
Let Thy people praise Thee, Lord,
Be by all that live adored:
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King,
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

Let Thy people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford,
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live,
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

Henry Francis Lyte (1793—1847), 1834.

233

LONDON NEW. *From The Scotch Psalter* (1635).



God moves in a mysterious way
  His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
  And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
  Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
  And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
  The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
  In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
  But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
  He hides a smiling face.

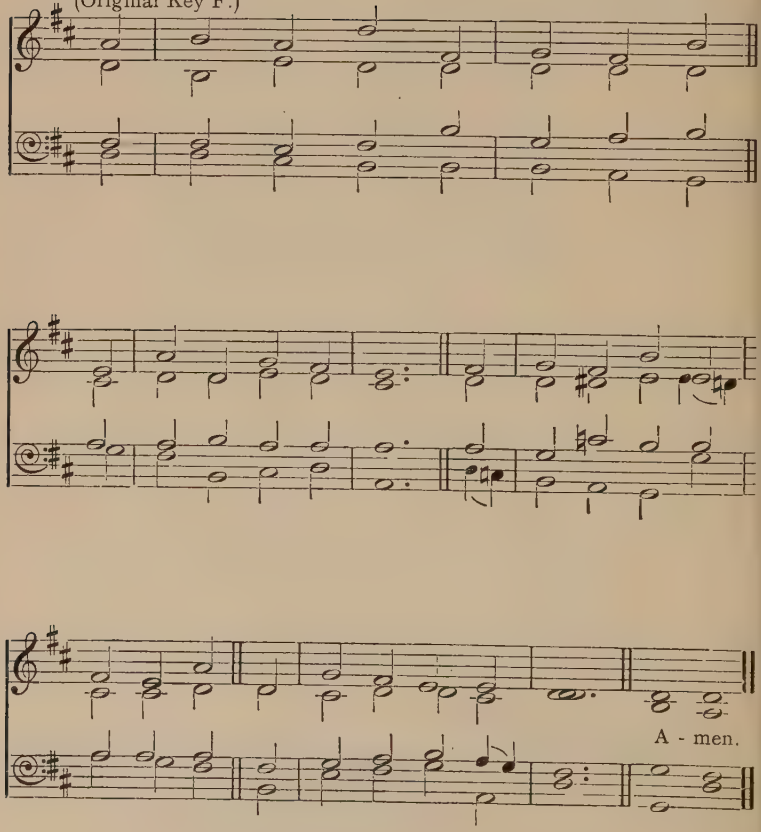
Blind unbelief is sure to err
  And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
  And He will make it plain.

William Cowper (1731—1800), 1774.

234

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.
(Original Key F.)

G. M. Garrett (1834—1897).



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

GREAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

Within these walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

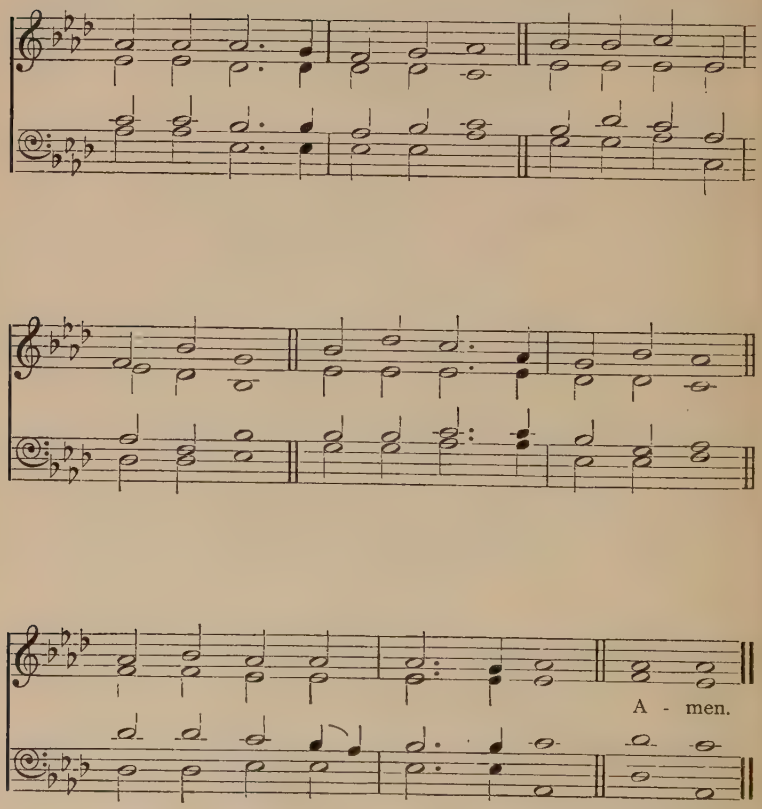
May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The contrite heart bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
That we in grace may grow.

John Newton (1725—1807), 1779.

235

St. Bees. *J. B. Dykes* (1823—1876).



HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour—hear His word,
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

'I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

'Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

'Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

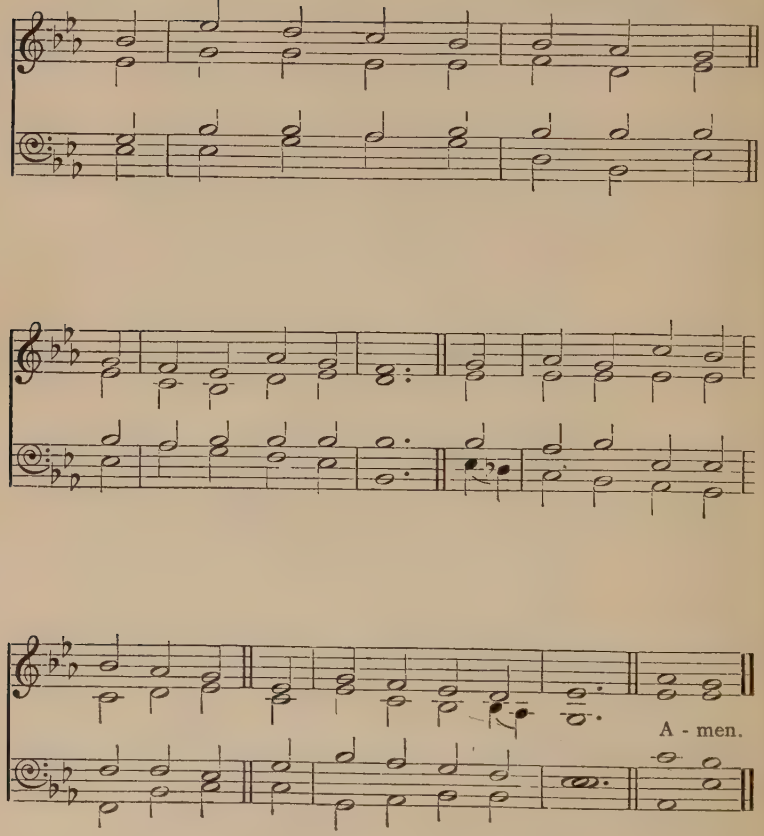
'Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?'

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore—
O for grace to love Thee more!

William Cowper (1731—1800), 1768.

236

St. Peter. *A. R. Reinagle* (1799—1877).



How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
  In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
  And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
  And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
  And to the weary rest.

Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
  My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury filled
  With boundless stores of grace.

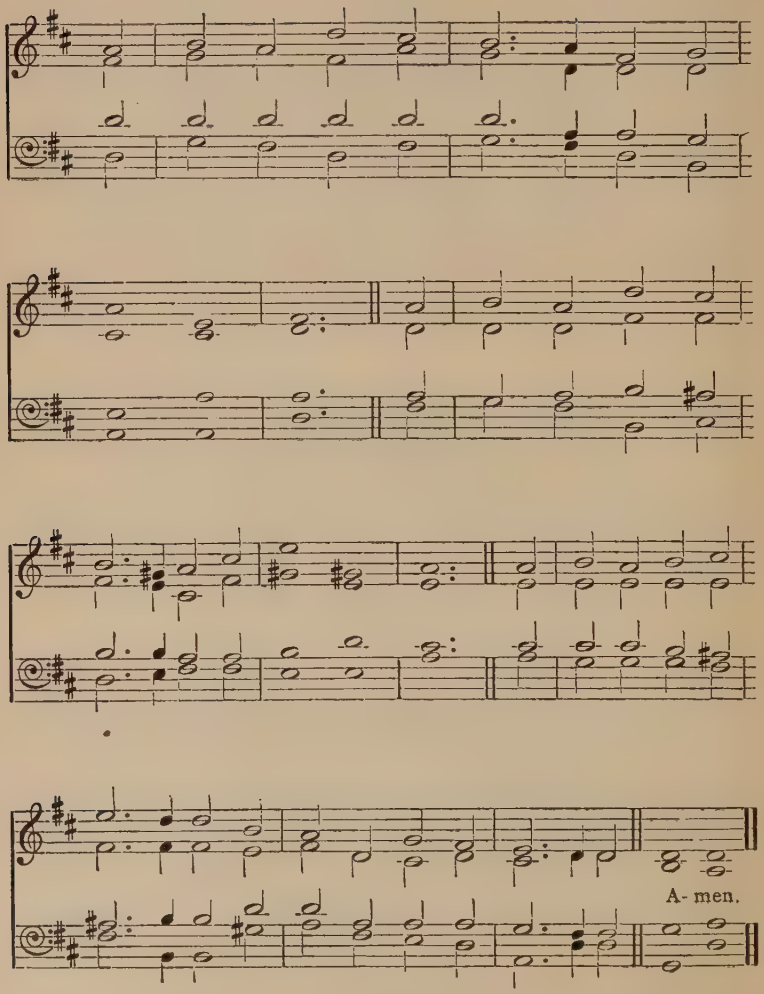
Weak is the effort of my heart,
  And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
  I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would my love proclaim
  With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
  Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton (1725—1807), 1779.

237

EVERLEIGH. *W. S. Bambridge.*



I BRING my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansèd be
In Thy once opened fount:
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
The burden is too great for me.

To Thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee;
Thou wilt not only share,
But bear it all for me:
O loving Saviour, now to Thee
I bring the load that wearies me.

I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well:
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, now to Thee.

My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love hath given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven:
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
For Thou hast purchased all for me.

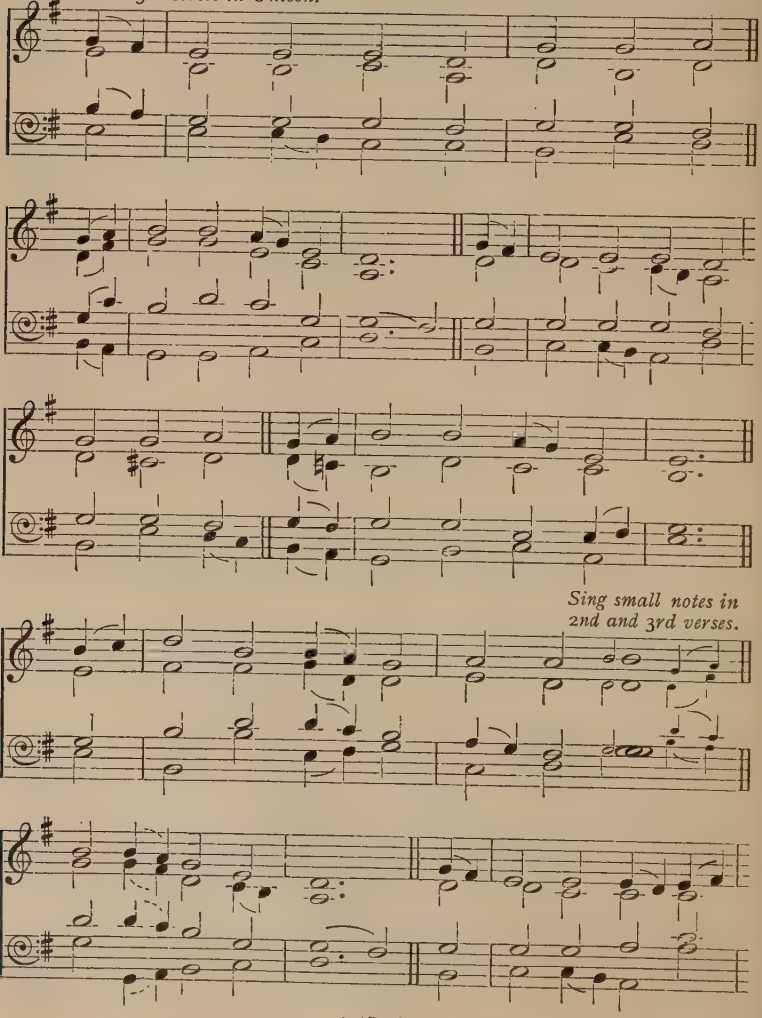
My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone:
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King.

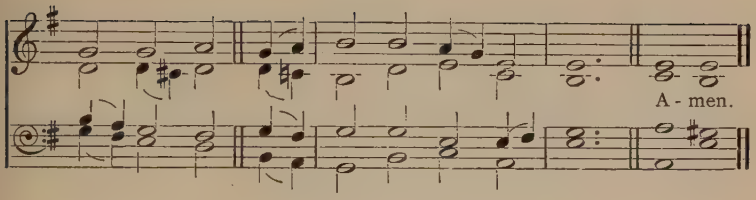
Frances Ridley Havergal (1836—1879), 1870.

238

KINGSFOLD. *From an English Traditional Melody.*

1st and 3rd verses in Unison.





I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,
Thy head upon My breast:'
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad,
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live:'
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream,
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:'
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun,
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

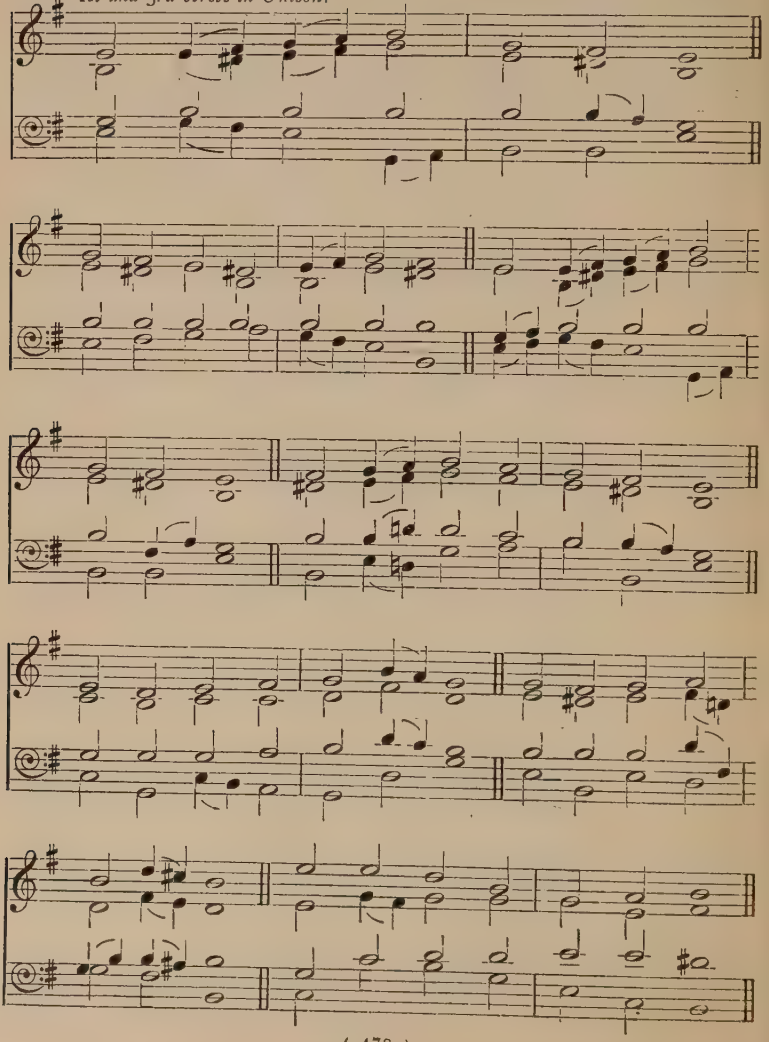
Horatius Bonar (1808—1889), 1846.

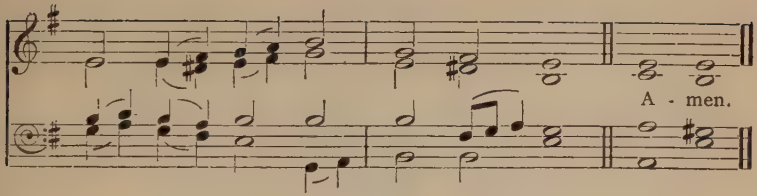
239

ABERYSTWITH.

1st and 3rd verses in Unison.

Joseph Parry (1841—1903).





By permission of Messrs. Hughes and Son, Wrexham.

JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past:
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

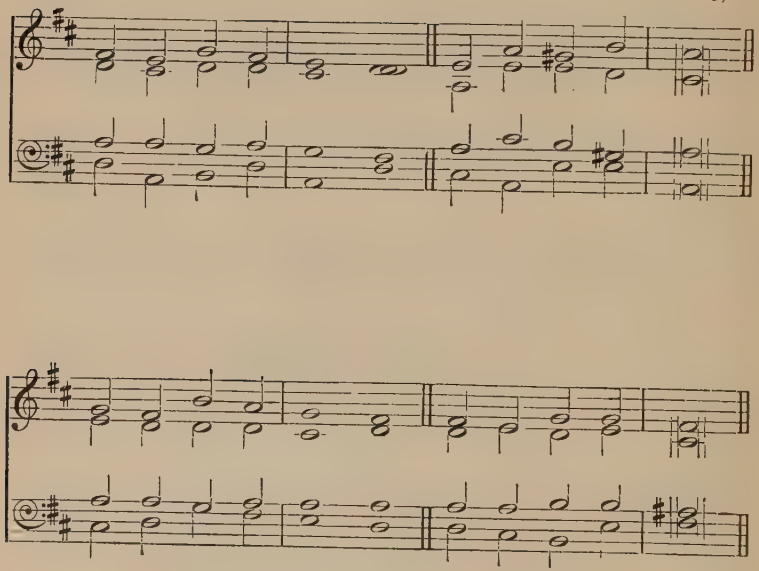
Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my hope on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley (1707—1788), 1740.

240

ST. CONSTANTINE. *W. H. Monk* (1823—1889).



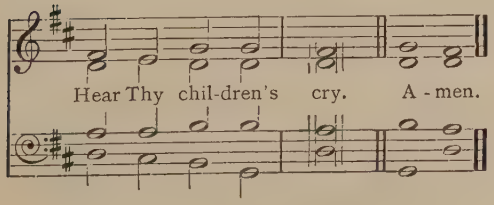
Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,

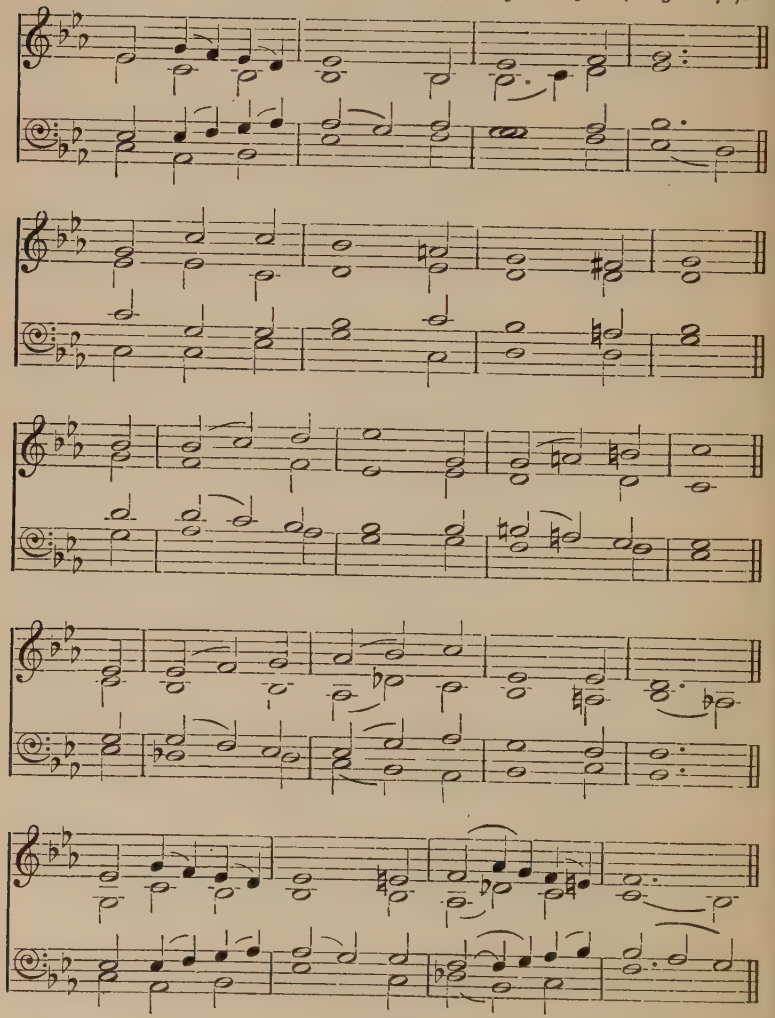


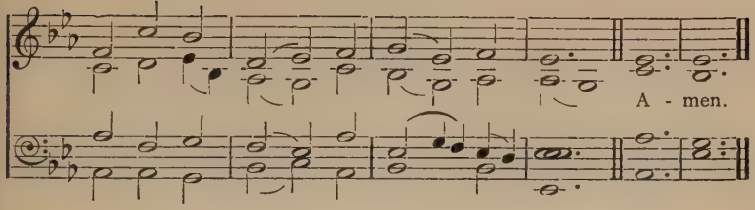
George Rundle Prynne (1818—1903), 1856.

241

VENI CITO.

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).





JESU, my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

Jesu, too late I Thee have sought;
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?

Jesu, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!

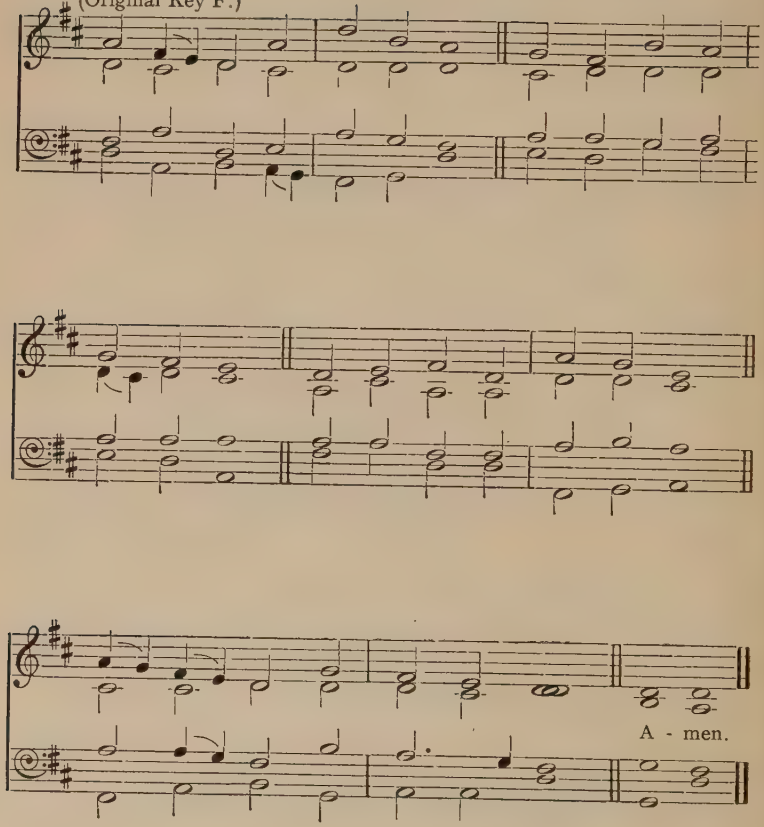
Jesu, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I am or have is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.

Henry Collins, 1854.

242

ALCESTER.
(Original Key F.)

Anon.
Harm. by S. S. Wesley.



JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee,
Let us in Thy Name agree;
Shew Thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid all strife for ever cease.

By Thy reconciling love
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread Thy banner here.

Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word—
Altogether like our Lord.

Let us each for other care,
Each his brother's burdens bear,
To the world a pattern give,
Shew how Christ's disciples live.

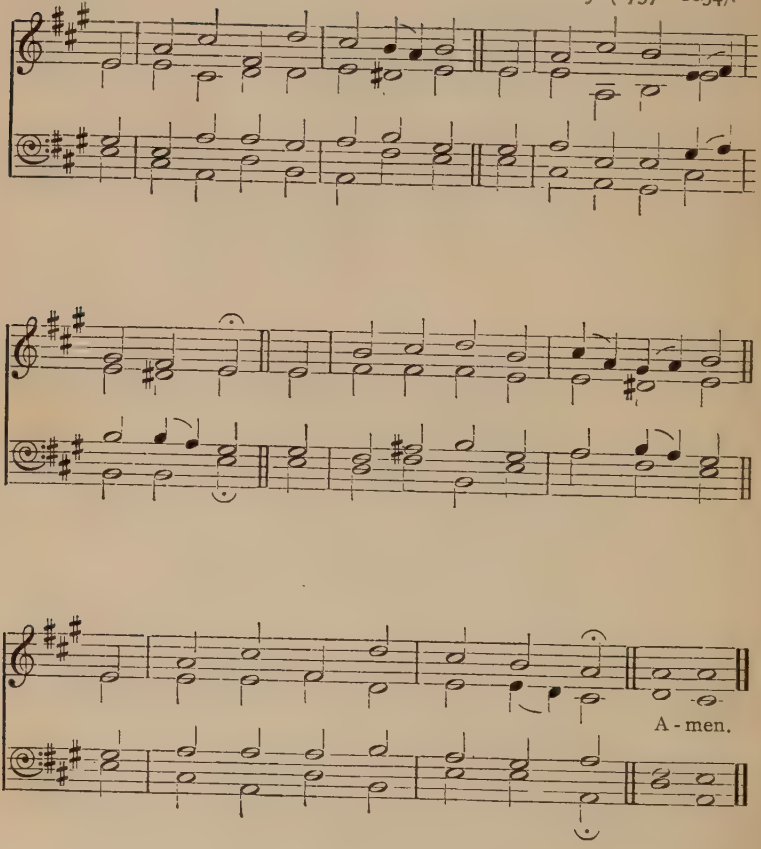
Take us to Thy home above,
Purified by faith and love;
May we in our life's last hour
Feel Thy peace, Thy grace, Thy power.

Varied from Charles Wesley (1707—1788), 1743.

243

BERKSHIRE.

Charles Wesley (1757—1834).



JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going take Thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of Thy faithful few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting souls proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

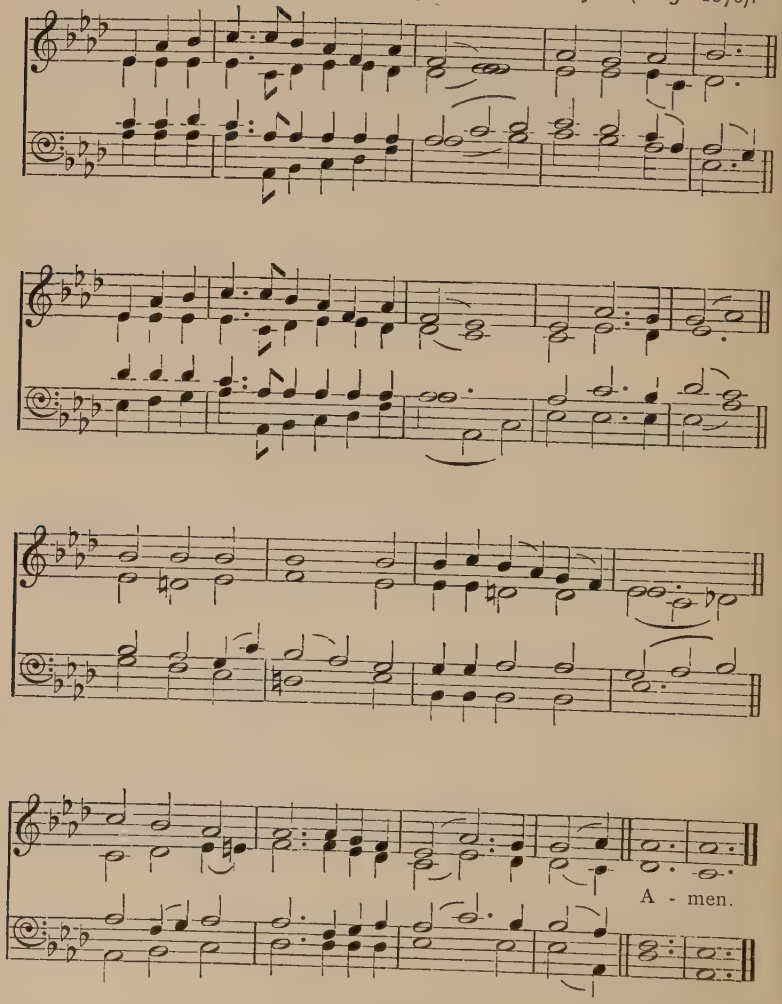
Lord, we are few, but Thou art near,
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

William Cowper (1731—1800), 1769.

244

LUX BENIGNA.

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).



LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet—I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

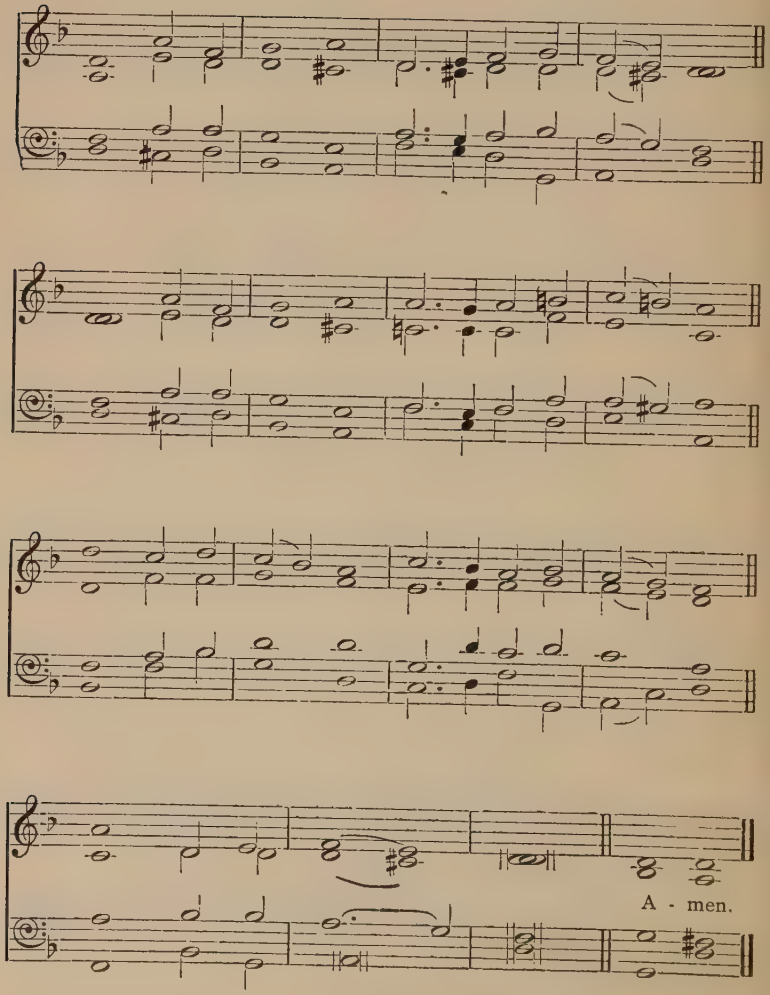
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path—but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Cardinal (*John Henry*) *Newman* (1801—1890), 1833.

245

ISTE CONFESSOR. *Rouen Church Melody.*



Lord of our life and God of our salvation,
Star of our night and Hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

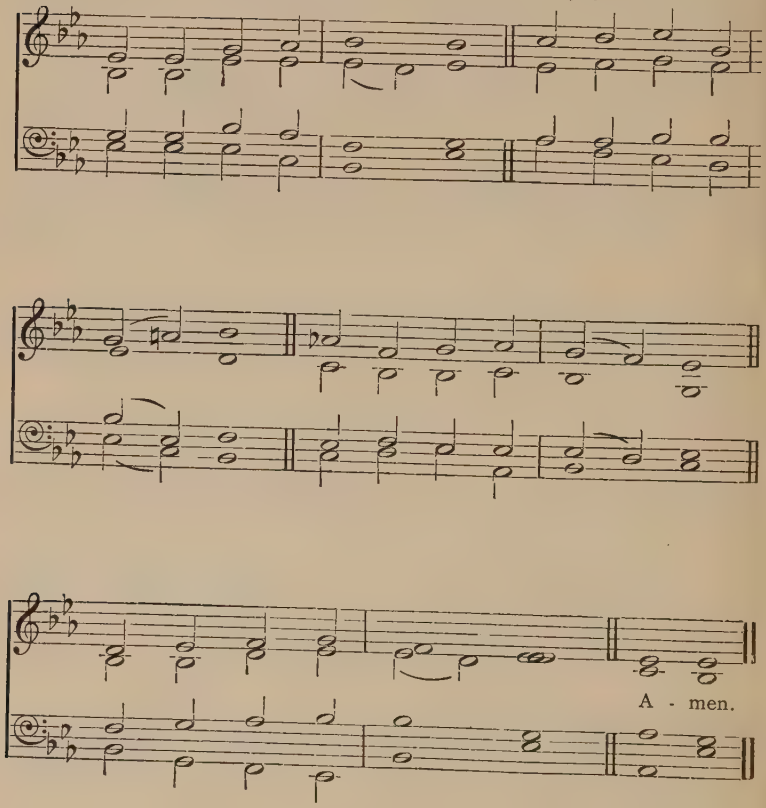
Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth;
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.

Philip Pusey (1799—1855), 1840. *Founded on a Hymn of Matthäus A. von Löwenstern*, 1644.

246

RAVENSHAW. *Adapted from a XVth century melody by W. H. Monk.*



LORD, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying.

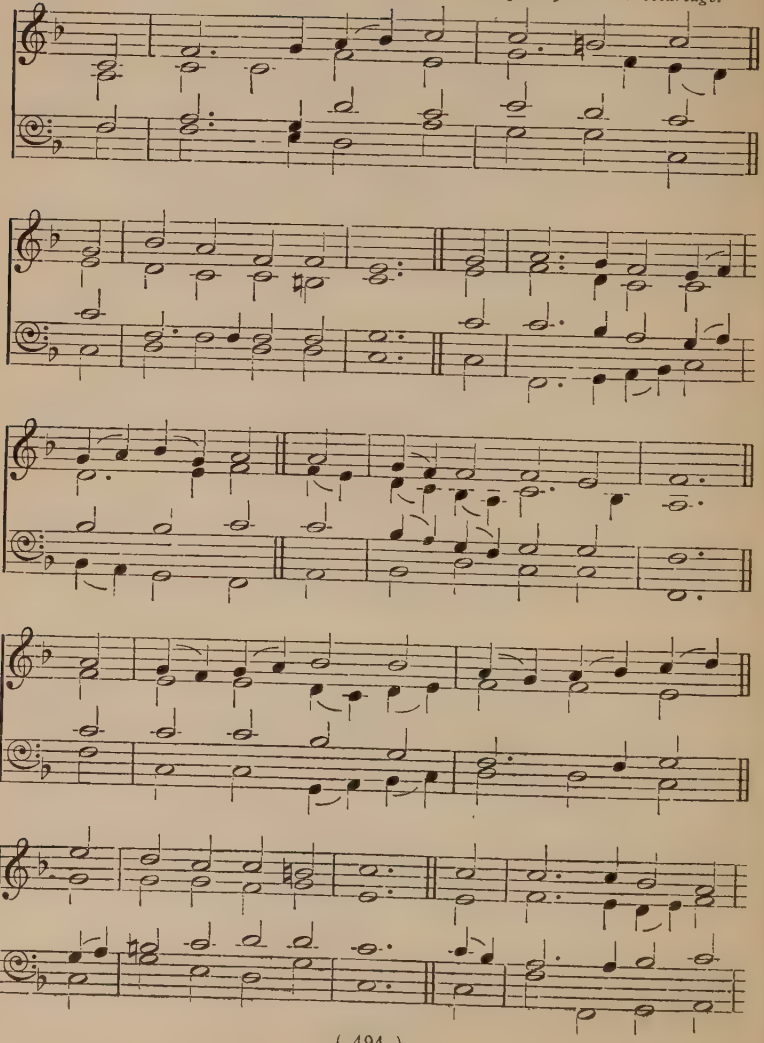
O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee!

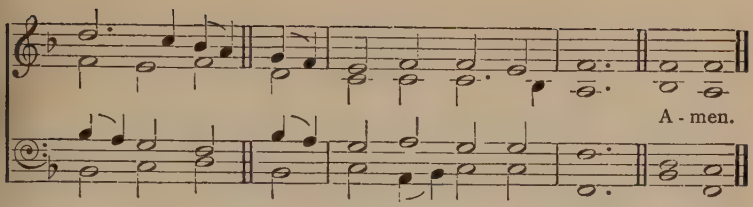
Sir Henry W. Baker (1821—1877), 1861.

247

YATTENDON, No. 15.

Christopher Tye (1510—1572).
Adapted by H. E. Wooldridge.





Lord, when we bend before Thy throne
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore:
Our broken spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosoms share
Which is not wholly Thine.
Let faith each meek petition fill,
And lift it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
Which grants it or denies.

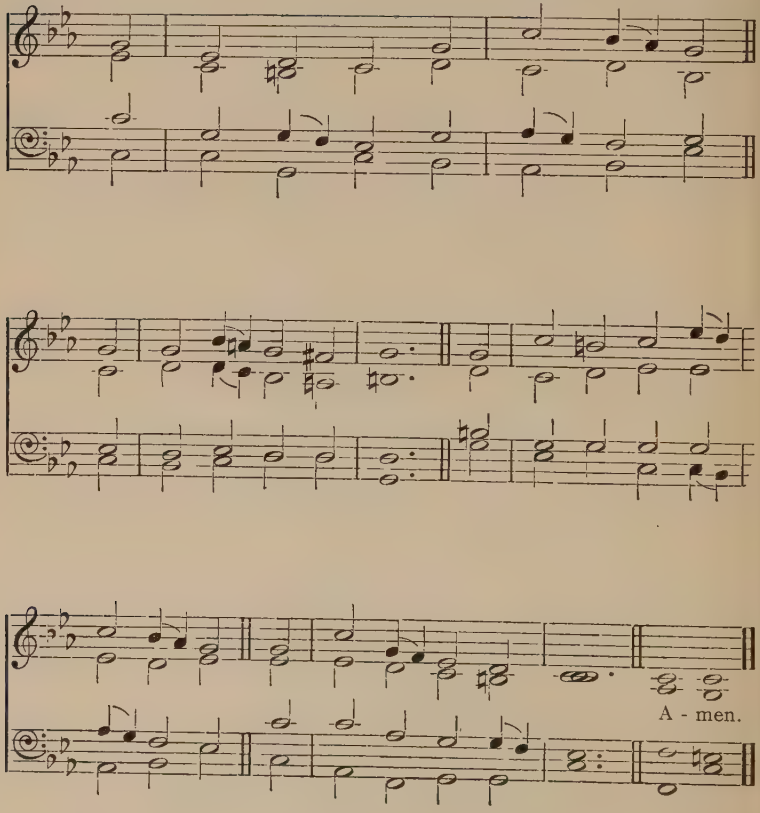
When our united voices strive
Their cheerful hymns to raise,
Let love divine within us live,
And lift our souls in praise.
Then on Thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review,
Till love divine transported tell
Thou, God, art Father too.

Joseph Dacre Carlyle (1758 1804), 1802.

248

BANGOR.

W. Tans'ur (1706—1783).
Harm. by S. S. Wesley.



My God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

Before the Cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.

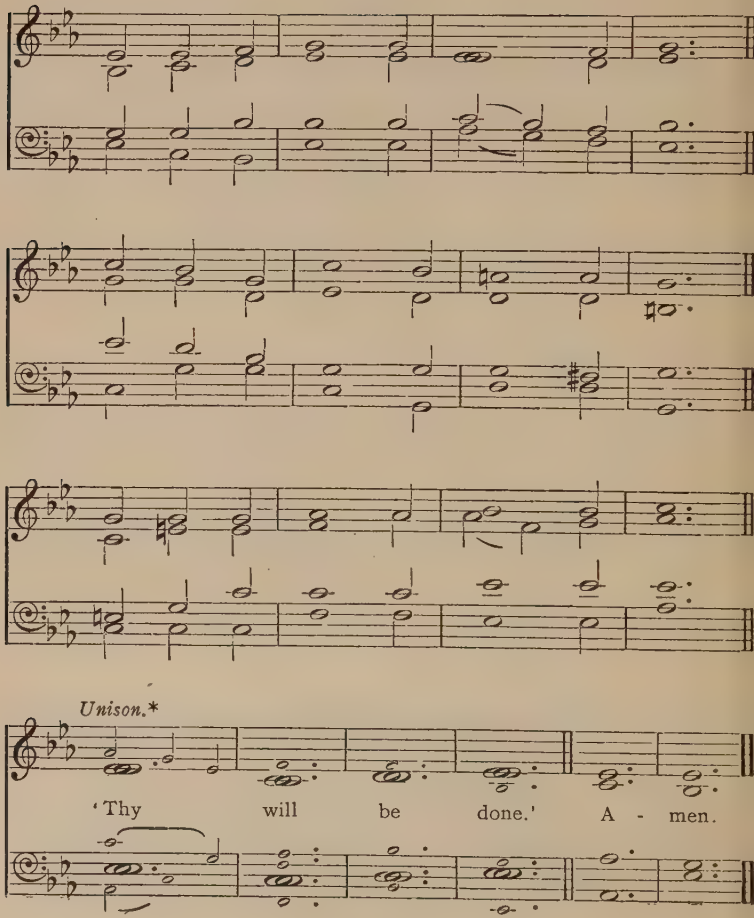
Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
And seal me for Thine own,
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship near Thy throne.

Let every thought, and work, and word
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

Matthew Bridges (1800—1894), 1848.

249

THY WILL BE DONE. *John W. Ivimey.*



* Small notes for Organ only.

My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
'Thy will be done.'

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
'Thy will be done.'

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine—
'Thy will be done.'

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest—
'Thy will be done.'

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
'Thy will be done.'

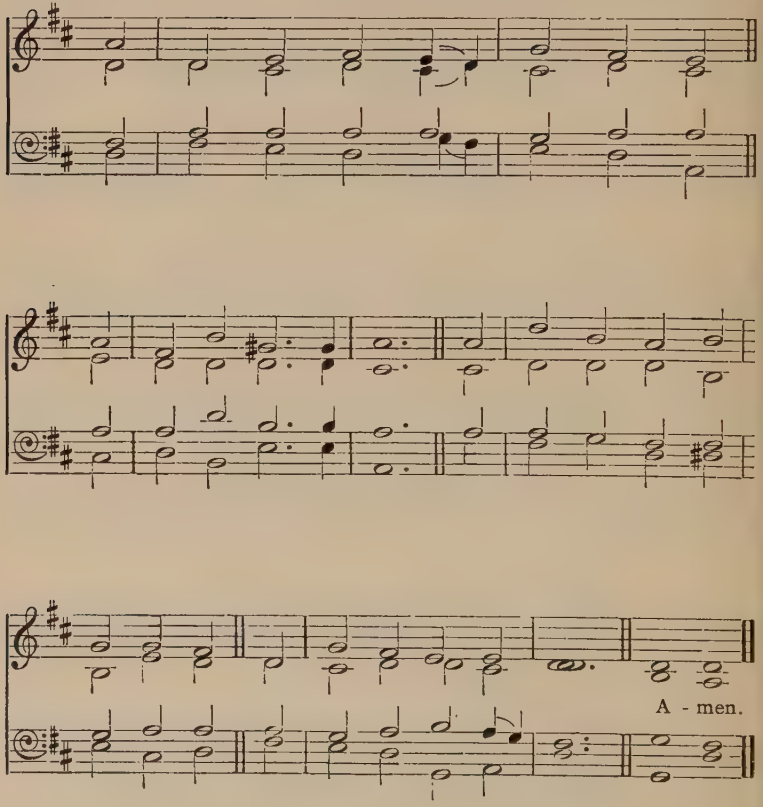
Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
'Thy will be done.'

Charlotte Elliott (1789—1871), 1834.

250

ST. BERNARD.

Adapted from a melody in 'Tochter Sion' (*Cöln*, 1741), *by John Richardson* (1816—1879).



O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within!

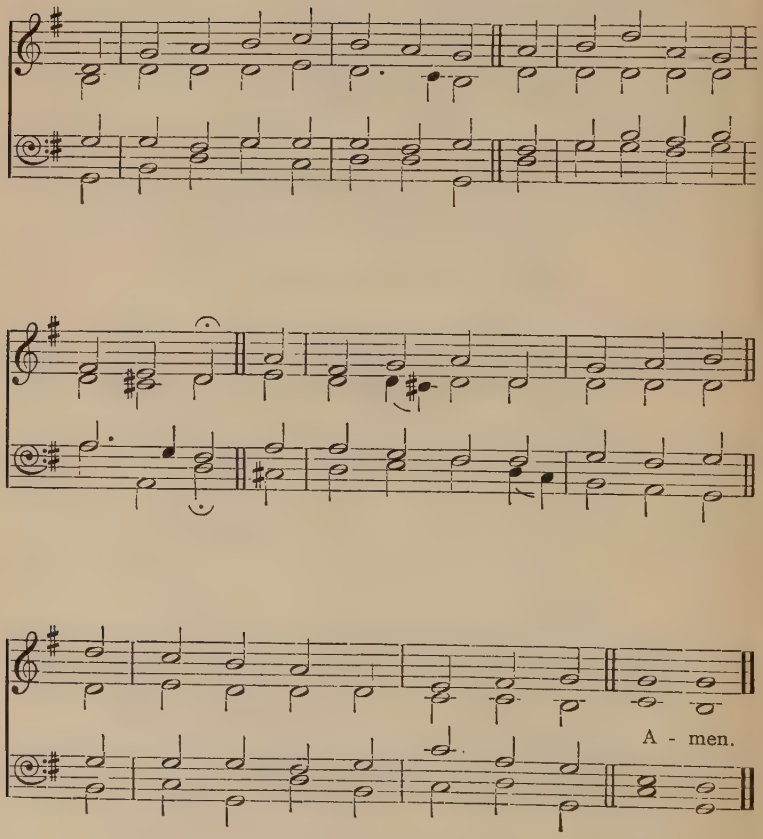
A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new blest Name of Love.

Charles Wesley (1707—1788), 1742.

251

NORFOLK. *Samuel Howard* (1710—1782).



O HOLY Lord, content to live
In a poor home, a lowly child,
And in subjection meek to give
Obedience to Thy mother mild;

Lead every child that bears Thy Name
To walk in Thy pure upright way,
To dread the touch of sin and shame,
And humbly, like Thyself, obey.

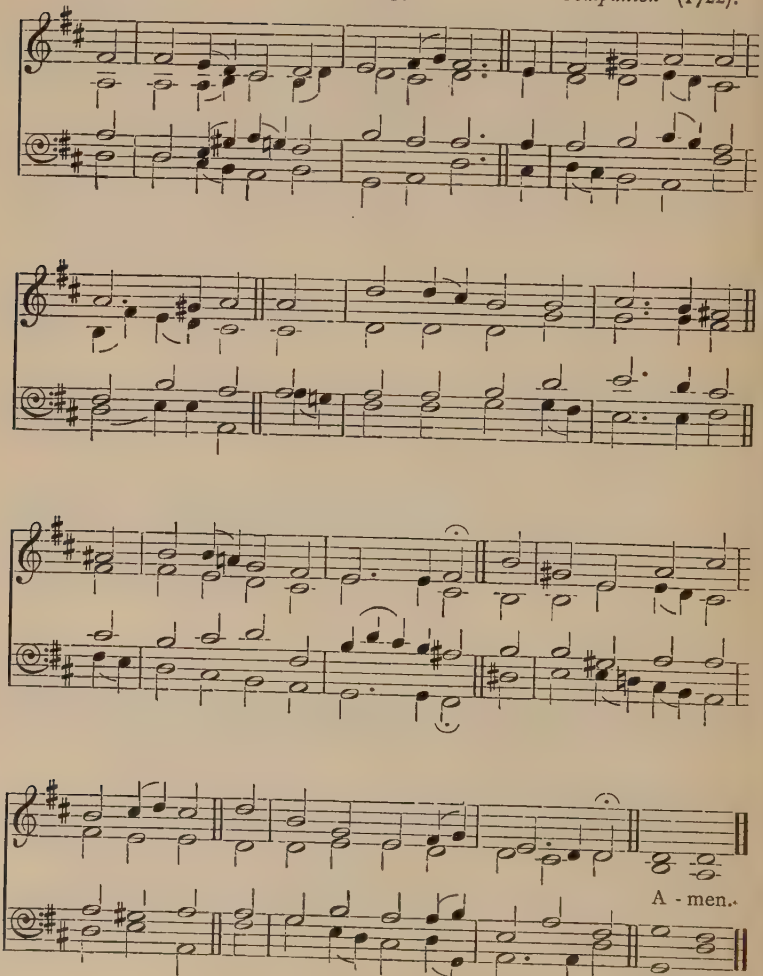
Gather Thy lambs within Thine arm,
And gently in Thy bosom bear;
Keep them, O Lord, from hurt and harm,
And bid them rest for ever there.

So shall they, waiting here below
Like Thee, their Lord, a little span,
In wisdom and in stature grow,
And favour both with God and man.

Bishop Walsham How (1823—1897), 1850.

252

DAVID'S HARP. *Robert King, in 'The Divine Companion'* (1722).



O KING of kings, before whose throne
The angels bow, no gift have we
To bring that is indeed our own,
Since heaven and earth belong to Thee;
Yet this would we through grace impart,
The offering of a thankful heart.

O Jesu, set at God's right hand,
With Thine Eternal Father plead
For all Thy loyal-hearted band,
Who still on earth Thy succour need;
For them in weakness strength provide,
And through the world their footsteps guide.

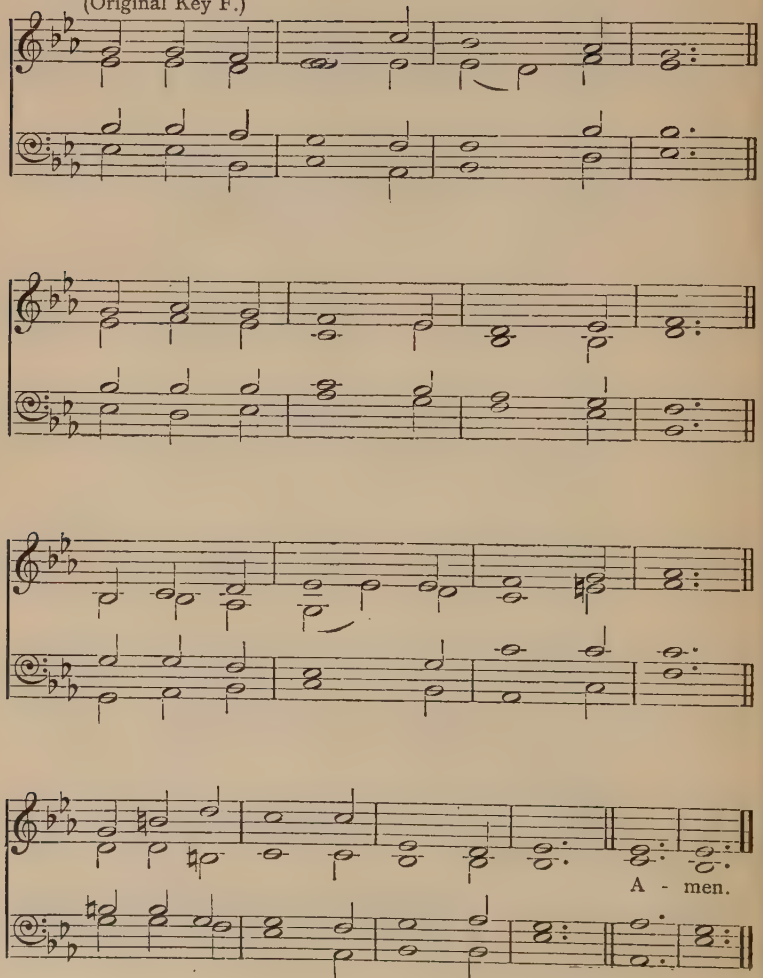
O Holy Spirit, Fount of breath,
Whose comforts never fail nor fade,
Vouchsafe the life that knows no death,
Vouchsafe the light that knows no shade;
And grant that we through all our days
May share Thy gifts, and sing Thy praise.

John Quarles (1624—1665), 1655. *Adapted by Thomas Darling* (1816—1893), 1857. (*Varied.*)

253

WINSCOTT. (Original Key F.)

S. S. Wesley (1810—1876).



O Thou who camest from above
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

There let it for Thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze,
And trembling to its source return
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

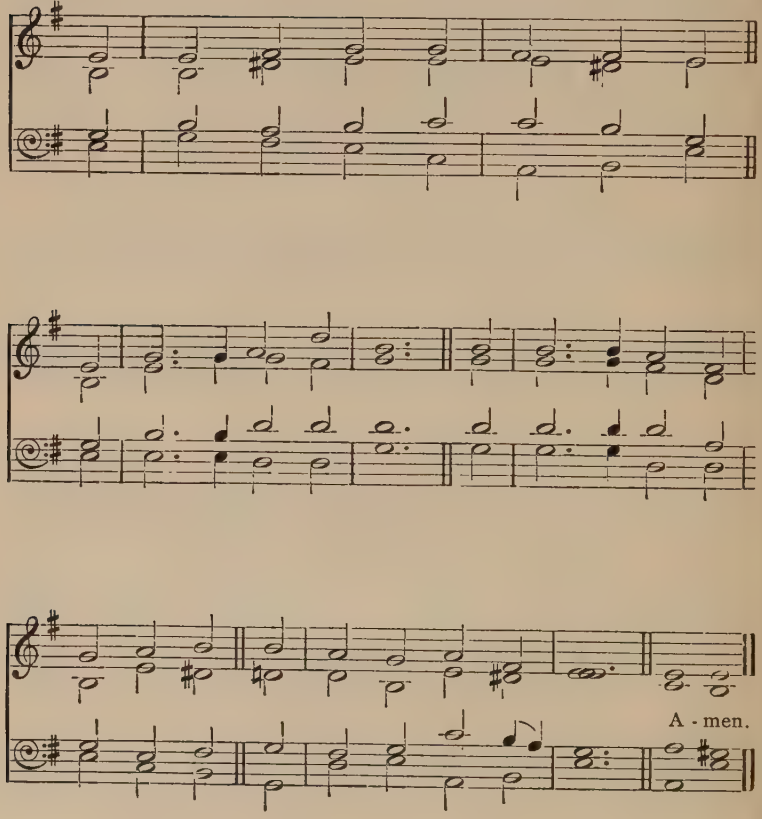
Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee:
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me;

Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
And make my sacrifice complete.

Charles Wesley (1707—1788), 1762.

254

CHESHIRE. *From Este's Psalter* (1592).



POUR down Thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
On all assembled here;
Let us receive the engrafted word
With meekness and with fear.

By faith in Thee the soul receives
New life, though dead before;
And he who in Thy Name believes
Shall live, to die no more.

Preserve the power of faith alive
In those that love Thy Name,
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

Thy grace and mercy first prevailed
From death to set us free;
And often since our life had failed
Unless renewed by Thee.

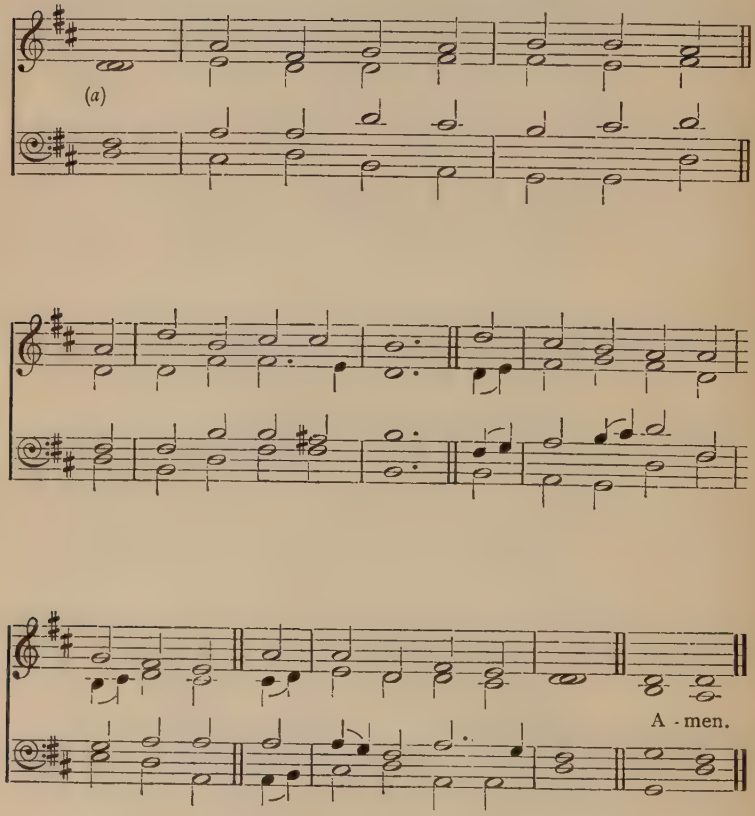
To Thee we look, to Thee we bow,
To Thee for help we call,
Our Life and Resurrection Thou,
Our Hope, our Joy, our All.

John Newton (1725—1807), 1779.

255

"Song

Orlando Gibbons (1583—1625).



(*a*) The 5th and 6th verses should begin with a minim instead of a semibreve.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, 'Behold, he prays!'

(*a*) Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

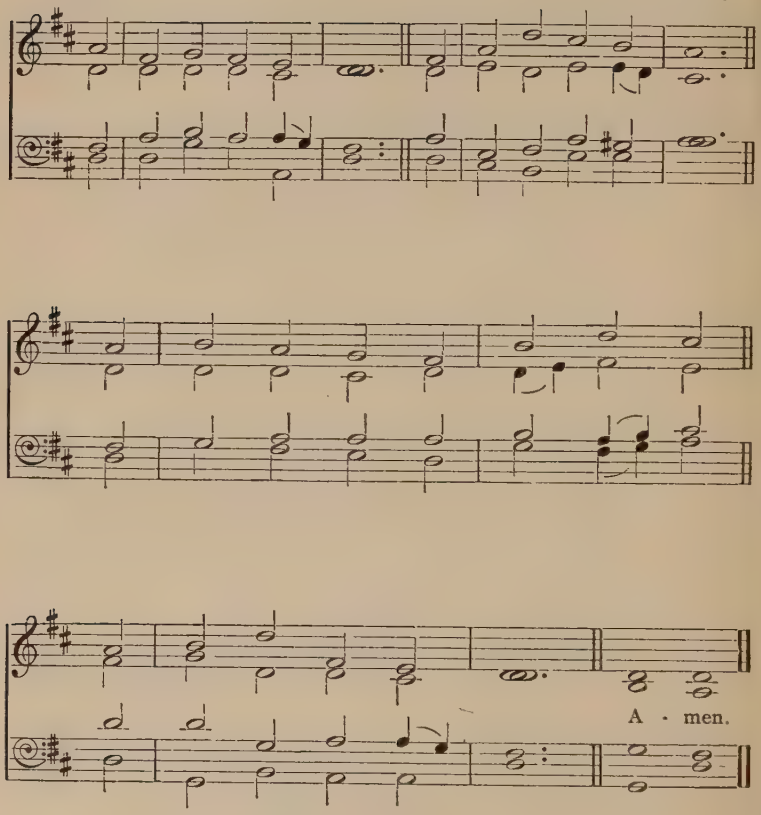
O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1818.

256

BOWDEN.

Anon.
Harm. by S. S. Wesley.



(Psalm XXXVII.)

Put thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on,
Walk in His strength with faith and hope,
So shall thy work be done.

Commit thy ways to Him,
Thy works into His hands,
And rest on His unchanging word
Who heaven and earth commands.

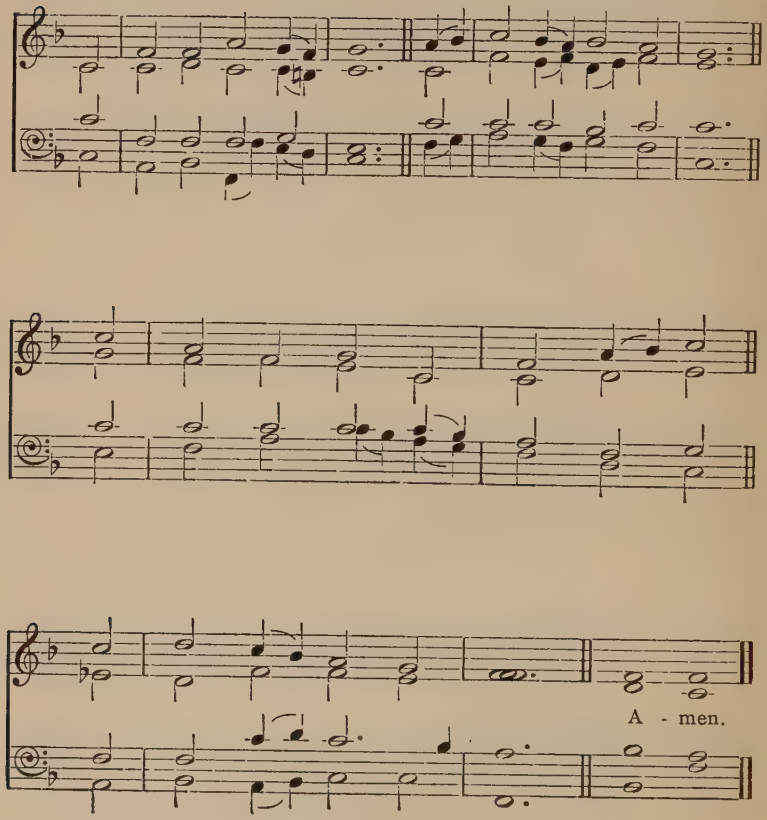
Though years on years roll on,
His covenant shall endure;
Though clouds and darkness hide His path,
The promised grace is sure.

Through waves and clouds and storms
His power will clear thy way:
In God's own time the darkest night
Will end in brightest day.

Varied from John Wesley (1703—1791), 1739. *From the Hymn* '*Befiehl du deine Wege*' *of Paul Gerhardt*, 1653.

257

ST. THOMAS. *Williams' Psalmody*, 1770.



TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And, what I do in any thing,
To do it as for Thee.

A man that looks on glasse,
On it may stay his eye;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it passe,
And then the heaven espie.

All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean
Which with this tincture, FOR THY SAKE,
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that, and th' action, fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold.
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told*.

George Herbert (1593—1632). '*The Elixir.*'

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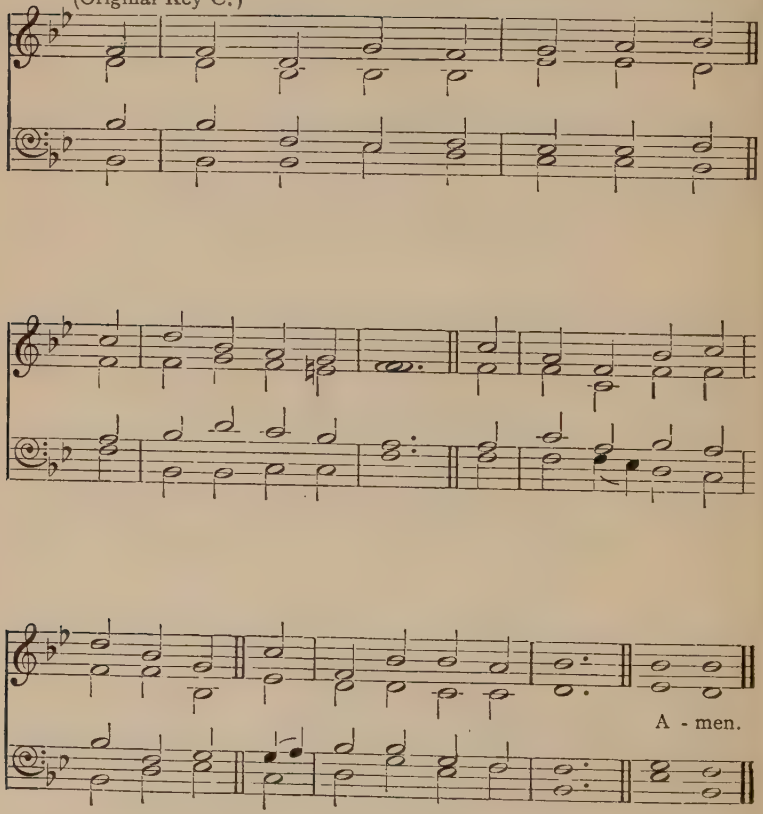
* *told*, reckoned.

258

ST. LEONARD. (Original Key C.)

Henry Smart (1813—1879).



THE heavenly Child in stature grows,
And growing learns to die;
And still His earthly training shows
His coming agony.

The Son of God His glory hides
With parents mean and poor;
And He who made the heavens abides
In dwelling-place obscure.

Those mighty hands that rule the sky
No earthly toil refuse;
The Maker of the stars on high
An humble trade pursues.

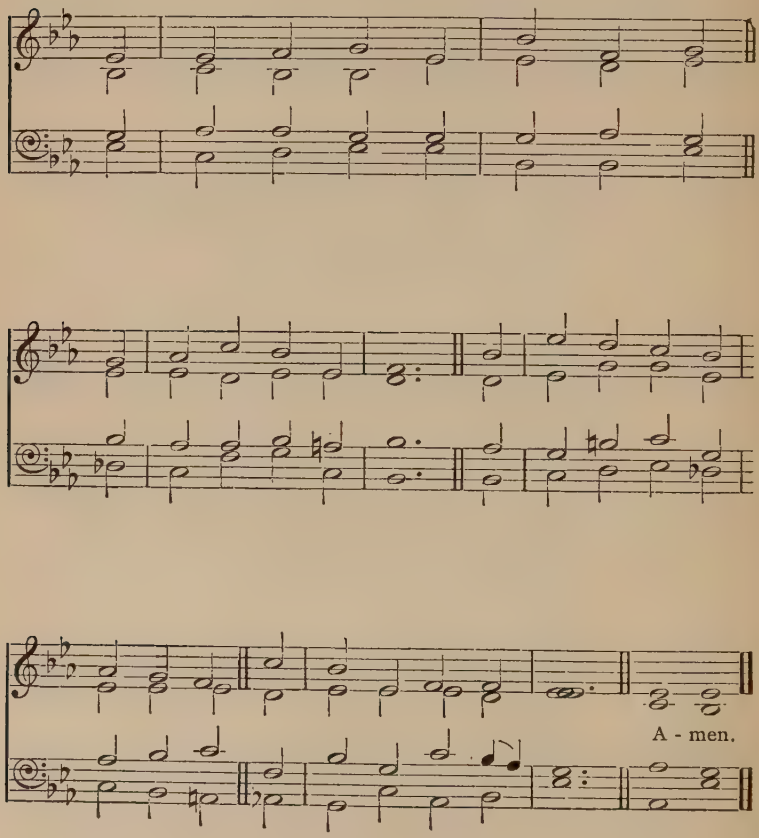
He whom the choirs of angels praise,
Bearing each dread decree,
His earthly parents now obeys
In deep humility.

For this Thy lowliness revealed,
Jesu, we Thee adore;
And praise to God the Father yield
And Spirit evermore.

John Chandler (1806—1876), 1837; *varied by John Keble*, 1861. *From the Hymn 'Divine crescebas Puer,' by Jean Baptiste de Santeuil*, 1689.

259

ST. HUGH. *E. J. Hopkins* (1818—1901).



THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to Thee;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake Thy sympathy.

Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

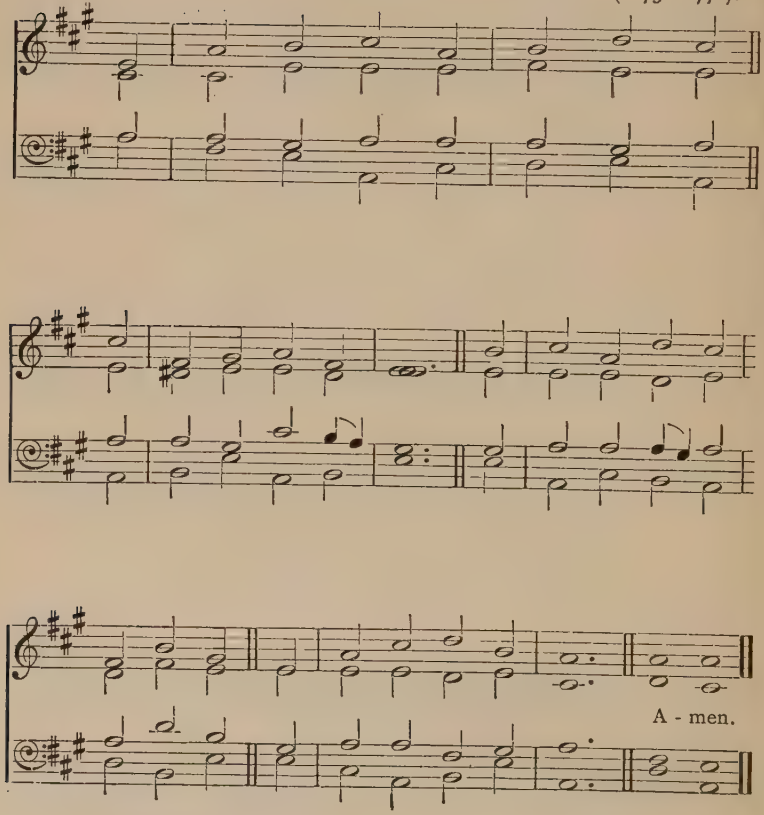
There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept for woe.

Jane Fox Crewdson (1809—1863).

260

ST. JAMES. *R. Courteville* (1675—1772).



THOU art the Way,—by Thee alone
From sin and death we flee,
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth,—Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life,—the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

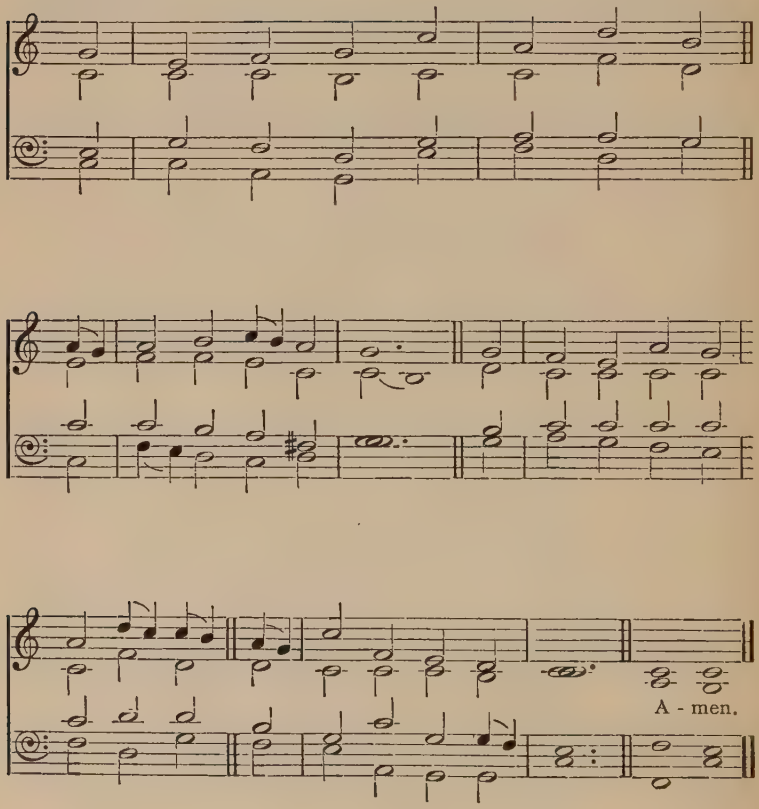
Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;—
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win
Whence joys eternal flow.

Bishop Doane (*U.S.A.*, 1799—1859), 1824.

261

CHICHESTER NEW.

Anon.
Harm. by S. S. Wesley.



THOUGH lowly here our lot may be,
High work have we to do,
In noble deeds to follow Him
Whose lot was lowly too.

Our lives, enriched with gentle thoughts
And loving deeds, may be
A stream that still the nobler grows
The nearer to the sea.

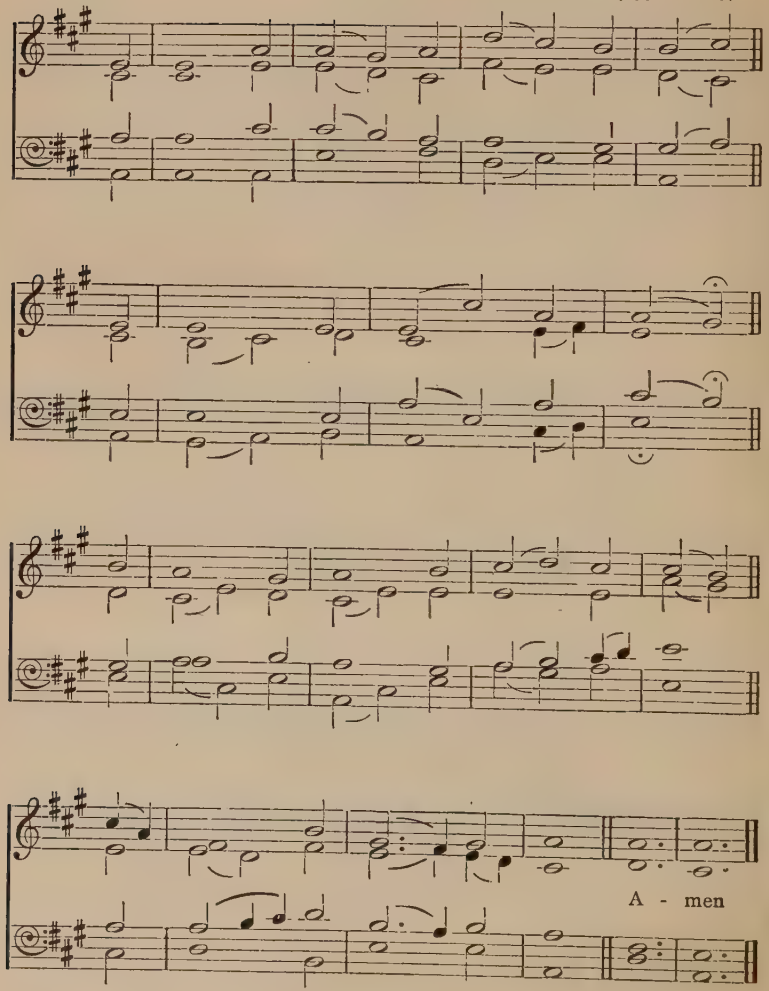
To duty firm, to conscience true,
However tried and pressed,
In God's clear sight high work we do,
If we but do our best.

Thus we may make the lowliest lot
With rays of glory bright;
Thus we may turn a crown of thorns
Into a crown of light.

William Gaskell (1805—1884).

262

WILTSHIRE. *Sir G. Smart* (1776—1867).



(Psalm XXXIV.)

Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

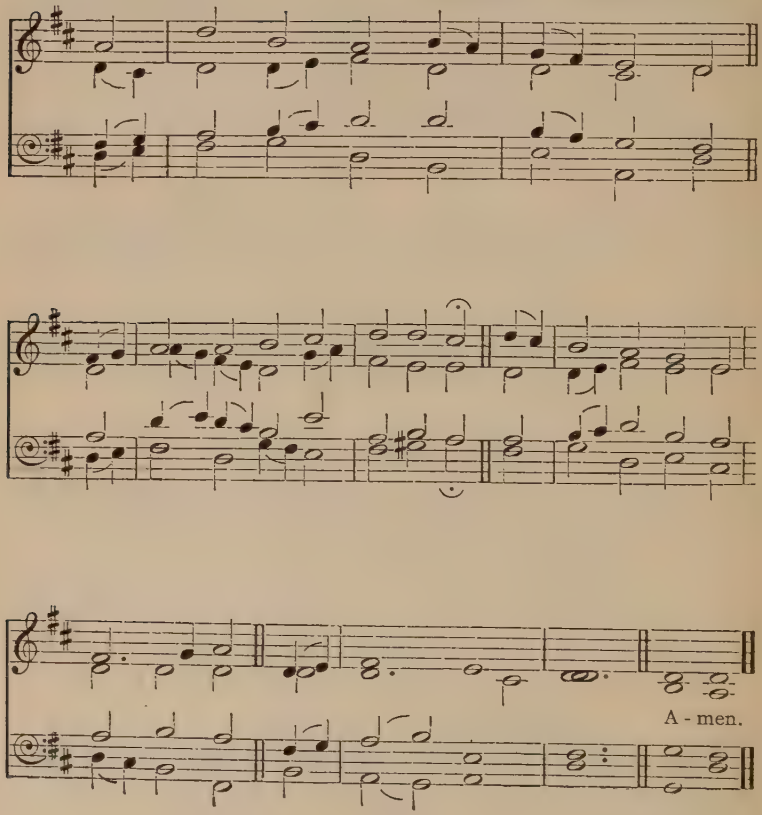
The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

263

WE FOLLOW THEE. *From Meyer's 'Seelenfreud,' 1692.*



THROUGH good report and evil, Lord,
Still guided by Thy faithful word—
Our staff, our buckler, and our sword—
We follow Thee.

In silence of the lonely night,
In the full glow of day's clear light,
Through life's strange wanderings, dark or bright,
We follow Thee.

O Master, point Thou out the way,
Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray;
Then in that path that leads to day
We follow Thee.

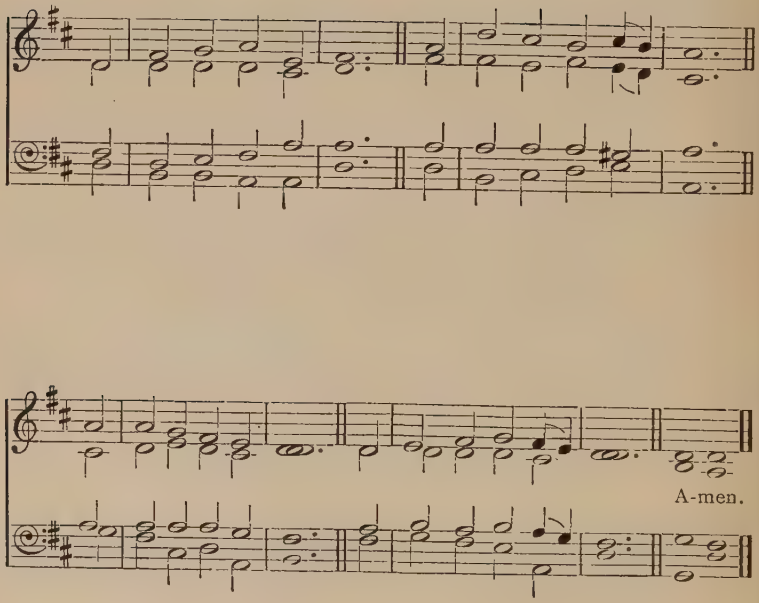
Thou hast passed on before our face;
Thy footsteps on the way we trace;
O keep us, aid us by Thy grace;
We follow Thee.

Whom have we in the heaven above,
Whom on this earth, save Thee, to love?
Still in Thy light we onward move;
We follow Thee.

Horatius Bonar (1808—1889), 1867.

264

IBSTONE. *M. Tiddeman.*



Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine, so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

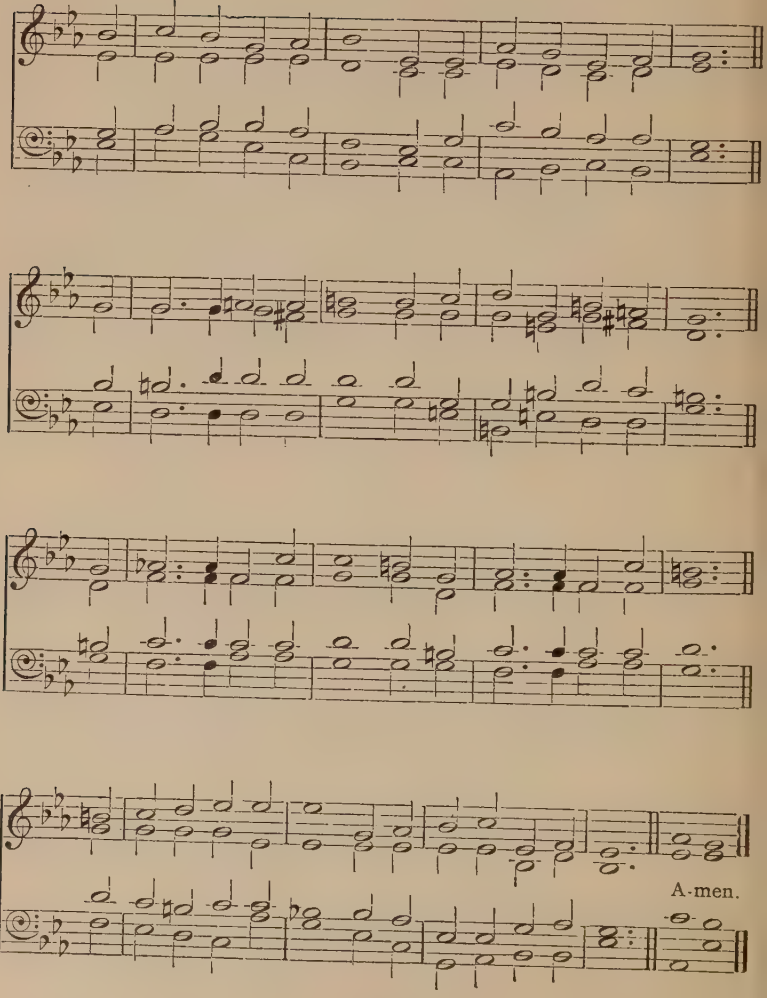
Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

Horatius Bonar (1808—1889), 1856.

265

SAVERNAKE. *W. S. Bambridge.*



To Thee, O loving Saviour, our spirits turn for rest,
Our peace is in Thy favour, our hearts in Thee are blest;
Though all the world deceive us, we know that Thou art near,
For Thou wilt never leave us, O Christ, our Saviour dear.

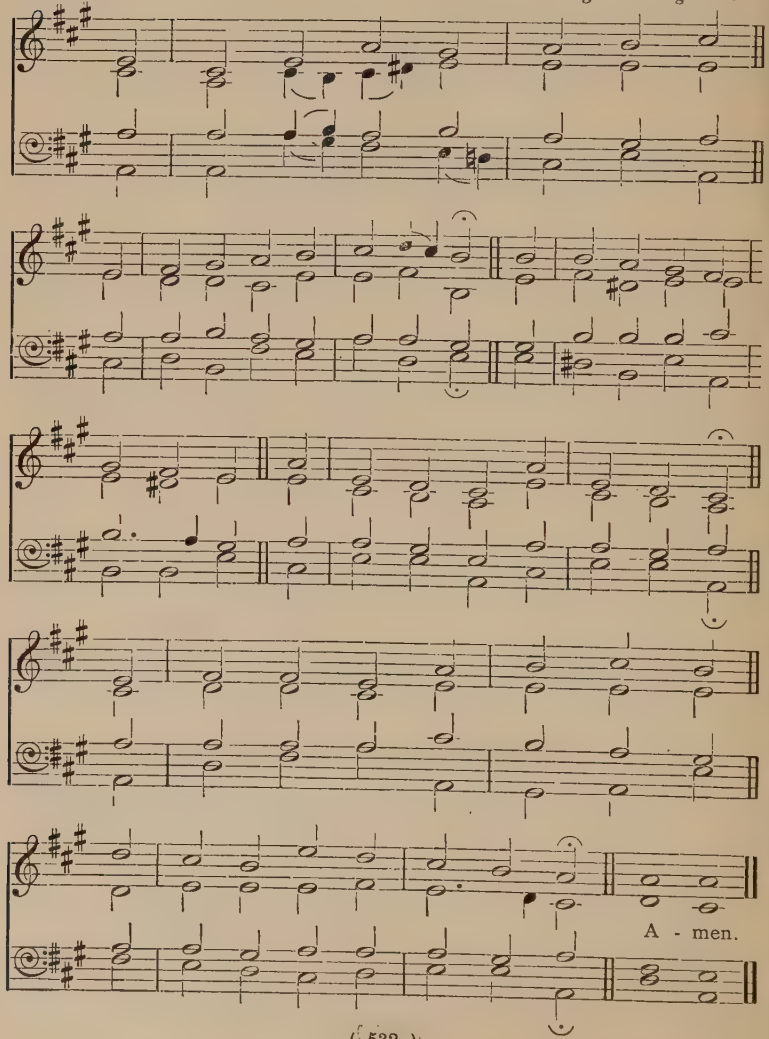
In Thee our trust abideth, on Thee our hopes rely,
O Thou whose love provideth for all beneath the sky:
Our joy is in Thy beauty of holiness divine,
Our comfort in the duty that binds our life in Thine.

O for true hearts to love Thee more dearly as we ought,
And nothing place above Thee in word, or deed, or thought;
O for that choicest blessing of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing the peace of heaven above!

Varied from John S. B. Monsell (1811—1875), 1863.

266

LUCERNE. *From the 'Würtemberger Gesangbuch.'*



We have not known Thee as we ought,
Nor learned Thy wisdom, grace, and power;
The things of earth have filled our thought,
And trifles of the passing hour:
Lord, give us light Thy truth to see,
And make us wise in knowing Thee.

We have not feared Thee as we ought,
Nor bowed beneath Thine awful eye,
Nor guarded deed and word and thought
Remembering that God was nigh:
Lord, give us faith to know Thee near,
And grant the grace of holy fear.

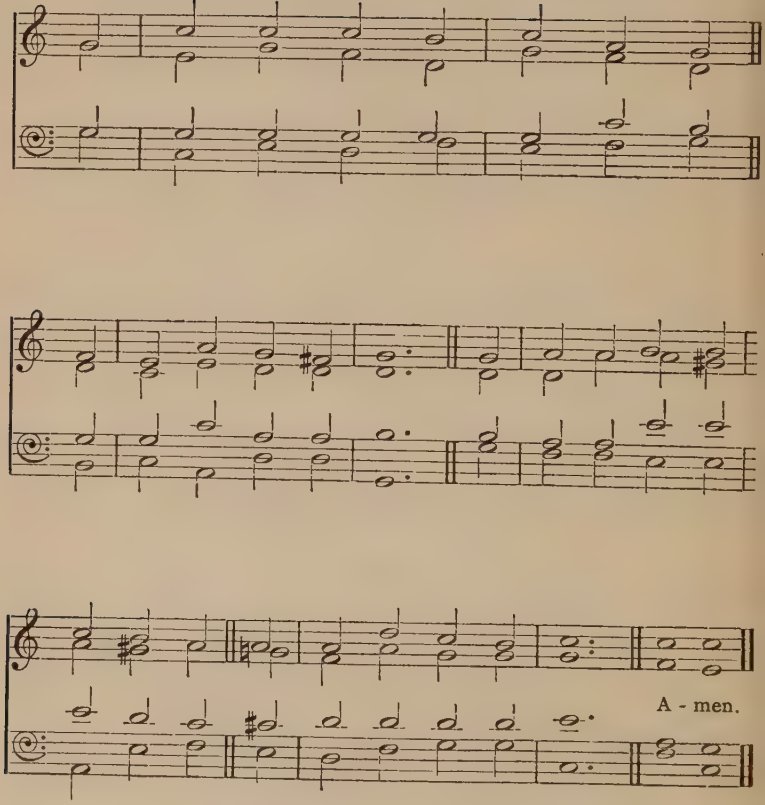
We have not loved Thee as we ought,
Nor cared that we are loved by Thee;
Thy presence we have coldly sought,
And feebly longed Thy face to see:
Lord, give a pure and loving heart
To feel and own the love Thou art.

Thomas Benson Pollock (1836—1896), 1889.

267

WHITTIER

John W. Ivimey.



We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown;

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His Name.

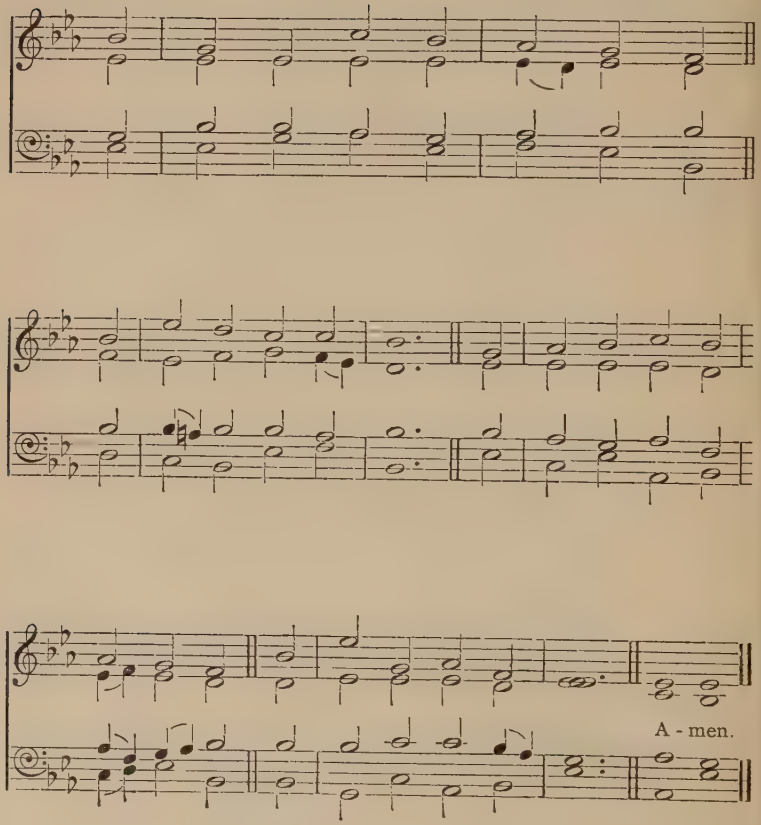
O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

John Greenleaf Whittier (*U.S.A.*, 1807—1892), 1856.
Cento from poem 'Our Master.'

268

BEDFORD. *W. Wheal* (1690—1727).



We walk by faith and not by sight;
No gracious words we hear
From Him who spake as man ne'er spake;
But we believe Him near.

We may not touch His hands and side,
Nor follow where He trod;
But in His promise we rejoice,
And cry, 'My Lord and God!'

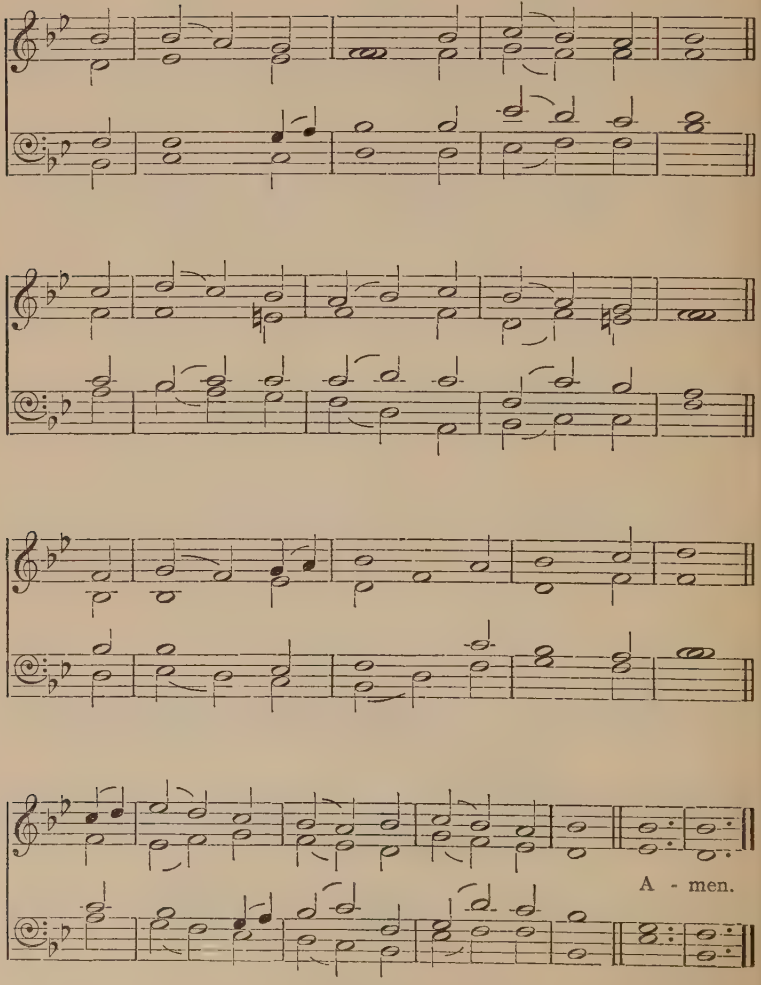
Help then, O Lord, our unbelief;
And may our faith abound,
To call on Thee when Thou art near,
And seek where Thou art found:

That, when our life of faith is done,
In realms of clearer light
We may behold Thee as Thou art
With full and endless sight.

Dean Alford (1810—1871), 1844.

269

WAREHAM. *W. Knapp* (1698?–1768).



(Hebrews IV. 14—16.)

Where high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God, not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

He who for men their surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

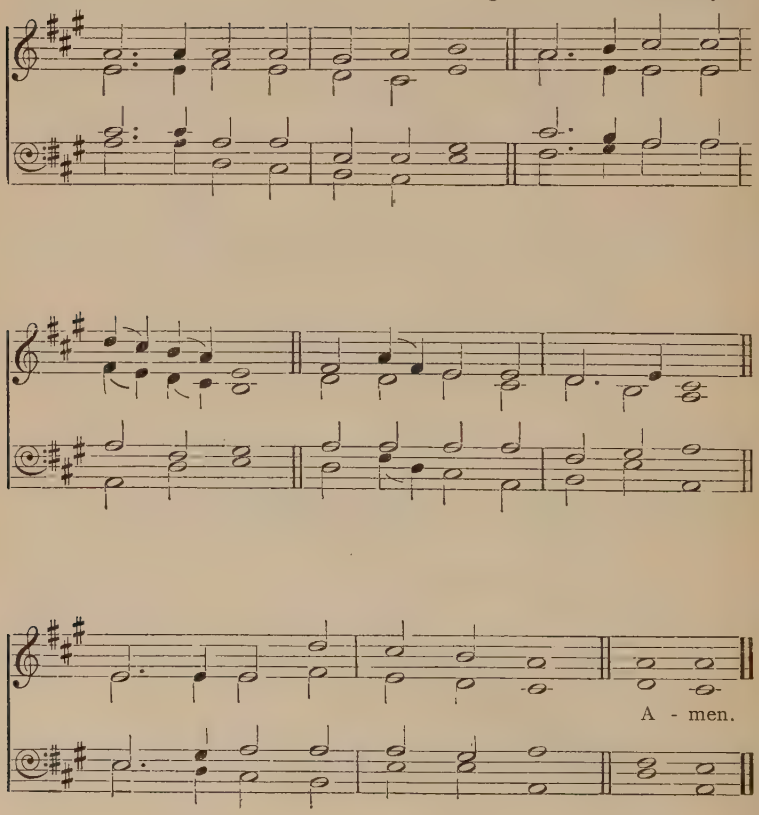
In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
Touched with the feeling of our grief
He to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness therefore at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

Probably by Michael Bruce (1746—1767), c. 1765.
In 'Scottish Translations and Paraphrases.'

270

DENT DALE. *English Traditional Melody.*



WONDROUS was Thy path on earth
Midst our human grief and mirth,
All our good and all our ill
Feeling, Lord, yet sinless still.

Thou wouldst oft vouchsafe to bless
Hours of earthly happiness;
When Thou cam'st Thy friend to save,
Thou couldst weep beside his grave.

Thy transforming influence still
Into good converts our ill;
Or from weak and worthless things
Holy joy and comfort brings.

O be with us, gracious Lord,
Near our bed, and at our board;
By our fireside's pleasant cheer,
When the winter nights are drear;

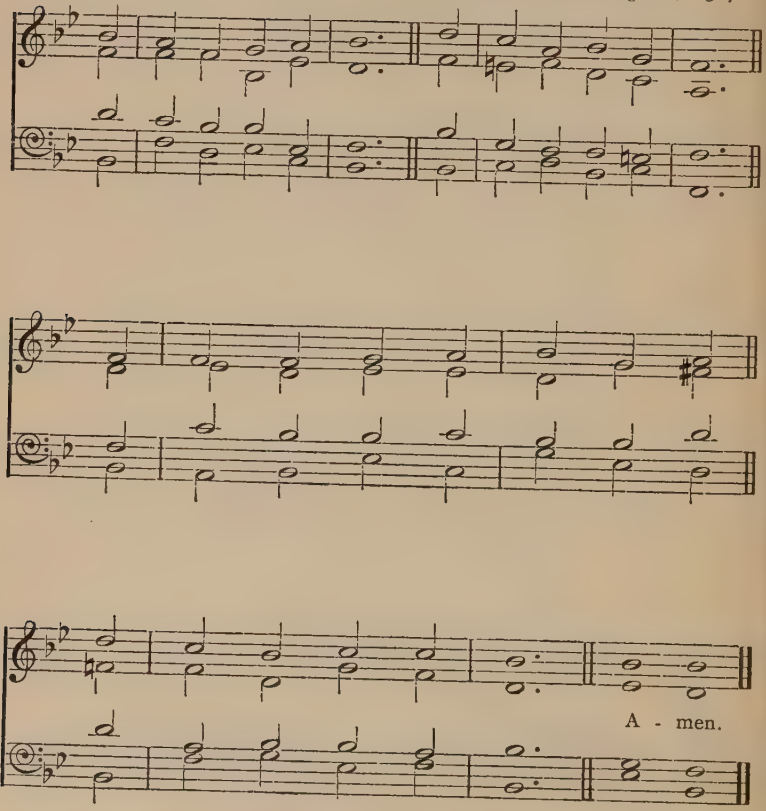
Through the livelong summer day,
When our hearts are blithe and gay,
From all taint of fleshly ill
Purify our gladness still;

So that, when new heavens and earth
At Thy bidding shall have birth,
Purged from all our dross of sin,
We may dwell with Thee therein.

John Moultrie (1799—1874), 1843.

271

NARENZA. *From 'Catholicum Hymnologium,' 1587.*



Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

Watch: 'tis your Lord's command,
And, while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

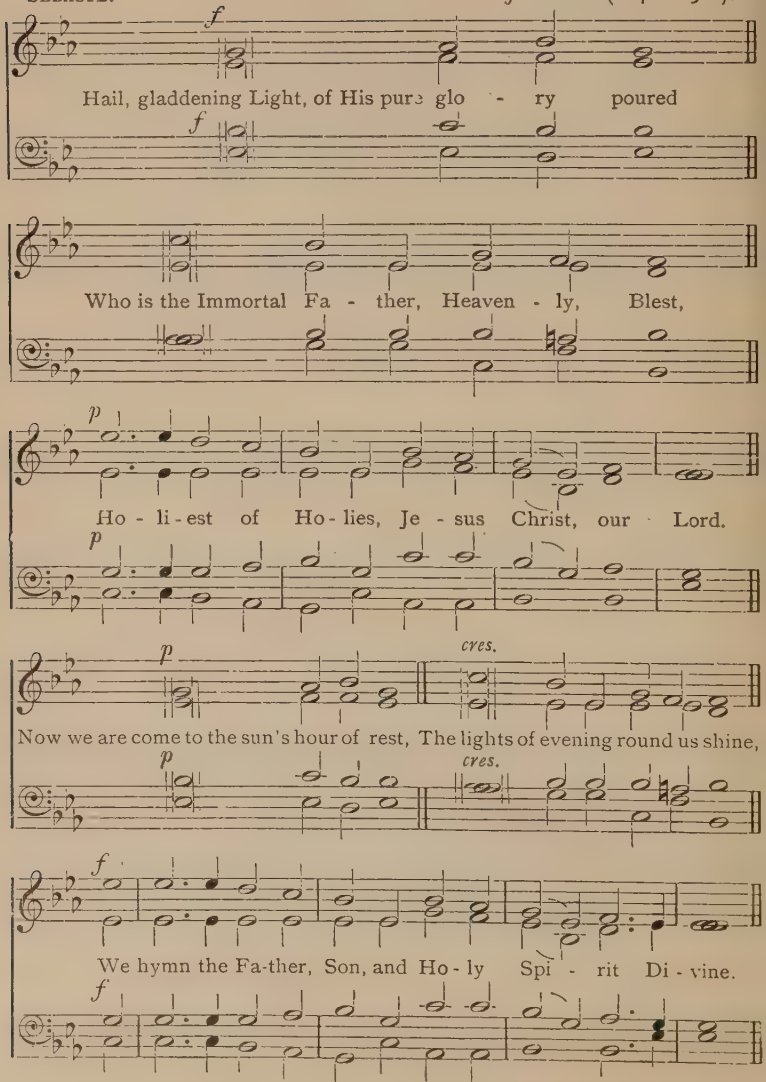
Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

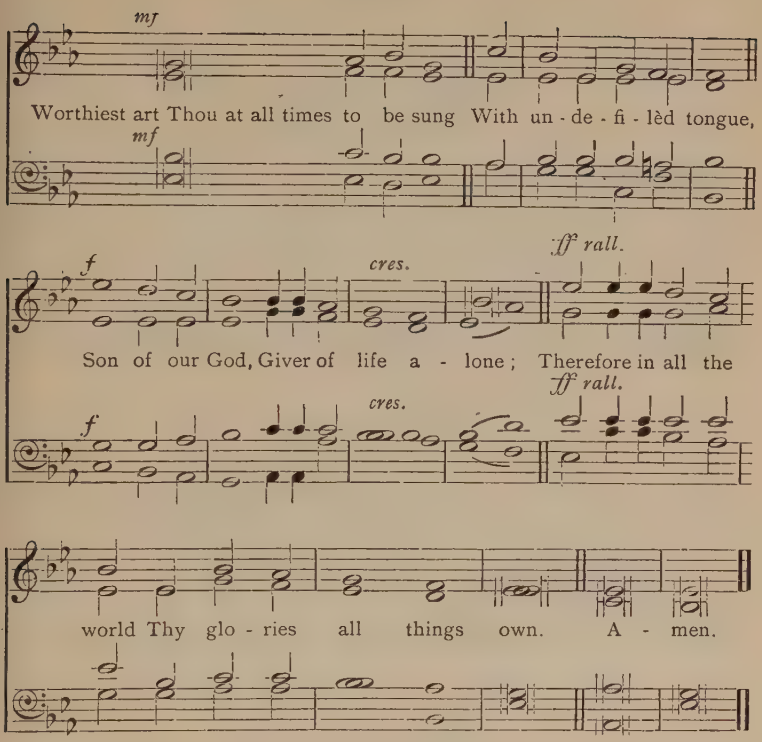
Philip Doddridge (1702—1751).

Evening.

272

SEBASTE. *Sir J. Stainer* (1840—1901).


Hail, gladdening Light, of His pure glo - ry poured
Who is the Immortal Fa - ther, Heaven - ly, Blest,
Ho - li - est of Ho - lies, Je - sus Christ, our Lord.
cres.
Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest, The lights of evening round us shine,
We hymn the Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spi - rit Di - vine.


mf
Worthiest art Thou at all times to be sung With un - de - fi - lèd tongue,
mf
ff rall.
cres.
f
Son of our God, Giver of life a - lone; Therefore in all the
ff rall.
cres.
f
world Thy glo - ries all things own. A - men.

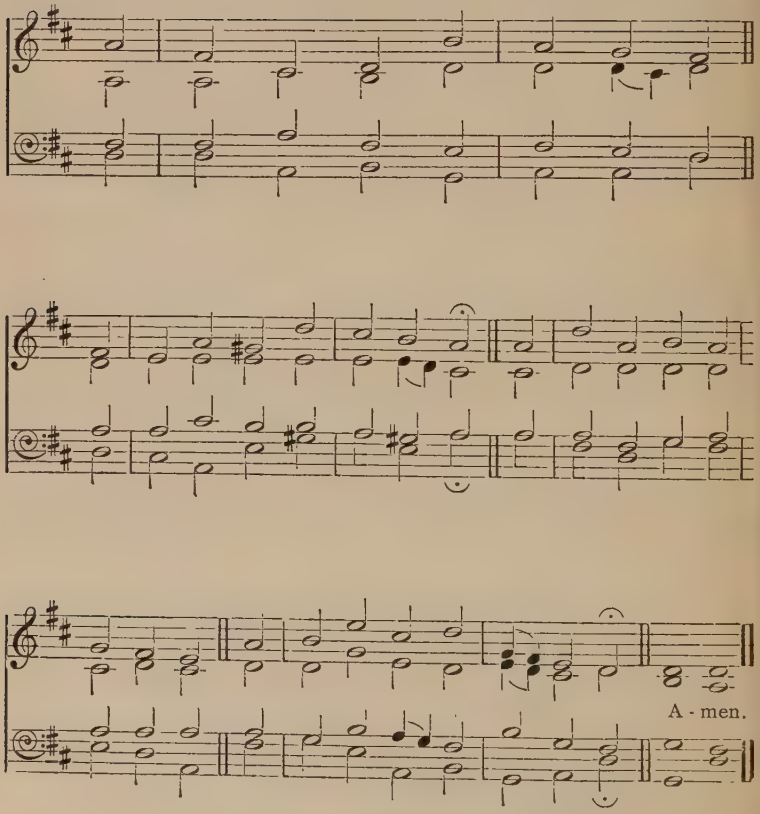
HAIL, gladdening light, of His pure glory poured
Who is the Immortal Father, Heavenly, Blest,
Holiest of Holies, Jesus Christ, our Lord.
Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest,
The lights of evening round us shine,
We hymn the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit Divine.
Worthiest art Thou at all times to be sung
With undefilèd tongue,
Son of our God, Giver of life alone;
Therefore in all the world Thy glories all things own.

Varied from John Keble (1792—1866), 1834. *From the Hymn* '*Φῶς ἱλαρὸν ἁγίας δόξης,*' *of the fourth century or earlier.*

273 AND 274

DEVONSHIRE.

J. F. Lampe (1703—1751).
Harm. by S. S. Wesley.



273

Before the ending of the day,
Creator of the world, we pray
That with Thy wonted favour Thou
Wouldst be our Guard and Keeper now.

Uplift us with Thine arm of might,
So may our souls rise pure and bright;
With love divine our hearts inflame,
To praise Thee for Thy glorious Name.

Within our spirits ever dwell,
And worldly darkness thence expel;
The faith of old by saints professed
Root deep within our inmost breast.

Author of all things, gracious Guide,
In life be ever at our side;
And, when the assaults of death impend,
Thy people strengthen and defend.

John Mason Neale (1818–1866), 1851.

274

Te lucis ante terminum,
Rerum Creator, poscimus,
Ut solita clementia
Sis praesul ad custodiam.

Procul recedant somnia,
Et noctium phantasmata,
Hostemque nostrum comprime,
Ne polluantur corpora.

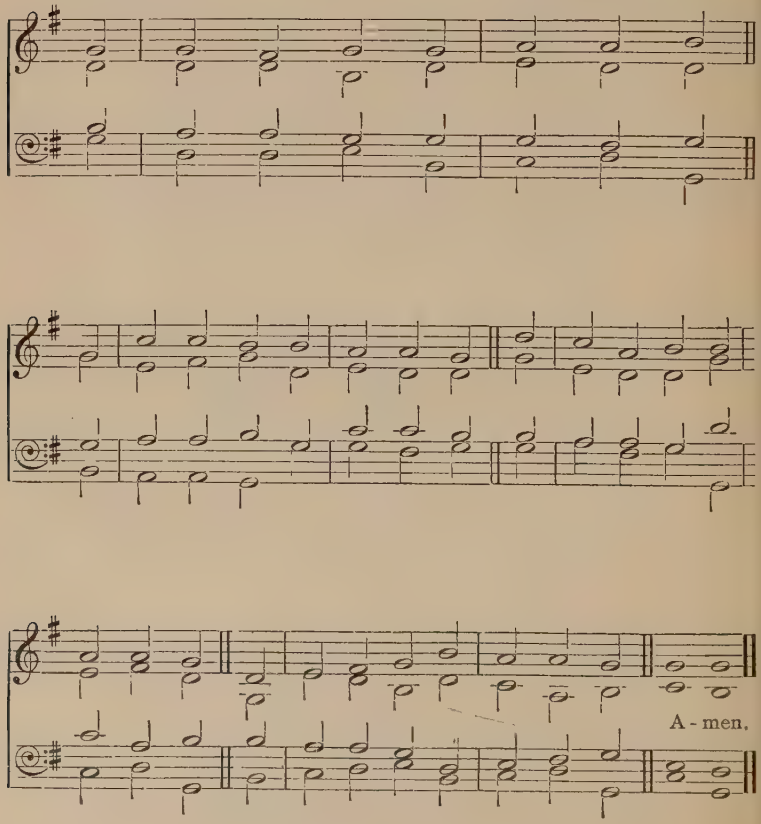
Praesta, Pater omnipotens,
Per Iesum Christum Dominum,
Qui tecum in perpetuum
Regnat cum sancto Spiritu.

Hymn of the eighth century, or earlier.

275

TALLIS' CANON.

T. Tallis (1520?—1585).



Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

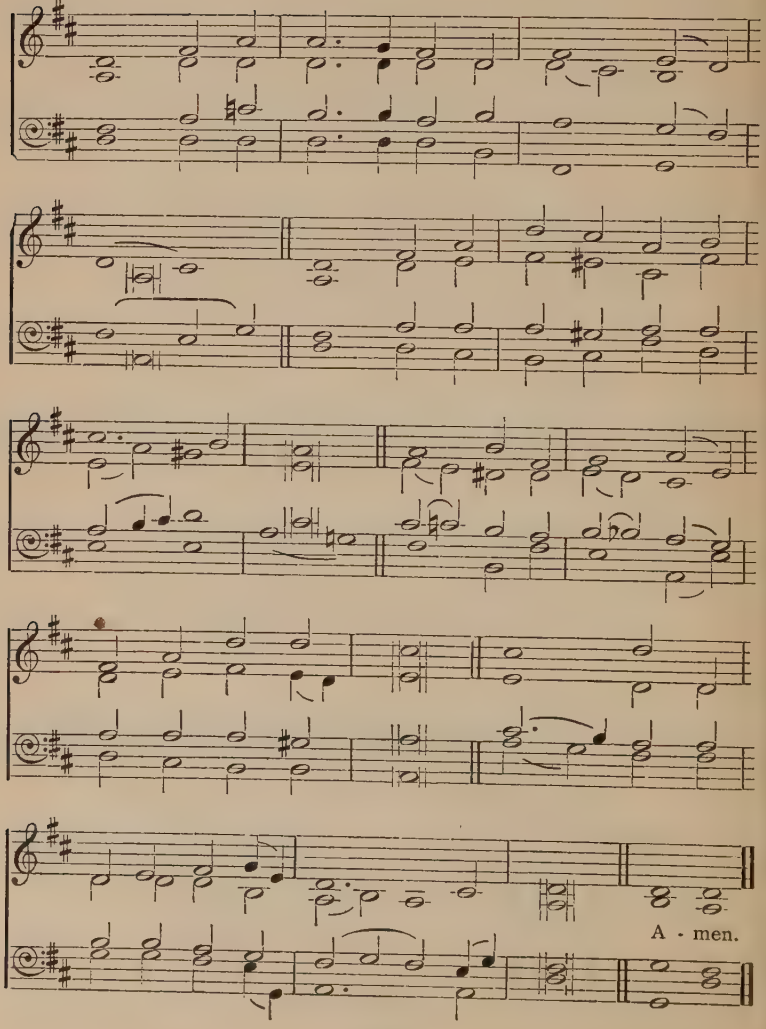
When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Ken (1637—1711), 1695.

276

PAX DEI. *J. B. Dykes* (1823—1876).



SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise:
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease;
Then lowly kneeling wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

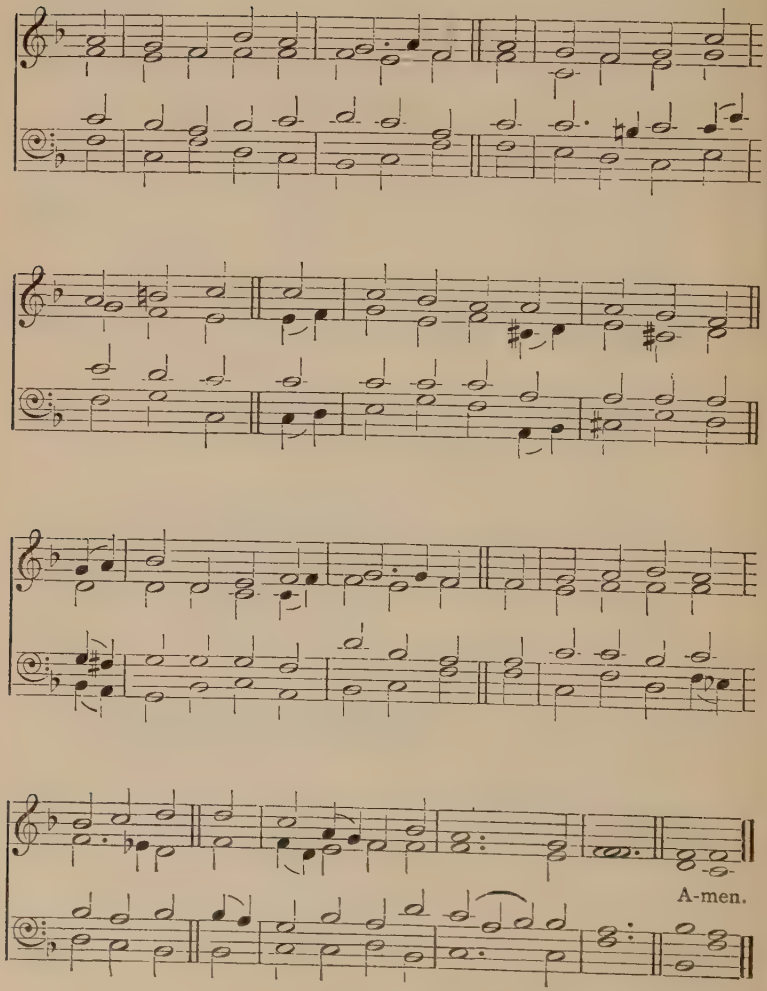
Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton (1826—1893), 1866; *revised* 1868.

277

S. Matthias. *W. H. Monk* (1823—1889).



SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go,
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.

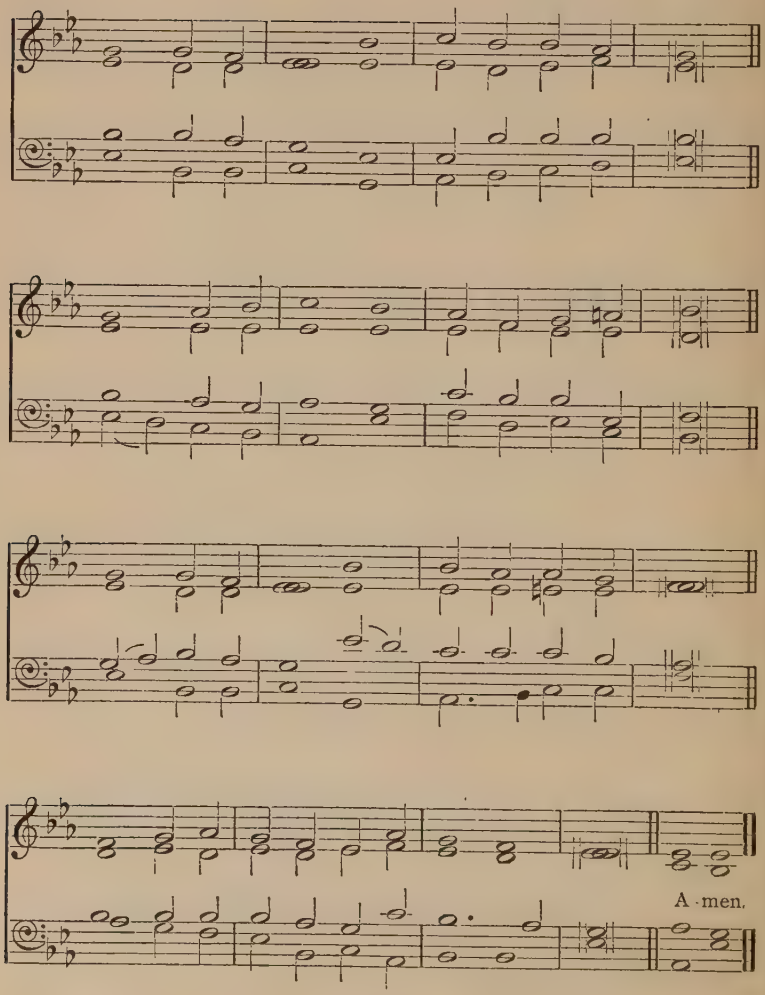
Do more than pardon, give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus, and our All.

Frederick William Faber (1814—1863), 1849.

278

EVENTIDE. *W. H. Monk* (1823—1889).



ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

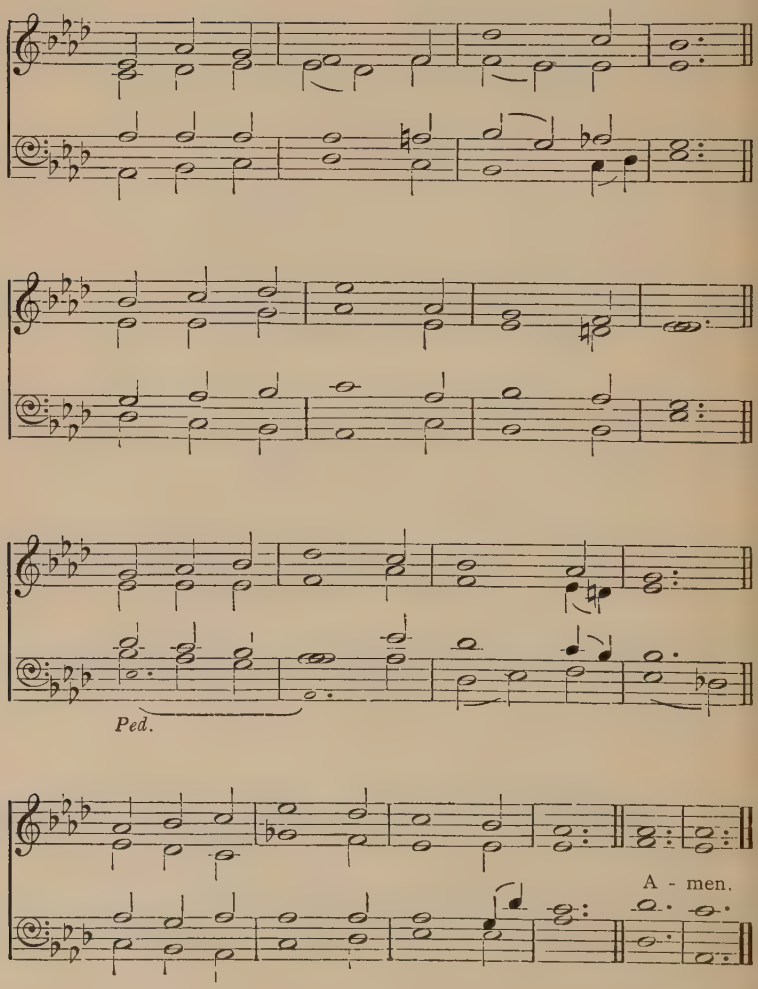
I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Henry Francis Lyte (1793—1847), 1847.

279

ABENDS. *Sir Herbert S. Oakeley* (1830—1903).



Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

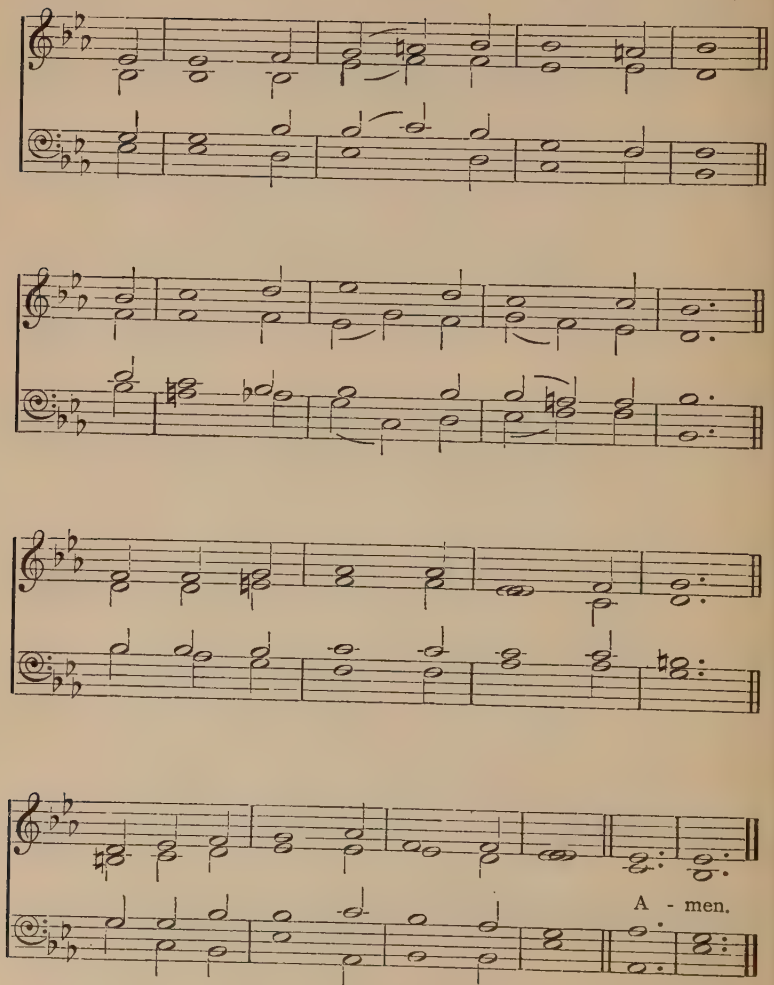
Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble (1792—1866), 1820.

280

ANGELUS.

G. Josephi (c. 1657).



At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they, who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, Thou too art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

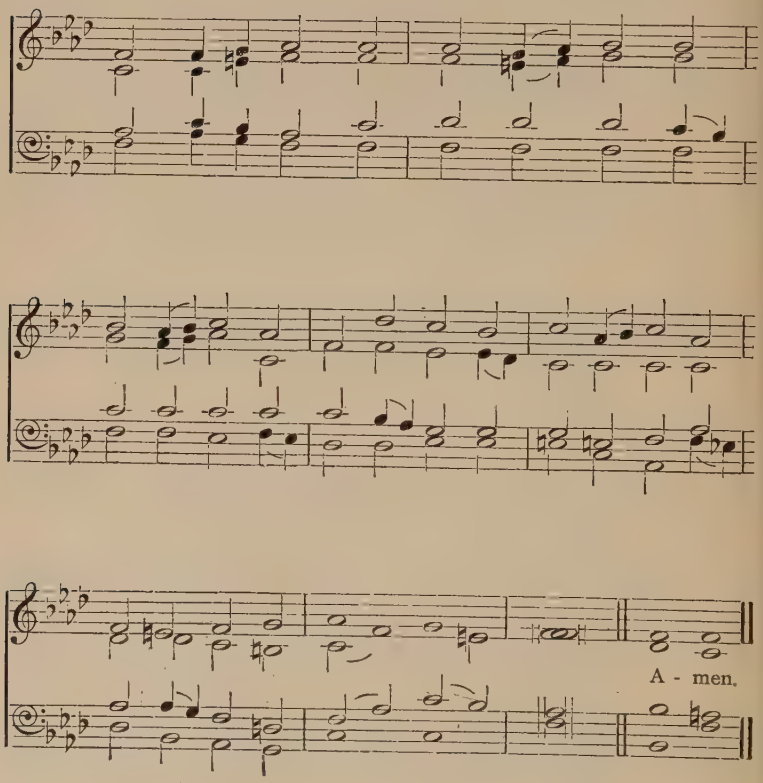
Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

Henry Twells (1823—1900), 1868.

281

POSTERN HILL.

John W. Ivimey.
Suggested by Prelude XXII. by J. S. Bach.



'Come to a desert place apart,
And rest a little while,'
So spake the Lord, when limbs and heart
Waxed faint and sick through toil.

What tired nature craved He sought,
But, while He sought it, found
The restless crowd together brought,
And labour's weary round.

Still not a thought to self was given,
Nor murmur from Him came;
He fed their souls with bread from heaven,
And stayed their sinking frame;

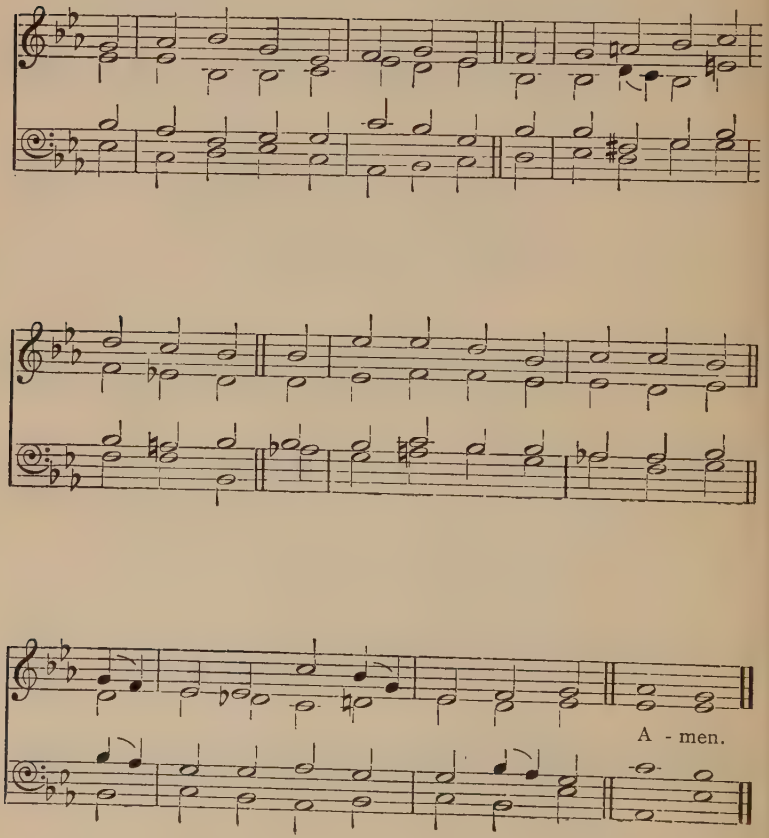
Nor turned, when that long task was done,
To sleep fatigue away;
When on the desert sank the sun,
The Saviour waked to pray.

O perfect Pattern from above,
So strengthen us, that ne'er
Prayer keep us back from works of love,
Nor works of love from prayer.

Joseph Anstice (1808—1836), 1836.

282

TRINITY COLLEGE (2). *Gerard F. Cobb* (1838—1904).



AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls,
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace,
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

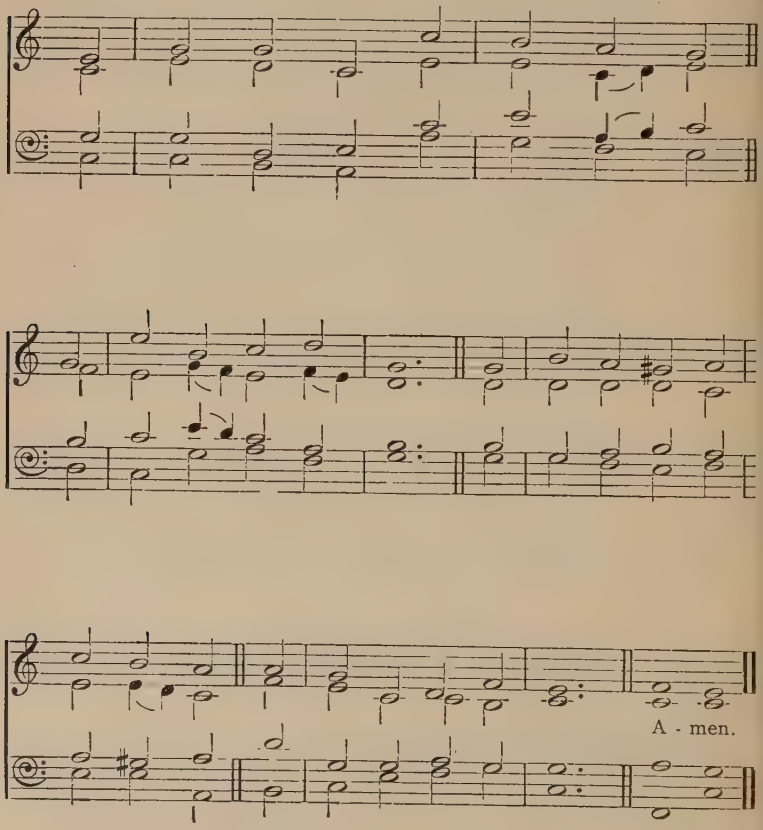
O God our Light, to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

Samuel Longfellow (1819—1892), 1859.

283

WESTMINSTER. *J. Turle* (1802—1882).



All praise to Him who dwells in bliss,
Who made both day and night,
Whose throne is darkness, in th' abyss
Of uncreated light.

Each thought and deed His piercing eyes
With strictest search survey;
The deepest shades no more disguise
Than the full blaze of day.

Whom Thou dost guard, O King of kings,
No evil shall molest;
Under the shadow of Thy wings
Shall they securely rest;

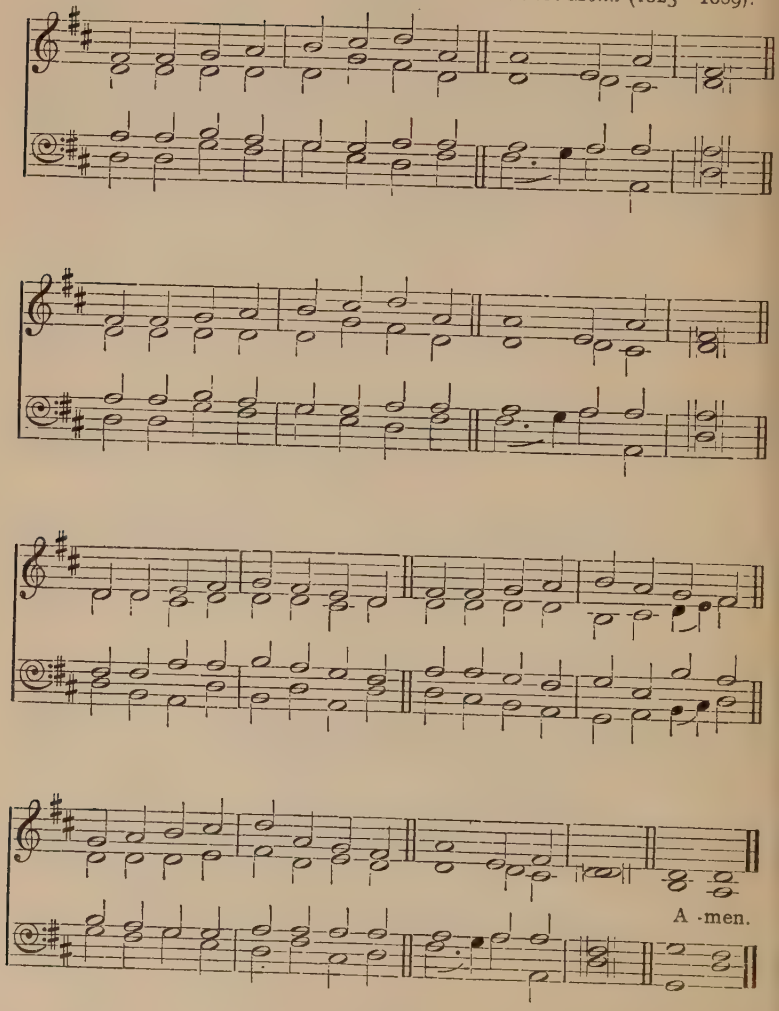
Thy angels shall around their beds
Their constant stations keep;
Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads,
For Thou dost never sleep.

Charles Wesley (1707—1788), 1741.

284

NUTFIELD.

W. H. Monk (1823—1889).



God, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light,
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

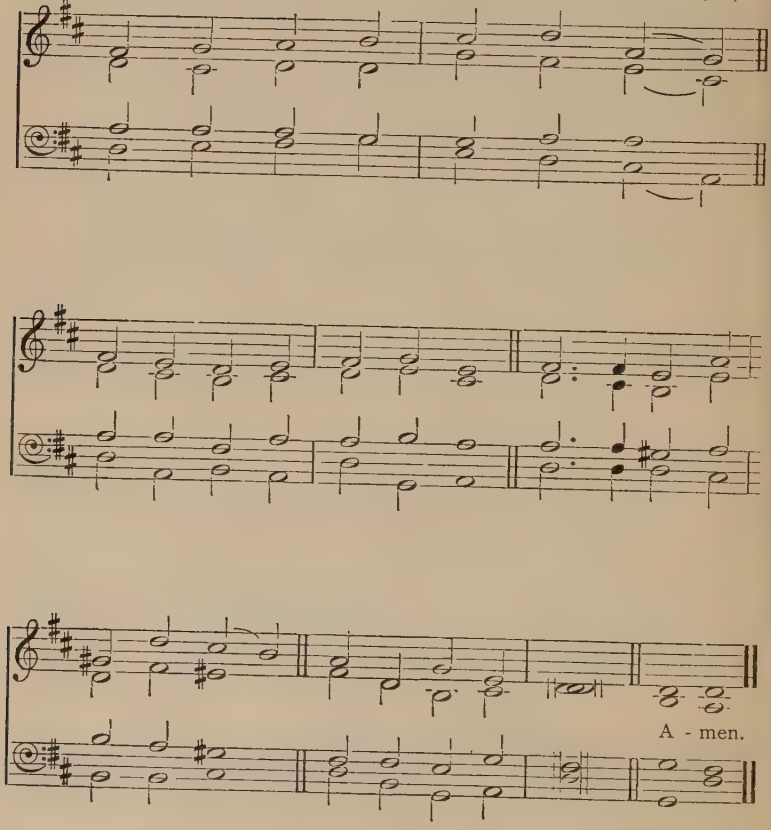
Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

First Stanza by Bishop Heber (1783—1826). *Second Stanza, from the Antiphon 'Salva nos, Domine, vigilantes,' by Archbishop Whately* (1787—1863), 1855.

285

VESPER.

Sir J. Stainer (1840—1901).



Holy Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray;
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening time.

Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us in our latter years
Light at evening time.

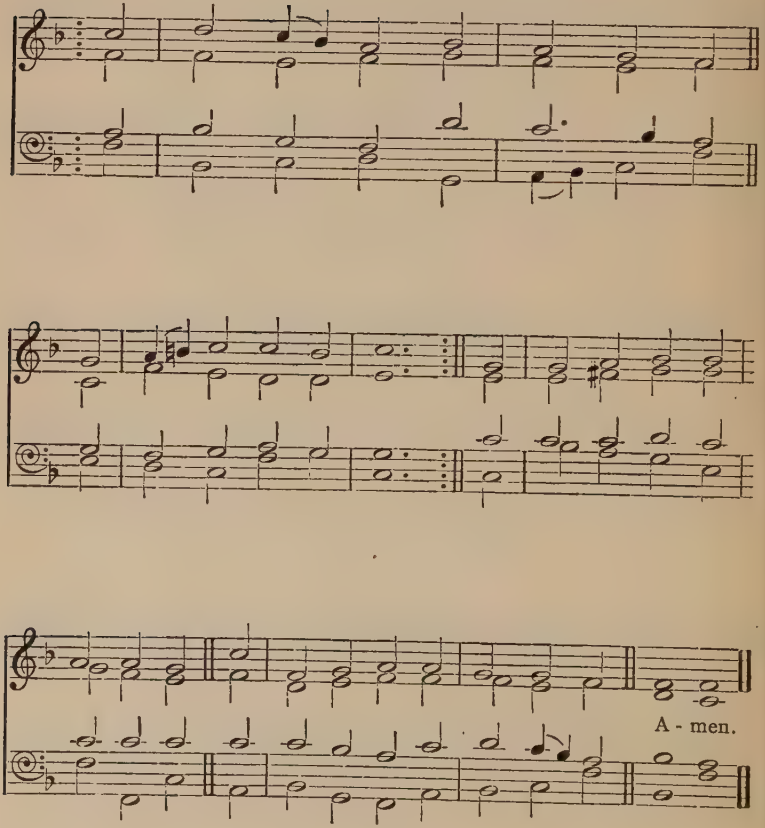
Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening time.

Holy, Blessèd Trinity,
Darkness is not dark with Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening time.

Richard Hayes Robinson (1842—1892), 1869.

286

LORD OF MY LIFE. *Melody from 'Koch's Choralbuch,'* 1816.



LORD of my life, whose tender care
Hath led me on till now,
Here lowly at the hour of prayer
Before Thy throne I bow;
I bless Thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness for another day.

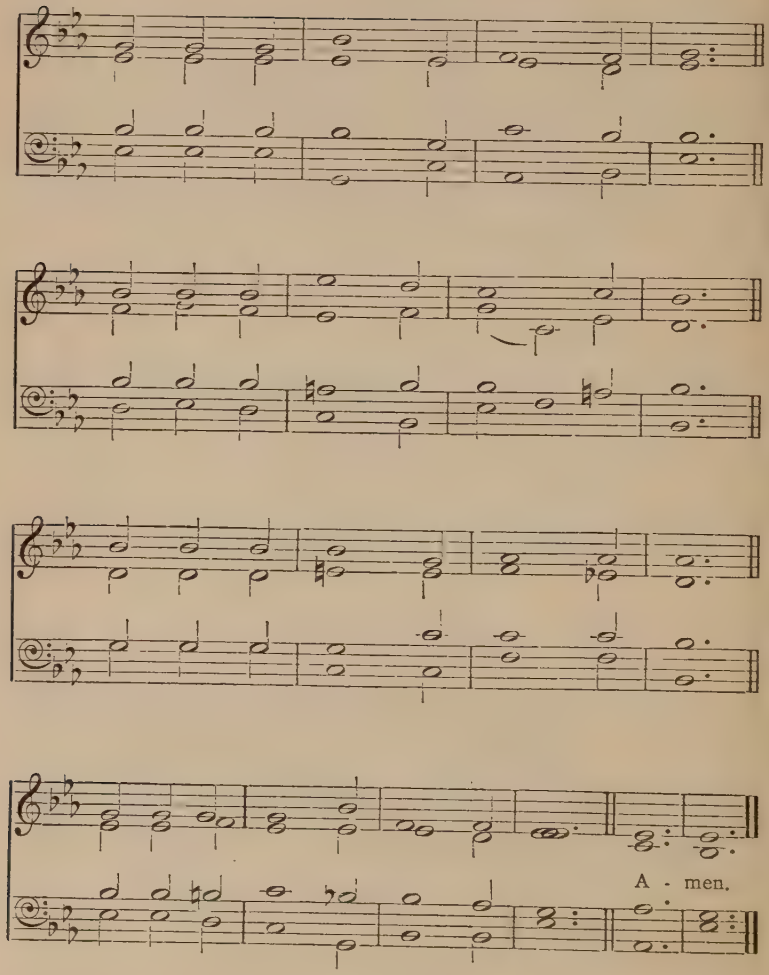
O may I daily, hourly strive
In heavenly grace to grow;
To Thee and to Thy glory live,
Dead else to all below;
Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
Though thorny, yet the path to God.

With prayer my humble praise I bring
For mercies day by day;
Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing,
Lord, teach me how to pray.
All that I have, and am, to Thee
I offer through eternity.

Author unknown, 1838.

287

ST. CRISPIN. *Sir George J. Elvey* (1816—1893).



Now at the night's return we raise
To Thee, our King, the voice of praise;
And may our prayer, set forth aright,
Ascend like incense in Thy sight.

Full well we know in whom we trust,
Whose hand exalts us from the dust,
Whose will assigns each day and hour,
Whose grace in weakness perfects power.

O'er all that stains our life-time past
The veil of Thy forgiveness cast;
Yea, cleanse our spirits through and through,
And set us right and keep us true.

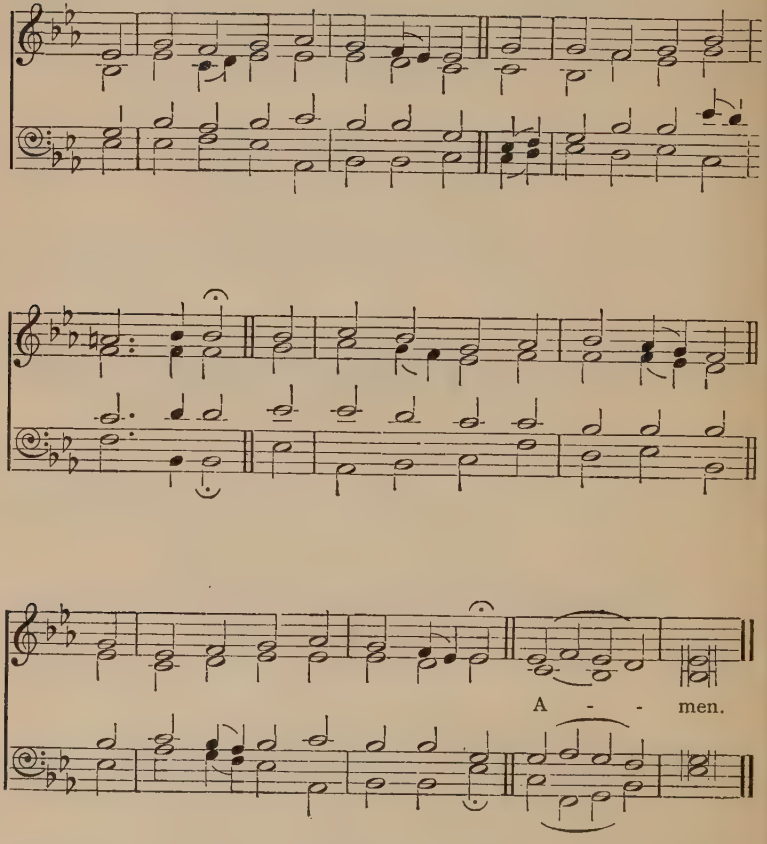
Bless Thou the distant and the dear,
Let each to each in Thee draw near,
Still travelling towards our home above,
And leaning still on one strong love.

To Thee, O Christ, we lift our eyes,
On Thee alone our hope relies;
Thou wilt not, canst not, bring to shame
The hope that pleads Thy glorious Name.

William Bright (1824—1901), 1874.

288

O Salutaris. *Abbé Duguet.*



O Father, who didst all things make,
That heaven and earth might do Thy will,
Bless us this eve for Jesus' sake,
And for Thy work preserve us still.

O Son, who didst redeem mankind,
And set the captive sinner free,
Keep us this eve with peaceful mind,
That we may safe abide with Thee.

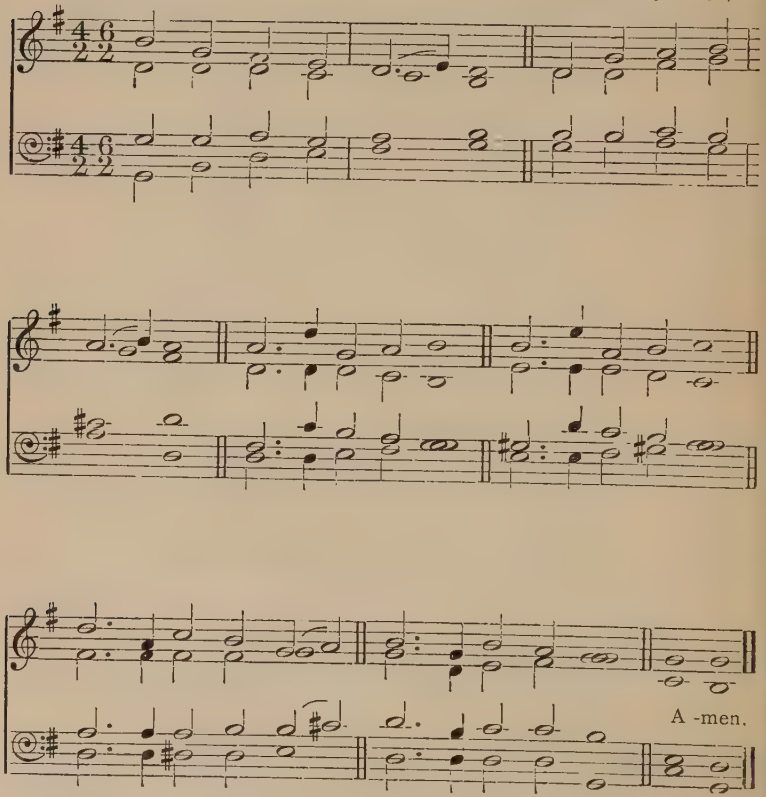
O Holy Ghost, who by Thy power
The Church elect dost sanctify,
Seal us this eve, and hour by hour
These hearts and members purify.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore.

William Beadon Heathcote (+ 1862), 1846.

289

TILLEARD. *J. Tilleard* (1827—1876).



Star of morn and even,
Sun of Heaven's heaven,
Saviour high and dear,
Toward us turn Thine ear;
Through whate'er may come,
Thou canst lead us home.

Though the gloom be grievous,
Those we leant on leave us,
Though the coward heart
Quit its proper part,
Though the tempter come,
Thou wilt lead us home.

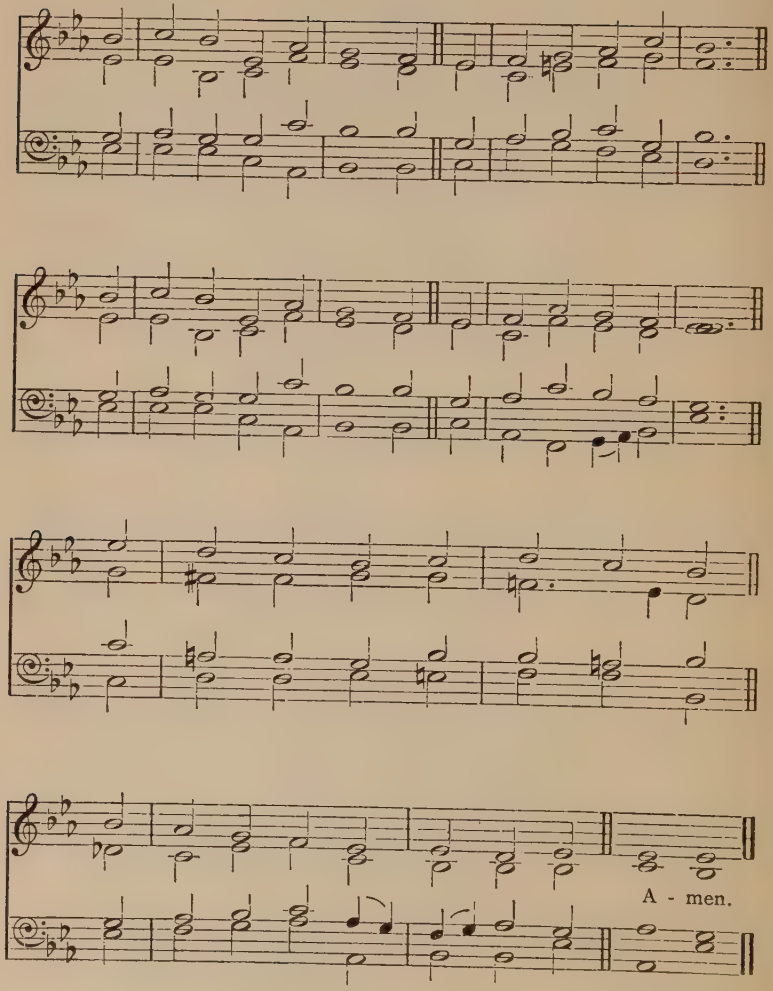
Saviour, pure and holy,
Lover of the lowly,
Sign us with Thy sign,
Take our hands in Thine;
Take our hands and come,
Lead Thy children home.

Star of morn and even,
Shine on us from heaven:
From Thy glory-throne
Hear Thy very own:
Lord and Saviour, come,
Lead us to our home.

Francis Turner Palgrave (1824—1897), 1862.

290

ST. ANATOLIUS. *A. H. Brown.*



The day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
I pray Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And save me through the coming night.

The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of rest may be:
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

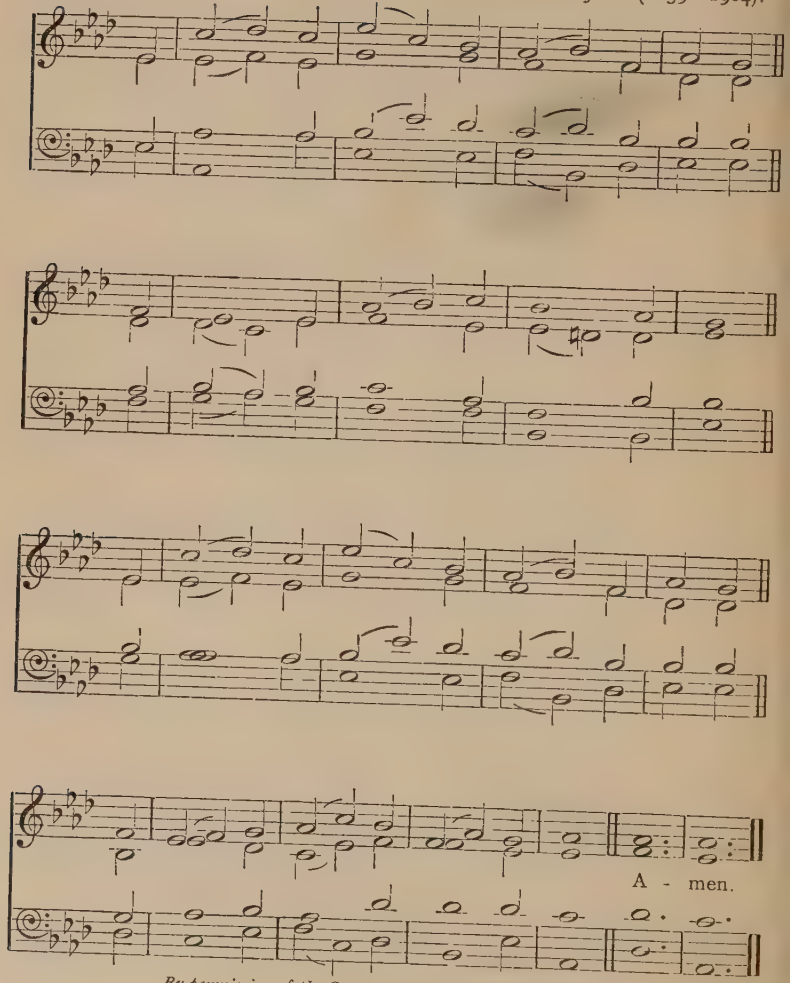
Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

John Mason Neale (1818—1866), 1853; *revised* 1862.
From the Greek of St. Anatolius, + 458.

291

ST. CLEMENT.

C. C. Scholefield (1839—1904).



By permission of the Committee of the English Hymnal.

THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended;
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

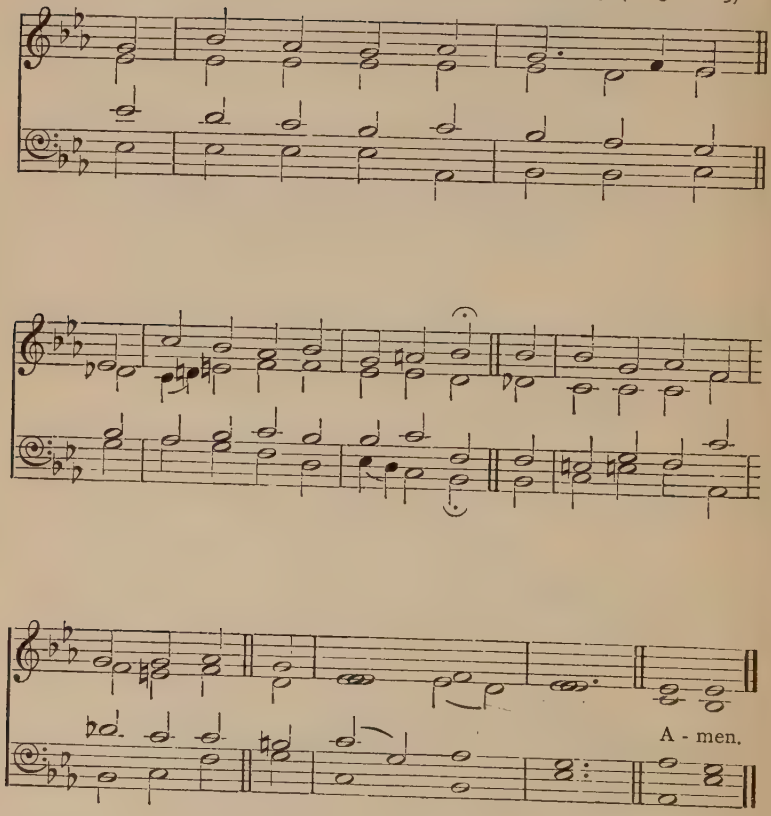
The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

John Ellerton (1826—1893), 1870.

292

ST. GABRIEL. *Sir F. A. G. Ouseley* (1825—1889).



THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

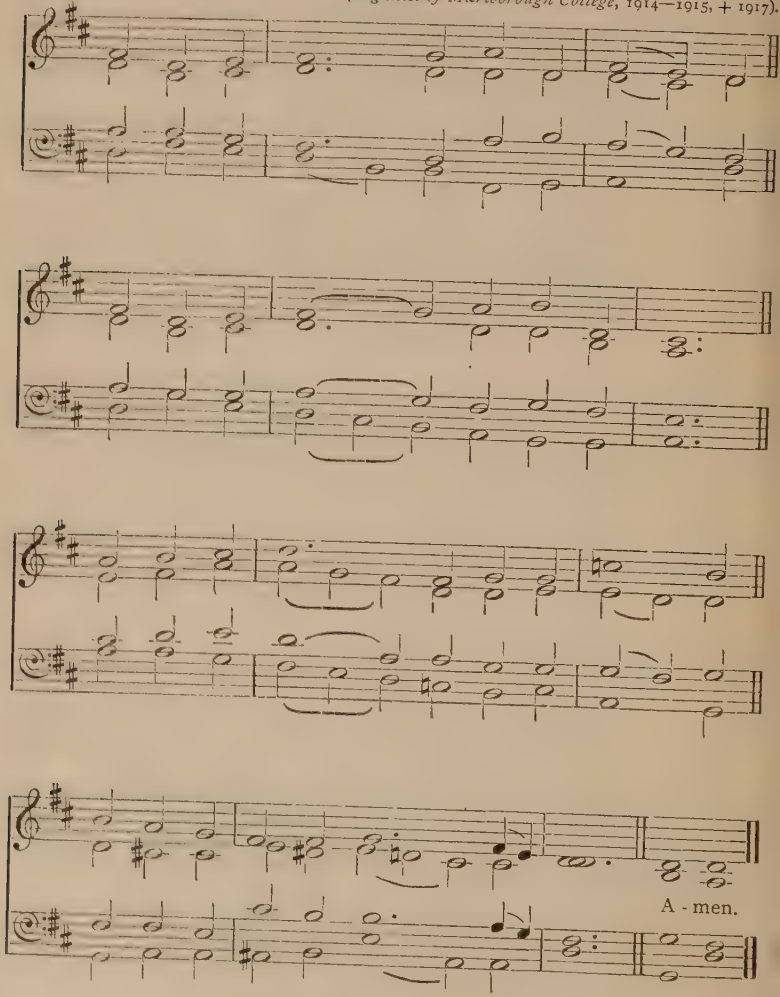
Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

Godfrey Thring (1823—1903), 1864.

293

EVENSONG.

Arthur C. Heberden.
(Organist of Marlborough College, 1914—1915, + 1917).



Before the day draws near its ending,
And evening steals o'er earth and sky,
Once more to Thee our hymns ascending
Shall speak Thy praises, Lord Most High.

Thy Name is blessed by countless numbers
In vaster worlds, unseen, unknown,
Whose duteous service never slumbers,
In perfect love, and faultless tone.

Yet Thou wilt not despise the weakest
Who here in spirit bend the knee;
Thy Christ hath said, Thou, Father, seekest
For such as these to worship Thee.

And through the swell of chanting voices,
The blended notes of age and youth,
Thine ear discerns, Thy love rejoices
When hearts rise up to Thee in truth.

O Light all clear, O Truth all holy,
O boundless Mercy pardoning all,
Before Thy feet, abashed and lowly,
With one last prayer Thy children fall;—

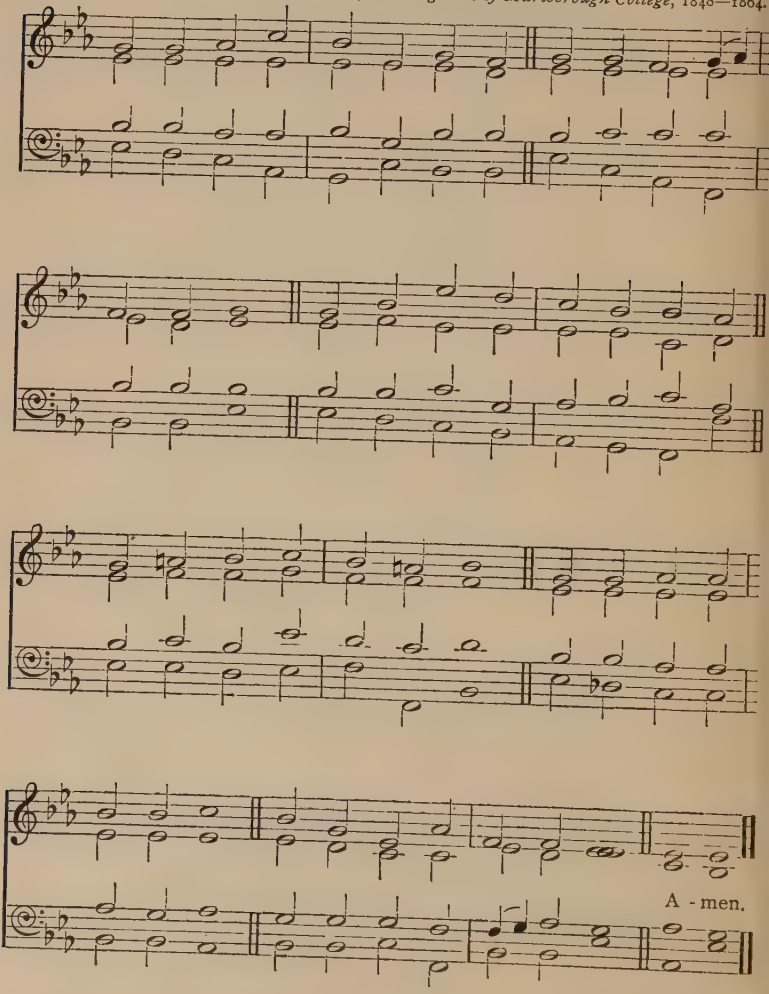
When we no more on earth adore Thee,
And others worship here in turn,
O may we sing that song before Thee,
Which none but Thy redeemed can learn.

John Ellerton (1826—1893), 1880.

294

EASTER EVE.

James Whitehead Smith (1827—1912).
(*First Organist of Marlborough College*, 1848—1864.



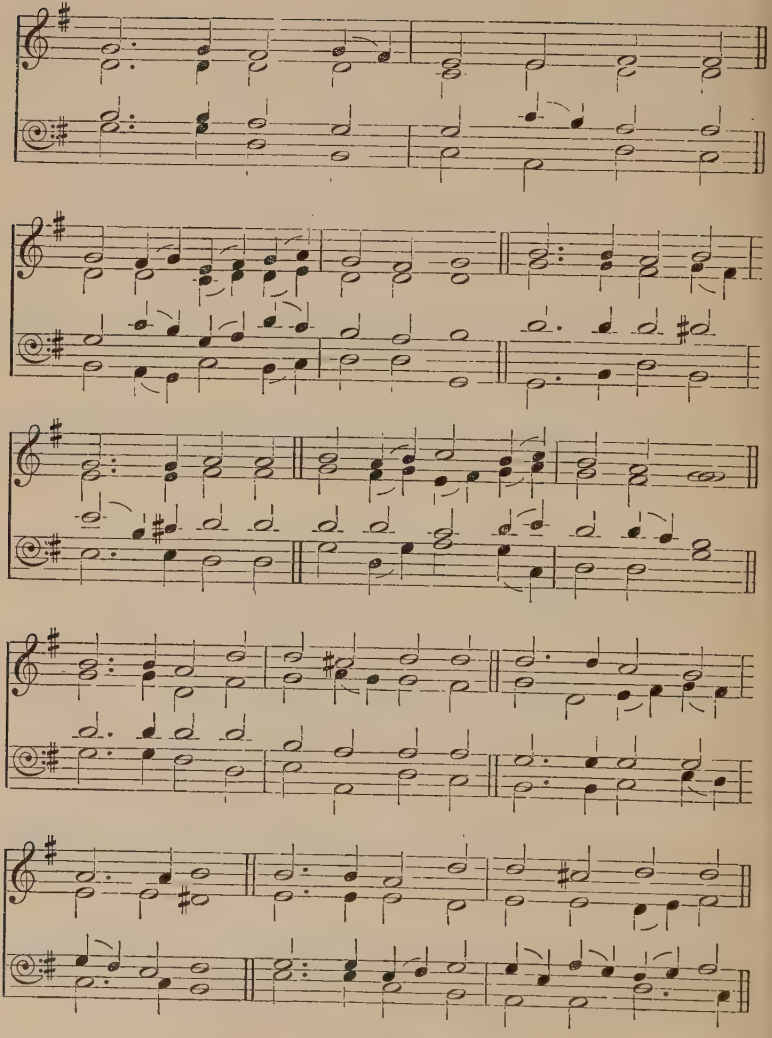
THROUGH the day Thy love hath spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us;
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus, Thou our guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

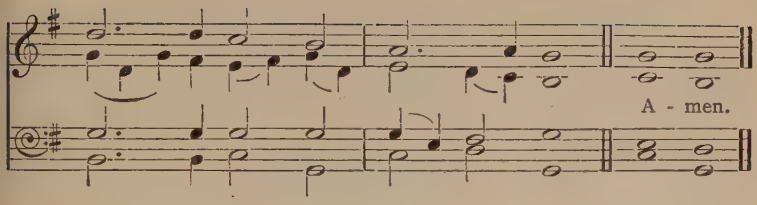
Pilgrims here on earth and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose,
And when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

Thomas Kelly (1769—1854), 1806.

295

VERONA. *Italian Choral.*





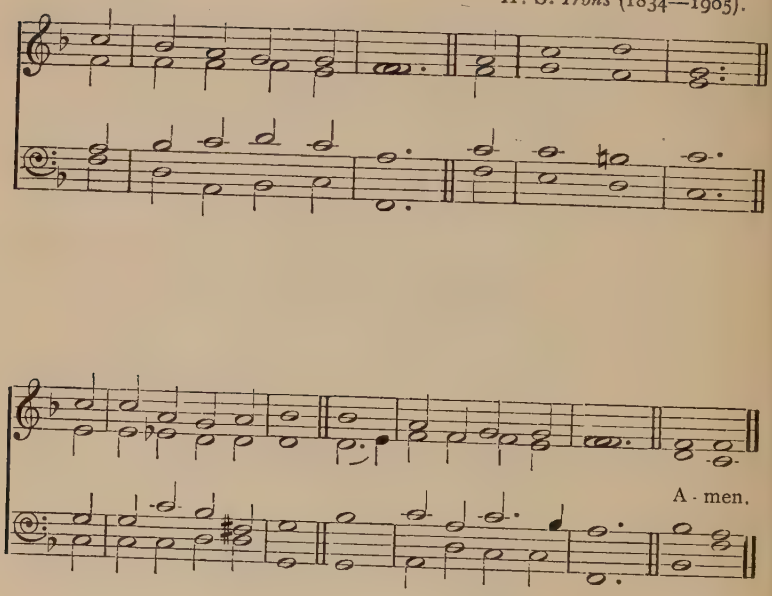
SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, who never weary
Watchest where Thy people be.
Should this night our spirit leave us,
Should swift death our portion be,
Lord, in Paradise receive us,
Rest we there in peace with Thee.

Varied from James Edmeston (1791—1867), 1820.

296

ST. COLUMBA. *H. S. Irons* (1834—1905).



The sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the Cross,
In death reclined,
Into His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,

So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;

So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide,
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

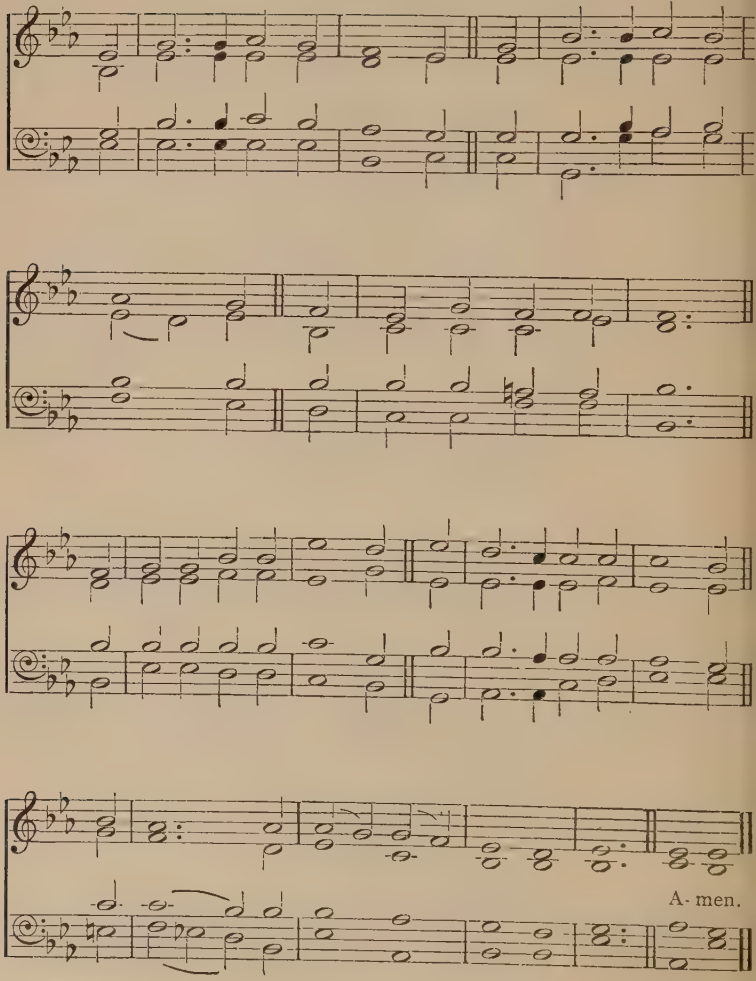
Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

One sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine,
Myself for ever His,
And He for ever mine!

Tr. E. Caswall 1858.
From the 'Officium Sanctissimae Voluntatis Dei.'

297

HOPE. *W. S. Bambridge.*



Now all the woods are sleeping,
And night and stillness creeping
O'er earth with toil opprest;
But thou, my heart, awake thee,
To prayer a while betake thee,
And praise thy Maker ere thou rest.

Now thought and labour ceases,
For night the tired releases,
And bids sweet rest begin;
My heart, there comes a morrow
Shall set thee free from sorrow
And all the dreary toil of sin.

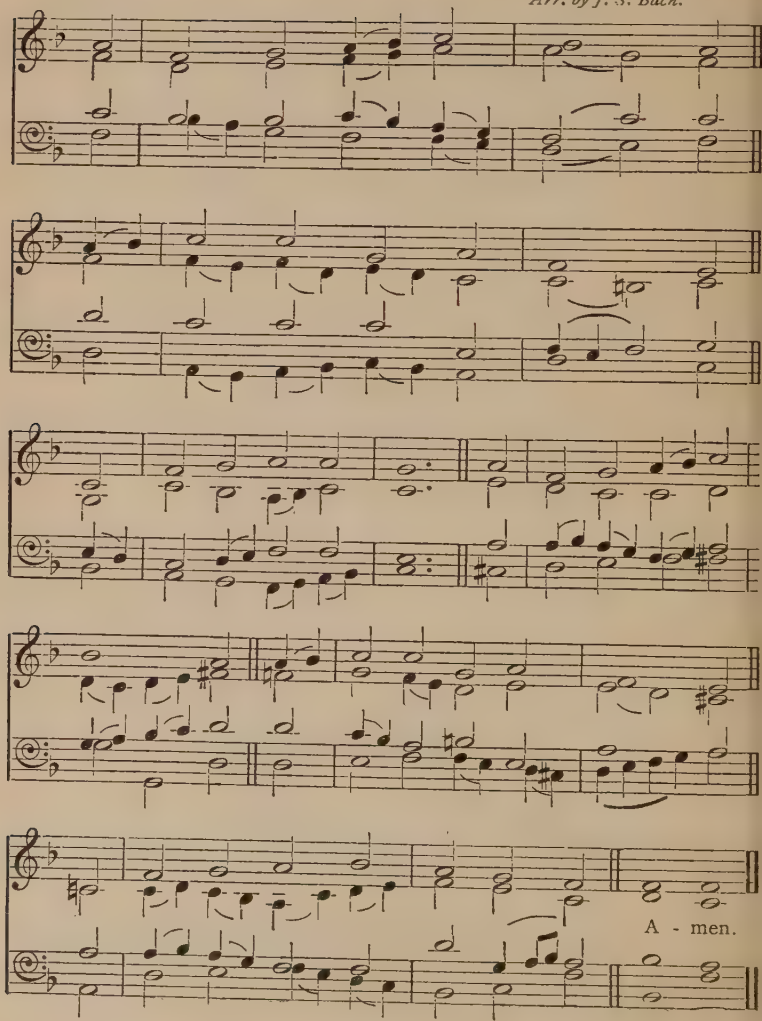
My Saviour, stay Thou by me,
And let no foe come nigh me,
Safe sheltered by Thy wing;
But would the foe alarm me,
O let him never harm me,
But still Thine angels round me sing.

Catherine Winkworth (1829—1878), 1862. *From the German of Paulus Gerhardt* (1607—1676).

298

INNSBRUCK.

Traditional German Melody.
Arr. by J. S. Bach.



THE duteous day now closeth,
Each flower and tree reposeth,
  Shade creeps o'er wild and wood:
Let us as night is falling,
On God our maker calling,
  Give thanks to Him, the giver good.

Now all the heav'nly splendour
Breaks forth in starlight tender
  From myriad worlds unknown:
And man, the marvel seeing,
Forgets his selfish being
  For joy of beauty not his own.

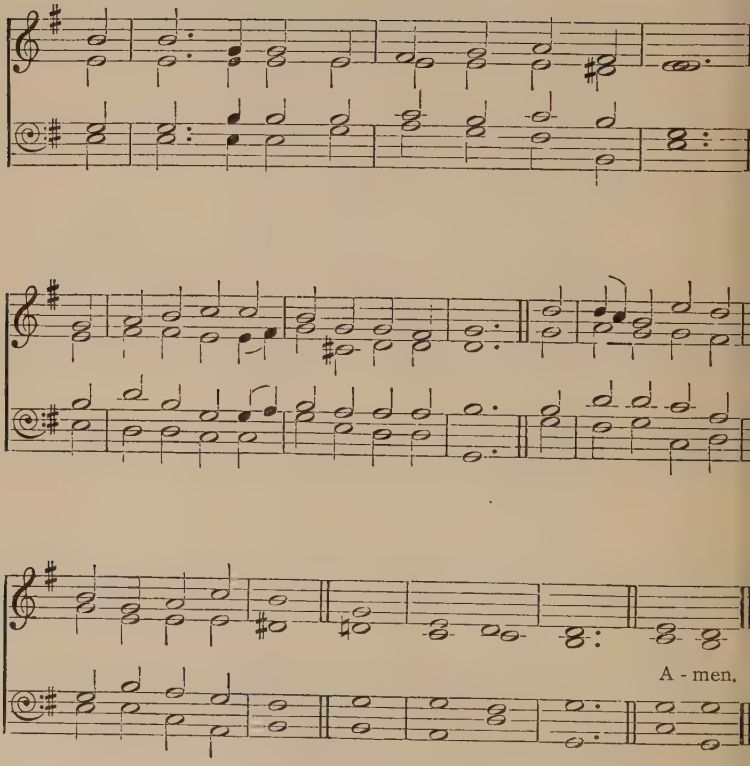
His care he drowneth yonder
Lost in th' abyss of wonder;
  To heav'n his soul doth steal:
This life he disesteemeth,
The day it is that dreameth,
  That doth from truth his vision seal.

Awhile his mortal blindness
May miss God's loving-kindness,
  And grope in faithless strife:
But when life's day is over
Shall death's fair night discover
  The fields of everlasting life.

P. Gerhardt (1607—1676).
Translation: '*Yattendon Hymnal.*'

299

KNOYLE. *W. H. David.*



The night is come, wherein at last we rest:
God order this and all things for the best:
Beneath His blessing fearless we may lie,
Since He is nigh.

Drive evil thoughts and spirits far away,
O Master, watch o'er us till dawning day;
Body and soul alike from harm defend,
Thine angel send.

Let holy prayers and thoughts our latest be,
Let us awake with joy, still close to Thee,
In all serve Thee,—in every deed and thought
Thy praise be sought.

Give to the sick, as Thy beloved, sleep,
And help the captive, comfort those who weep,
Care for the widows' and the orphans' woe,
Keep far our foe:

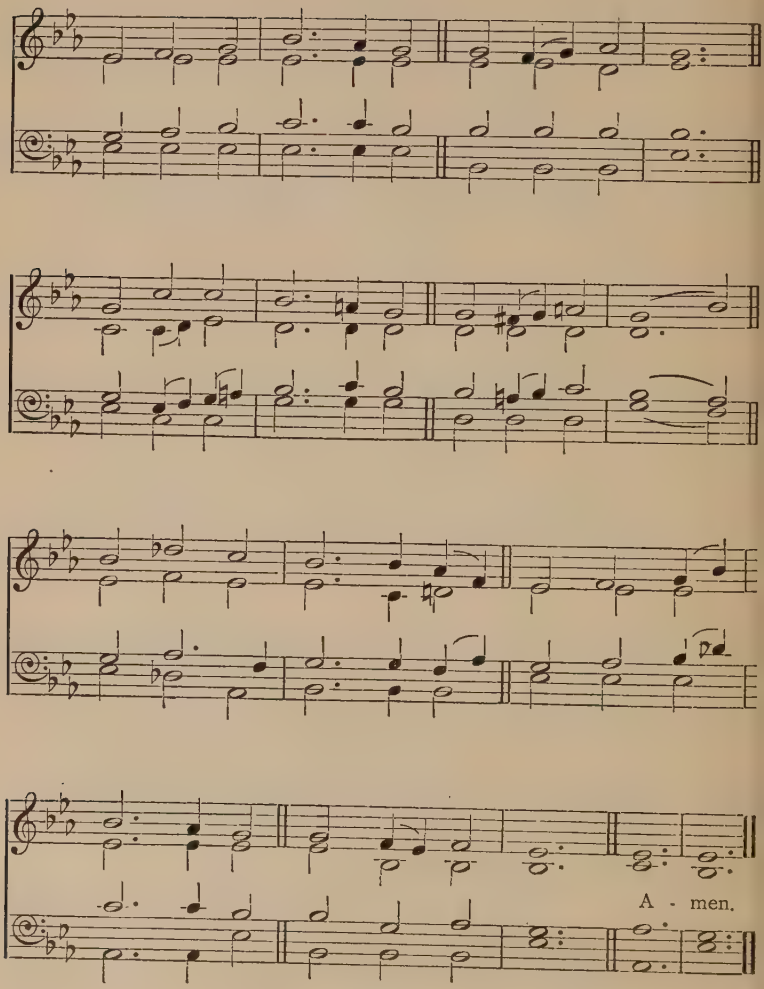
For we have none on whom for help to call,
Save Thee, O God in heaven, who car'st for all,
And wilt forsake them never day or night,
Who love Thee right.

Father, Thy Name be praised, Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be wrought as in our heavenly home,
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever.

Catherine Winkworth (1829—1878), 1858. *From the German of Petrus Herbert* (+ 1571), *one of the 'Bohemian Brethren.'*

300

HORBURY. *J. B. Dykes* (1823—1876).



NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

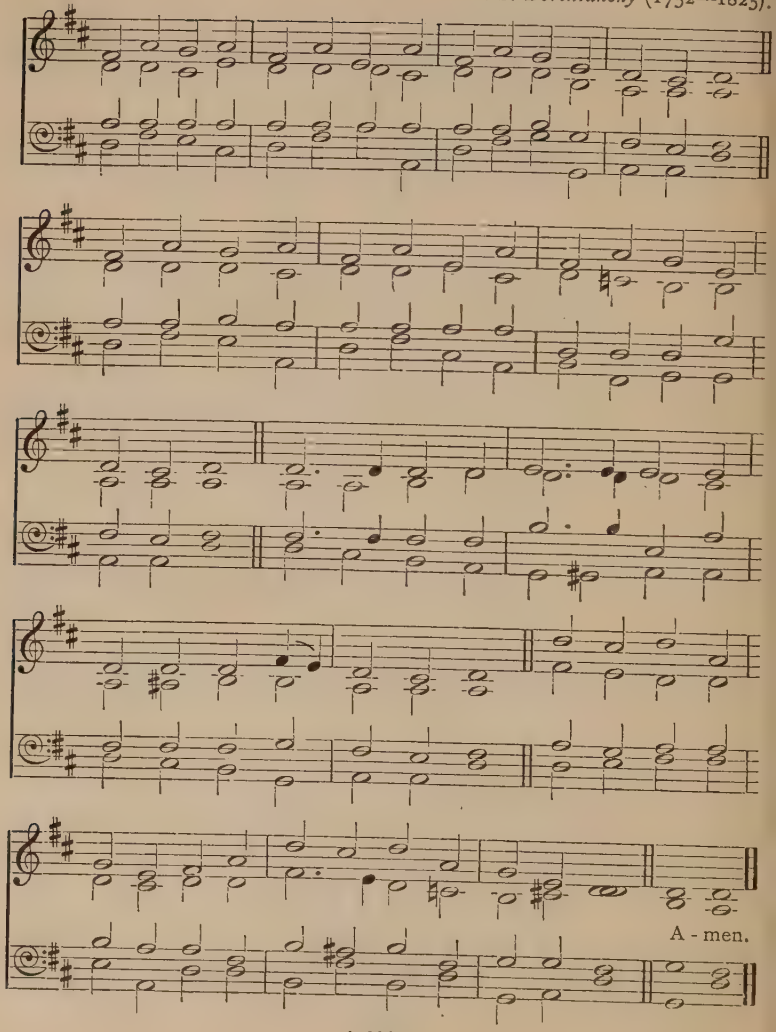
Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Sarah Adams (1805—1848), 1841.

301

VESPERS.

Russian Melody.
D. S. Bortniansky (1752—1825).



May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour
Rest upon us from above.

Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford

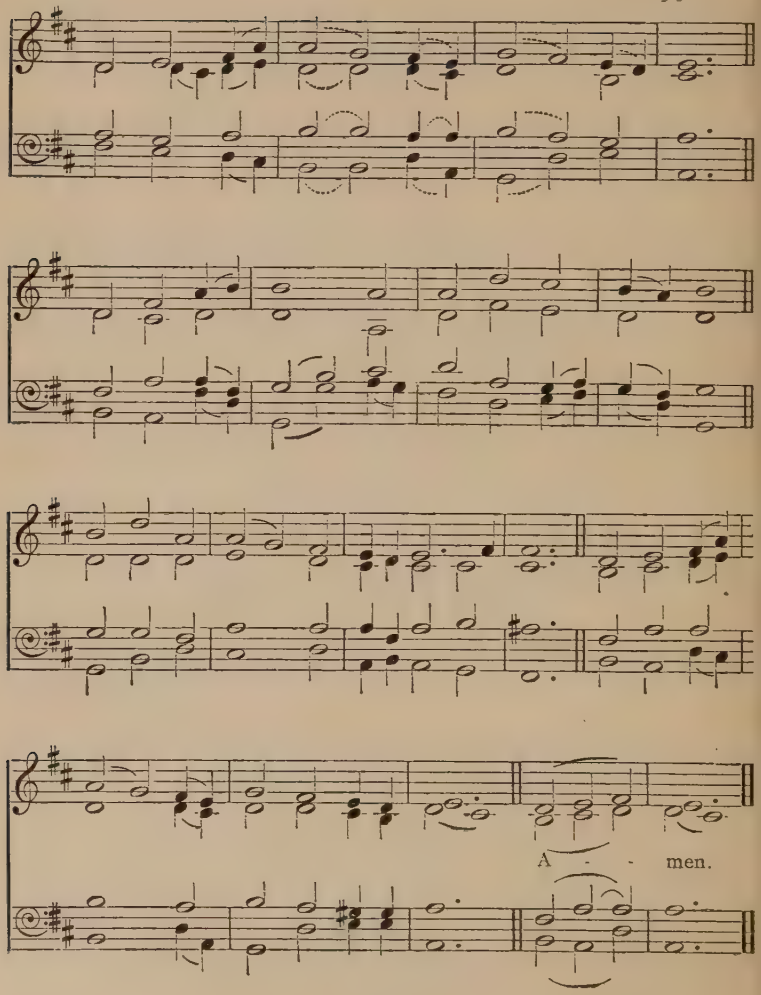
John Newton (1725—1807), 1779.

End of Term.

302

SARUM.

Plain Song.
Arr. by J. W. I.



LORD, Thou hast brought us to our journey's end:
Once more to Thee our evening prayers ascend;
Once more we stand to praise Thee for the past;
Grant prayer and praise be honest at the last.

For all the joys which Thou hast deigned to share,
For all the pains which Thou hast helped to bear,
For all our friends, in life and death the same,
We thank Thee, Lord, and praise Thy glorious name.

If from Thy paths, by chastening undismayed,
If, for Thy gifts ungrateful, we have strayed,
If in Thy house our prayers were faint and few,
Forgive, O Lord, and build our hearts anew.

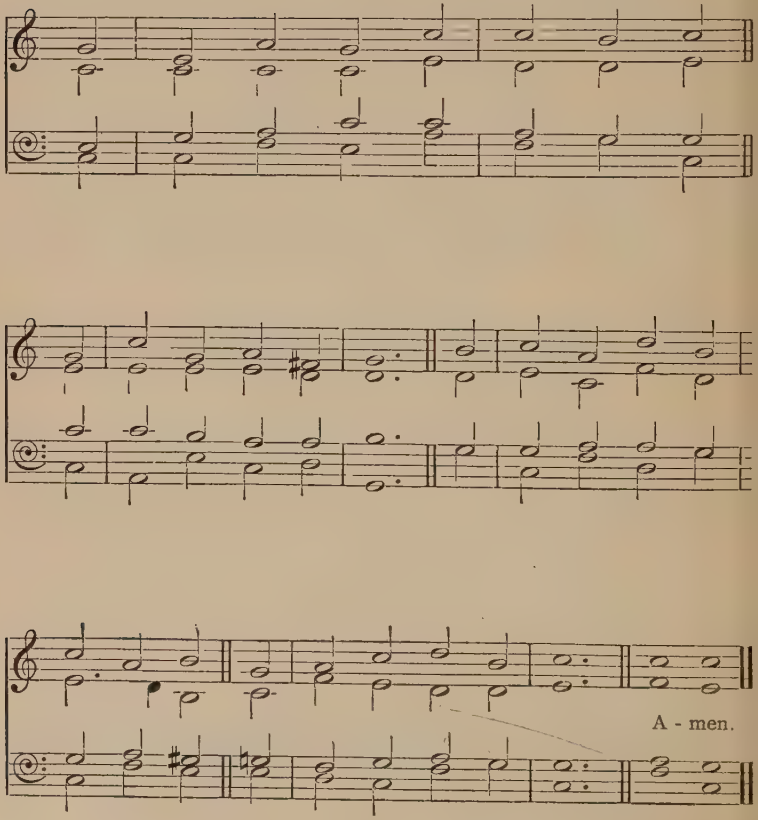
If we have learnt to feel our neighbour's need,
To fight for truth in thought and word and deed,
If there be lessons which the years have taught,
Then stablish, Lord, what Thou in us hast wrought.

So be our rest Thy palaces most fair,
Not built with hands, whose stones Thy praise declare:
Where war is not, and all Thy sons are free,
Where Thou art known, and all is known in Thee!

Cyril A. Alington, O.M. (C.1), 1886—1891.
Asst. Master, 1896—1899.

303

ST. ANNE. *W. Croft* (1678—1727).



(Psalm XC.)

O God, our help in ages past,
  Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
  And our eternal home!

Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
  Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
  And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
  Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
  To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
  Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
  Before the rising sun.

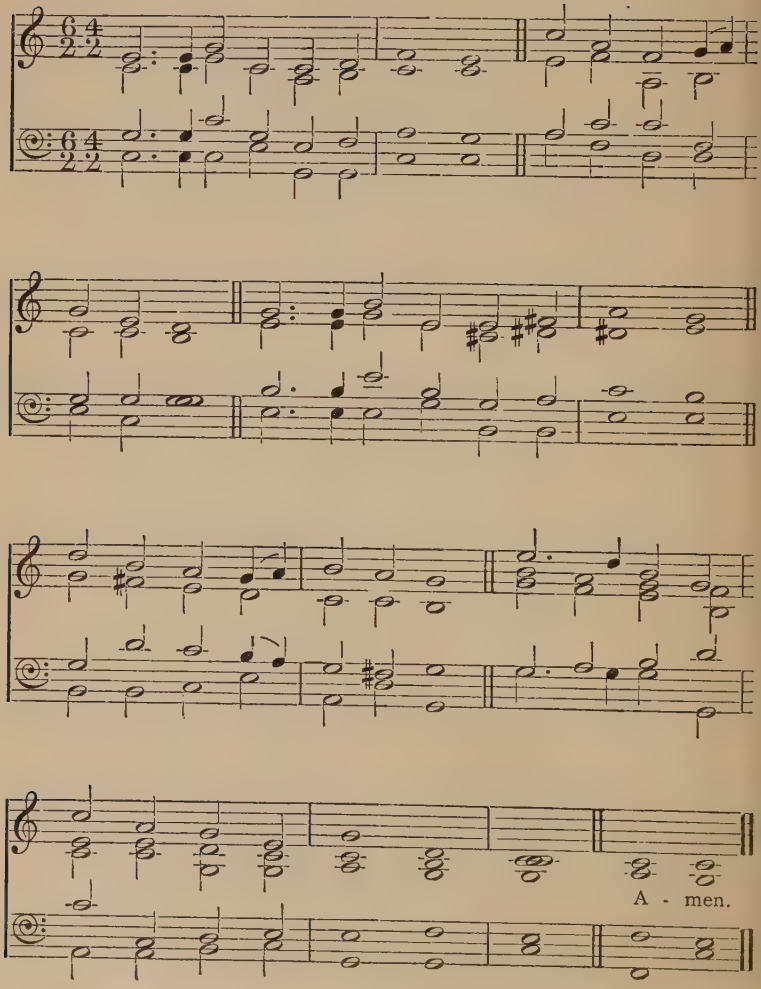
Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
  Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
  Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
  Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
  And our eternal home.

Slightly varied from Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1719.

304

DYSON. *G. Dyson.*



LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon all, their faults confessing;
Time that's lost may all retrieve:
May Thy children
Ne'er again Thy Spirit grieve.

Bless Thou all our days of leisure;
Help us selfish lures to flee;
Sanctify our every pleasure,
Pure and blameless may it be:
May our gladness
Draw us evermore to Thee.

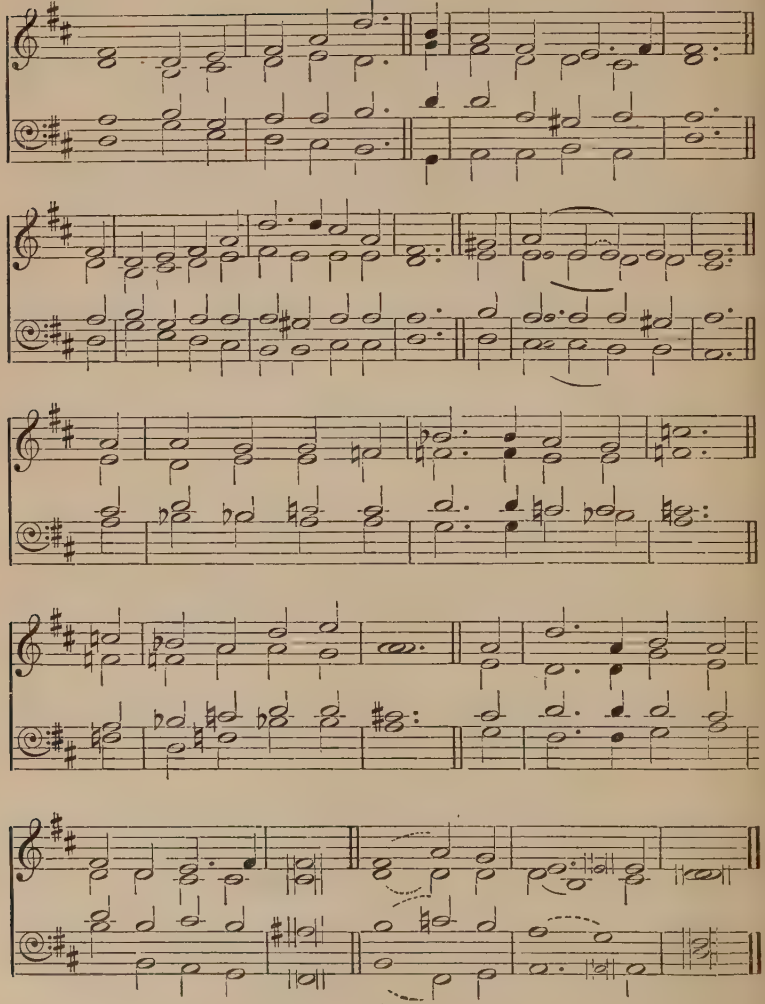
By Thy kindly influence cherish
All the good we here have gained;
May all taint of evil perish,
By Thy mightier power restrained:
Seek we ever
Knowledge pure and love unfeigned.

Let Thy father-hand be shielding
All who here shall meet no more;
May their seed-time past be yielding
Year by year a richer store:
Those returning
Make more faithful than before.

Henry James Buckoll (1803—1871), 1850.

305

FRESHWATER. *Sir C. Hubert H. Parry* (1848—1918).



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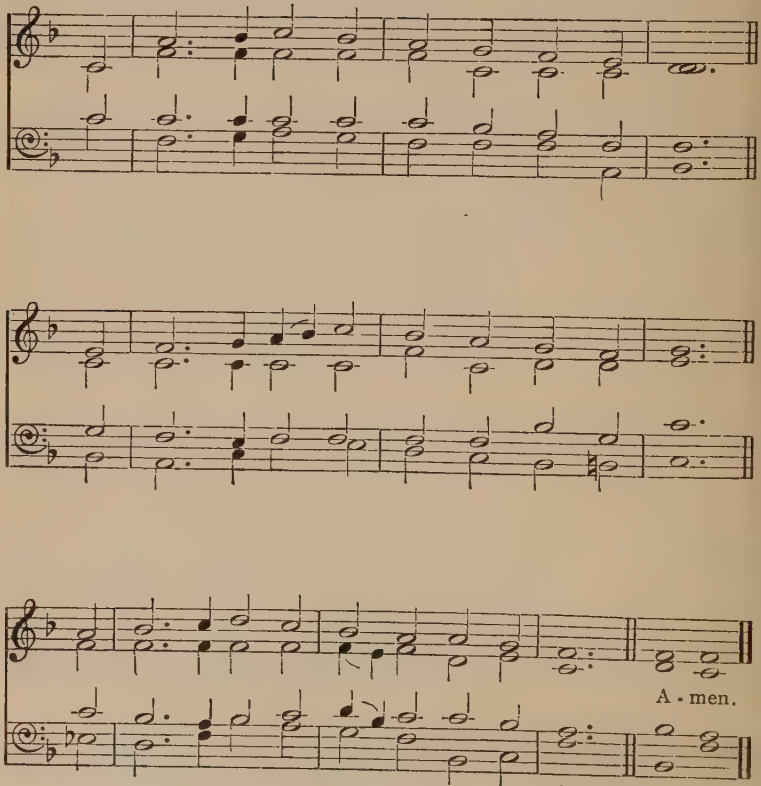
SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;
For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809—1892), 1889.

306

METRICAL LITANY. *Noel Ponsonby.*



ARMISTICE DAY.

(Nov. 11th, 1918.)

O God all-loving, God of Justice dread,
Whose wrath about the anguish'd world is spread,
Who seest by every land and sea our dead,

For all the lives made dark, the hearts grown sore,
For all the homes where men come back no more,
Thy mercy and Thy healing we implore.

For all the maim'd who gave themselves, and gain
The weary years of weakness and of pain,
Thy ghostly strength and secret comfort deign.

For all the disobedience and the greed,
That by man's hand man's suffering have decreed,
We for Thine infinite forgiveness plead.

Cleanse from our hearts self-glory and self-will:
And grant Thy Law to save, Thy Love fulfil:
So let the ending find us faithful still.

The night is passed that wearied for the morn,
And now with eyes undimmed, with hearts unworn,
Lord God, we thank Thee that the light is born.

O break the clouds that strive to thwart its birth,
Unseeing anger, pestilence, and dearth;
Let Thy clear glory flood the shadow'd earth.

Let now the shed blood of our best suffice,
Who bought this dawning at such costly price,
And are made perfect by their sacrifice.

Lift up Thy Cross in radiancy on high,
That there the straining nations may descry
The lasting peace, the lasting victory.

Lord, grant our children to forget our rage,
To reap the harvests of a nobler age,
The Kingdom treading as their heritage.

Cyril Norwood. Master.

INDEX OF AUTHORS AND TRANSLATORS OF HYMNS.

Adams, Sarah Flower, 300.
Addison, Joseph, 82, 209.
Aglen, Anthony Stocker, 146.
Ainger, Arthur Campbell, 94.
Alexander, Cecil Frances, 43, 109, 125, 138, 141.
Alford, Henry, 47, 178, 268.
Alington, Cyril Argentine 302.
Anstice, Joseph, 175, 281.
Auber, Harriet, 131.

Bain, John, 85.
Baker, Henry William, 19, 28, 79, 185, 205, 246.
Barbauld, Anna Laetitia, 176.
Baring-Gould, Sabine, 202, 214.
Baxter, Richard, 102, 189.
Bell, George Charles, 231.
Blake, William, 182.
Bode, John Ernest, 78,
Bonar, Horatius, 155, 238, 263, 264,
Borthwick, Jane, 18, 140.
Bridges, Matthew, 126, 248.
Bridges, Robert, 298.
Bright, William, 13, 154, 287.
Brooke, Stopford Augustus, 74.
Browne, Simon, 137.
Bruce, Michael, 269.
Buckoll, Henry James, 1, 15, 21, 148, 188, 304.
Bullock, William, 28,
Bunyan, John, 70.
Butler, Henry Montagu, 222,

Campbell, Jane Montgomery, 177.
Campbell, Robert, 115.
Campion, Thomas, 150, 186, 187.
Carlyle, Joseph Dacre, 247,
Caswall, Edward, 55, 68, 92, 135, 296.
Cennick, John, 53, 204, 224.
Chandler, John, 23, 52, 258.
Chatfield, A. W., 110.
Chope, Richard Robert, 189.
Clark, John Haldenby, 211.
Clough, Arthur Hugh, 77.
Collins, Henry, 241.
Conder, Eustace Rogers, 71.
Conder, Josiah, 153.
Cooper, Edward, 143.
Cosin, John, 133.
Cotterill, Thomas, 24, 229.
Cotton, George Edward Lynch, 173.
Cowper, William, 233, 235, 243.
Cox, Frances Elizabeth, 40, 119.
Crewdson, Jane Fox, 259.
Cummins, James John, 97.

Dayman, Edward Arthur, 159.
Dix, William Chatterton, 67, 123, 227.
Doane, George Washington, 260.
Doddridge, Philip, 54, 76, 201, 271.
Duncan, Mary Lundie, 39.

Edmeston, James, 206, 295.
Ellerton, John, 25, 158, 160, 184, 276, 291, 293.
Elliott, Charlotte, 151, 210, 249.
Everest, Charles William, 93.

Faber, Frederick William, 107, 163, 277.
Farrar, Frederic William, 34, 145.
Fuller-Maitland, Frances Sara, 212.

Gaskell, William, 261.
Grant, Robert, 194.
Greenaway, Ada Rundall, 106.
Gurney, John Hampden, 98, 172, 179.

Hankinson, Thomas Edwards, 49.
Hart, Joseph, 226.
Havergal, Frances Ridley, 104, 127, 237.
Heathcote, William Beadon, 288.
Heber, Reginald, 42, 66, 100, 142, 171, 284.

Knecht, Justin H., 203.
Kocher, Conrad, 67.

La Feillée, 205.
Lahee, Henry, 129.
Lambert, Frank, 68.
Lampe, John F., 273, 274.
Langran, James, 37, 155.
Lockhart, C., 167.
Luther, Martin, 183, 185, 188.

Macfarren, Sir G. A., 2, 18.
Macfarren, Walter, 13.
Maclagan, Archbishop W. D., 80.
MacMeikan, J. A., 230.
Madan, M., 53.
Martin, Sir G. C., 21.
Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, J. L. F., 63.
Meyer, J., 263.
Miller, Edward, 108.
Monk, Edwin George, 29.
Monk, William Henry, 19, 55, 73, 118, 121, 154, 240, 246, 277, 278, 284.

Nelle, Wilhelm, 175.
Neumark, G., 30.

Oakeley, Sir Herbert S., 25, 50, 157, 279.
Olivers, Thomas, 53.
Ouseley, Sir F. A. G., 292.

Palestrina, G. P. da, 118.
Parratt, Sir Walter, 100.
Parry, Sir C. Hubert H., 182, 305.
Parry, Joseph, 239.
Pears, J., 49.
Peter, C., 104.
Ponsonby, Noel (Organist, 1916-1918), 3, 306.
Prichard, R. H., 163.

Reading, J., 61, 62.
Redhead, Richard, 33, 101, 229
Reinagle, Alexander R., 236.
Richardson, John, 250.

Sankey, R. B., 34.
Scheffler, J., 84.
Schein, Johann H., 91.
Schicht, J., 106.
Scholefield, C. C., 291.
Schop, John, 174.
Schulz, J. A. P., 177.
Sheeles, John, 82.
Sibelius, J., 140.
Smart, Sir George T., 262.
Smart, Henry, 35, 116, 120, 151, 176, 258.
Smith, Isaac, 57, 223.
Smith, J. of Halesowen, 204.
Smith, James Whitehead (Organist, 1848-1864, +1912), 294.
Sohren, P , 165.
Spohr, Louis, 221.
Stainer, Sir John, 41, 89, 110, 272, 285.
Steiner, J. L., 7.
Sullivan, Sir Arthur S., 214.

Tallis, Thomas, 46, 275.
Tans'ur, William, 248.
Teschner, Melchior, 113.
Thorne, Edward Henry, 32, 43.
Tiddeman, Maria, 264.
Tilleard, J. A. 289.
Troyte, Arthur H. D., 15.
Turle, James, 283.
Turton, Bishop Thomas, 136.
Tye, Christopher, 98, 247.

Vetter, D., 23.

Watson, James, 179.
Webbe, Samuel, 20, 135.
Wesley, Charles, 243.
Wesley, Samuel Sebastian, 6, 8, 45, 83, 103, 123, 174, 242, 248, 253, 256, 261, 273.
West, L. R., 198.
Wheal, William, 268.
Whinfield, W. G., 95.
Wilkes, John, 86.
Williams, Aaron, 257.
Williams, Willoughby H., 187.
Wilson, Hugh, 201.
Wooldridge, H. E., 247.

INDEX OF TUNES.

	No.
Abends	279
Aberystwyth	239
Abridge	223
Addison's	82
Adeste Fideles	61, 62
Aglen	146
Ainger	94
Alcester	242
All Saints	40
Alleluia	123
Almsgiving	169
Angel Voices	29
Angels' Song	17
Angelus	280
Annue, Christe	205
Antrim	200
Arundel	42
Ascension	121
Aurelia	45
Austria	195
Balfour	76
Bangor	248
Barmouth	13
Beatitudo	38
Bedford	268
Beethoven	216
Berkshire	243
Blake's Hymn	182
Bowden	256
Brecknock	83
Breslau	93
Bristol	54
Cadgwith	68
Caithness	102
Campion, No. 1	186
Campion, No. 2	187
Canterbury	139
Capetown	144
Carlisle	167
Charity	89
Cheshire	254
Chichester New	261
Courage	7
Crispinian	184
Croft's 148th	24
Crüger	59
Culbach	84
Danby	172
Darwall's 148th	189
David's Harp	252
Decius	51
Deerhurst	37
Deirdre	141
Demmin	174
Dent Dale	270
Devonshire	273, 274
Diademata	126
Dix	67
Dominica	25
Dominus regit me	79
Donne Secours	90
Dundee	44
Dyson	1, 304
Ealing	157
Easter Eve	294
Easter Hymn	117
Eastergate	220
Eastern Church	232
Ebenezer	88
Edina	50
Ein' feste Burg	185
Eisenach	91
Elgin	22
Ellers	156
Ely	136
Evensong	293
Eventide	278
Everleigh	237
Ewing	48
Farrant	99
Father, let me dedicate	2
Finlandia	140
Folkingham	160
Frainsby	137
Franck	47
Franconia	225
Freshwater	305
Galilee	168
Gerontius	87
Gillingham	197
Gloucester	224
God be in my head	3
Gopsal	128
Goss	122
Gosterwood	78
Grenoble	192
Guardian Angels	32

	No.
Hanover	194
Harrow	96
Harvest	177
Haydn	127
He leads us on	207
Heathlands	176
Helmsley	53
Herr Jesu Christ	5
Holyrood	179
Hope	297
Horbury	300
Horsley	109
Huddersfield	100
Hyfrydol	163
Hymn of Trust	111
Ibstone	264
Innocents	204
Innsbruck	298
Irish	57
Iste Confessor	245
Jam lucis (1)	10
Jam lucis (2)	11
Kent	4
King's Lynn	227
Kingsfold	238
Knecht	203
Knoyle	299
Lamborne	21
Lancashire	120
Leoni	199
Les Commandemens de Dieu	77
Littlefield	148
Llansannan	85
London New	233
Lord of my life	286
Lucerne	266
Luther's Hymn	188
Lux Benigna	244
Lux Prima	18
Luxemburg	134
Mannheim	206
Manton	171
Martyrdom	201
Melcombe	20
Melita	180
Mendelssohn	63
Mendip	92
Merton	55
Metrical Litany	306
Mildenhall	66
Misericordia	151
Monkland	86
Monks Gate	70
Moravia	198
Morning Hymn	12
Moscow	164
Narenza	271
Nativity	129
Nelle	175
Newington	80
Nicæa	142
Noel	65
Norfolk	251
Nun Danket	149
Nun Freut Euch	183
Nutfield	284
O come and mourn	107
O Salutaris	288
O Word of Pity	106
Old French Carol	71
Old Hundredth	191
Ombersley	138
Orientis Partibus	211
Panis Angelorum	153
Passion Chorale	105
Pax Dei	276
Pentecost	213
Peter	104
Plain Chant	31
Playford's St. Mary	130
Postern Hill	281
Potsdam	74
Praise	196
Prayer	231
Prospice	217
Quam Dilecta	28
Queen Etheldreda	9
Ratisbon	14
Ravenshaw	246
Redhead, No. 46	33
Redhead, No. 66	229
Redhead, No. 76	101
Reliance	8
Requiem	159
Requiescat	158
Rest	41
Rex Gloriæ	116
Richmond	215
Rivaulx	143
Robyn	210
Rochelle	6
Rockingham	108

	No.
St. Agnes	155
St. Albinus	119
St. Alphege	162
St. Anatolius	290
St. Andrew	43
St. Anne	303
St. Asaph	145
St. Bees	235
St. Bernard	250
St. Bride	58
St. Cecilia	166
St. Clement	291
St. Columba (Irons)	296
St. Columba (MacMeikan)	230
St. Constantine	240
St. Crispin	287
St. Cuthbert	131
St. Drostane	112
St. Ethelwald	73
St. Flavian	81
St. Fulbert	125
St. Gabriel	292
St. George (Elvey)	178
St. George (Gauntlett)	219
St. Gertrude	214
St. Gregory	26
St. Hugh	259
St. James	260
St. John Damascene	114
St. John's College	234
St. Jude	75
St. Leonard	258
St. Magnus	124
St. Matthias	277
St. Oswald	202
St. Patrick	141
St. Paul's	110
St. Peter	236
St. Raphael	97
St. Stephen	60
St. Swithbert	34
St. Theodulph	113
St. Thomas	257
St. Timothy	19
St. Venantius	161
Salzburg	115
Sarum	302
Savernake	265
Scotch Stilt	190
Sebaste	272
Sharon	69
Shawfield	208
Sine Nomine	36
Sohren	165
Solemnis Hæc Festivitas	193
Song, 67	255
Southwell	226
Spohr	221
Star of Morn	289
Stuttgart	228
Summerfield	170
Surrey	209
Tallis' Canon	275
Tallis' Ordinal	46
The National Anthem	181
This Endris Nyght	152
Thompson	72
Thy Will be done	249
Trinity College (1)	222
Trinity College (2)	282
Trinity College (3)	173
Trisagion	35
Troyte's Chant, No. 1	15
Truro	39
Unde et Memores	154
University College	212
Veni Cito	241
Veni Creator	132, 133
Veni Emmanuel	56
Veni Sancte Spiritus	135
Verona	295
Vesper	285
Vespers	301
Vetter	23
Victory	118
View me, Lord	150
Waimate	218
Walsham	147
Wareham	269
Warsaw	27
We follow Thee	263
Weimar	30
Westminster	283
Wheatley	16
Whittier	267
Wilcot	49
Wiltshire	262
Winchester New	52
Winchester Old	64
Windsor	98
Winscott	253
Wrestling Jacob	103
Wychbold	95
Yattendon, No. 15	247

God's providence

207 the winds so m

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